

LIFE



WANTED: 50,000 NURSES

JANUARY 5, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

IN THESE THINGS A GREAT PICTURE MUST EXCEL!

✓ STORY ✓ DIRECTION ✓ PRODUCTION ✓ CAST

And no picture can be **TRULY GREAT**
unless it's **GREAT** in all four!

... and
here's why "HOW
GREEN WAS MY
VALLEY" is one
of the most magnifi-
cent entertain-
ments ever
created!

1 THE STORY



As a novel "How Green Was My Valley" proved its greatness by heading the best-seller lists for month after month... by being read and praised by more than six million people!

2 THE DIRECTOR



"How Green Was My Valley" is the crowning achievement of the screen's leading director, John Ford... who gave you such memorable films as "The Informer" and "The Grapes of Wrath."

3 THE PRODUCTION



Darryl F. Zanuck enlisted all the vast resources of 20th Century-Fox to make this great book come to life. Built for it was the entire Welsh village in the valley—the world's largest film set!

4 THE PLAYERS



Inordinately painstaking was the selection of a cast to portray Richard Llewellyn's beloved characters. On this task more time was consumed than in actual shooting of the picture!

20th Century-Fox Presents
Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP • ANNA LEE • RODDY McDOWALL

JOHN LODER • SARA ALLGOOD • BARRY FITZGERALD • PATRIC KNOWLES

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by JOHN FORD

Screen Play by Philip Dunne

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

LISTERINE

Quick!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop.

If you don't think so we ask you to study Listerine's impressive test record in cold control. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

Fewer Colds—Milder Ones

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill

literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason. In the opinion of many leading medical men

these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Kills Germs By Millions

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after. (See panel at left.)

In view of this compelling evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

If your cold doesn't show signs of improvement, begins developing in earnest—don't be foolhardy and carry bravely on. The wise thing to do is to go to bed, keep warm, eat lightly and call your doctor.

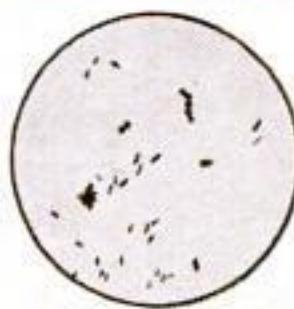
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



BEFORE



AFTER



MOTHERS! You should have a
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

at all drug counters—**only 75¢**
BATTERIES INCLUDED

GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE"
ILLUMINATOR

This One



EJTT-UR7-50AH

* CHAMPION KINCLAVEN CASANOVA *



SCOTTISH TERRIER, KINCLAVEN KENNELS
(Owner, Mrs. Marie A. Stone, Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

"See and Sniff—

*Your dog's food should be able
to pass this exacting test"*

...advises Mrs. Marie A. Stone, breeder of champions



WHOLEsome! Appetizing! Your dog's food has to be—if it can pass your *see and sniff* inspection. That's why we invite you to make this simple test on Pard Dog Food.

You'll discover—as thousands have—how truly good and honestly tempting Pard looks and smells. A full diet, Pard supplies all the essential food elements, minerals, and vitamins the normal dog must have for first-rate condition.

Give your dog the health building benefits of a regular Pard diet. Start him on Pard today!

ALL THE VITAMINS HE NEEDS

Fed Pard daily, your dog should get more than enough of all required vitamins. Vitamin B₂ (riboflavin) for growth and healthy skin; nicotinic acid, specific in the prevention and cure of black tongue. Also—Vitamins A, B₁, D, E, K, and pantothenic acid.



Generation after generation proves Pard a nutritionally balanced ration. In scientifically conducted studies at Swift's Research Kennels, an exclusive diet of Pard has maintained 5 successive generations of dogs in superb health and vitality. Never a diet-caused ailment. Never a digestive upset.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Imitative Japs

Sirs:

Doomed to be imitators and never original inventors, the Japs cannot take credit even for the two-man submarines that sneaked into Pearl Harbor (LIFE, Dec. 29).

Enclosed is a snapshot of myself, taken near the drydock in Vladivostok



RUSSIAN TWO-MAN SUB

harbor during World War I, sitting on the stern of an old Russian submarine, apparently from the Russo-Japanese War and about the size of the Jap subs at Pearl Harbor. Notice also the baby one, partly shown at the left, in which only one man could barely be squeezed.

R. G. COLE

Chicago, Ill.

● The first submarines launched and operated by Inventors Holland and Lake were not much bigger than Japan's "secret weapon" subs.—ED.

OHIO

Sirs:

Since your story last summer on Army morale (LIFE, Aug. 18) was the first to bring the expression to national notice, you will be interested to know that, according to soldiers around here, OHIO now stands for "O-sock-i Hirohito Into Oblivion."

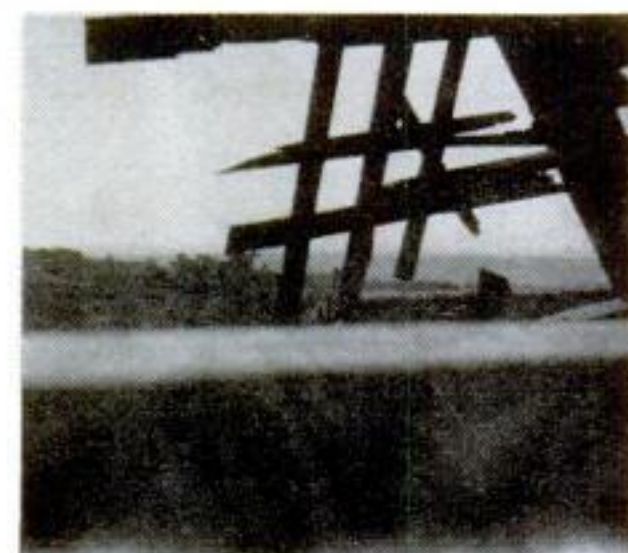
J. C. ALLISON

Seattle, Wash.

Crown Prince's Knothole

Sirs:

To complete the story of the Crown Prince's knothole, Pictures to the Editors (LIFE, Nov. 24) and Letters to the Editors (LIFE, Dec. 15), here is a picture that shows what the Crown Prince



VIEW FROM KNOTHOLE

saw through the concrete-slit outlook window, looking toward Verdun with the little town of Melancourt in foreground.

C. R. WICKES
A.E.F.—YMCA

Willows, Calif.

Sink's New House

Sirs:

Since the picture of the old farmer Lee Sink mourning in the ruins of his home appeared (LIFE, Dec. 8), a total of approximately \$550 has been given voluntarily for him, in addition to clothing, bedding, and the like.

Plans are now under way to build him a house. There's been some quibbling about selecting a bit of land for the house, but I expect work will be under way next week; and with the volunteer

labor that has been promised, and the small size of the proposed house, it shouldn't take but a day or two at most, after which the "pounding" will take place.

LAMBERT MARTIN

World-News
Roanoke, Va.

Testament

Sirs:

As the great-great-granddaughter of George Mason of Gunston Hall, father of the Bill of Rights Amendment to the U. S. Constitution (LIFE, Dec. 15), I send the following extract from his will. It is a father's blessing to his sons that ought to be of interest at this time:

"If either their own inclination or the necessity of the times should engage them in public affairs, I charge my sons on a father's blessing never to let the motives of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or of death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which they themselves were born."

GERTRUDE B. BRANNON

Durham, N. C.

Peacocks

Sirs:

Last year about this time in your story on refugee children (LIFE, Dec. 16, 1940) you published a picture of my two English boys at work with me in my cellar workshop. Herewith I send



BOY SCOUT AND ATHLETE

two pictures to show Ian Michael Peacock in his scout suit and Antony Peacock putting away his football suit for another season. Let this constitute our first annual report to you on the life and development of these two lads in their U. S. home.

ROYAL I. BLANCHARD

Worcester, Mass.

● LIFE looks forward to future annual reports.—ED.

Adolphus

Sirs:

I wish to thank you for your generous compliment in the color story on children's books (LIFE, Dec. 15) to the effect that I "actually succeed in making a fish funny." "Kids are tough critics" and if you were referring to our hero, Adolphus, as a fish, any child who has seen LIFE in the last few years would know better and would remind you that a dolphin is a mammal.

I don't object, because I didn't know better myself until I saw your fine pictures of the bottle-nosed dolphin, often called a porpoise, taken at Marineland, St. Augustine, Fla. I believe the first pictures appeared early in the year 1940, and were followed by others showing the dramatic birth of a bottle-nosed dolphin. These gave Mr. Benét the idea for the book, *Adolphus*, so that we are doubly grateful to you. Were it not for the fact that "kids are tough critics," I would only say, "Thank you very much indeed!"

MARJORIE FLACK

(Mrs. William Rose Benét)

New York, N. Y.

● Mammal or fish, Mrs. Benét's Adolphus is a successful animal.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)



“Service to the nation in peace and war”

Following the last World War a bronze and marble group was placed in the lobby of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company building in New York. On it are inscribed these words, “Service to the nation in peace and war.”

They are more than words. They are the very spirit of the entire Bell System organization. In these stirring days, we pledge ourselves again to the service of the nation . . . so that “Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Casualty

Sirs:

In your story on the Canadian war effort sometime ago (LIFE, Dec. 18, 1939), you evidently admired the looks of Cadet John Brookes Beveridge, senior cadet officer of his class at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, so much that you printed two portraits of him. I believe that you will be sorry to



JOHN BROOKES BEVERIDGE

learn that Lieutenant Beveridge was reported killed on active duty with the Canadian Army overseas, in England on Dec. 7.

ALFRED P. SIMBERT
Washington, D. C.

International Short Wave

Sirs:

More power to station WRUL (LIFE, Dec. 15) for a grand job in reaching the unfortunate people of occupied Europe with a spark of hope from a great democracy, now in the war to a victorious finish.

I recently received the enclosed letter from my sister in Copenhagen, Denmark. She wishes to verify receptions coming through, but failed to get address of station.

Please also note beginning of sentence, where she was visited by another sister and had "coffee" before the broadcast came through. There is little or no coffee in Denmark, a great coffee-drinking nation.

"Charles—The other Sunday when Dagmar, Agnes and Else (who had been out at our place drinking 'coffee') had left, Peter and I listened to the radio and then we dialed Boston where they transmit a Danish sermon as a part of an international program. The priest who delivered the sermon said he would like to know if it had come through all right and that's what we would like to write—to tell him it did."

C. VANGE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Like the reports of Mark Twain's death, your reference in your story on WRUL, to my making millions—delightful as it may be to contemplate—is "greatly exaggerated."

My invention of the single-dial tuning system brought in only a fraction of a million, since it was sold outright instead of on a royalty basis. This point is always a stickler with me when I count the 20,000,000 radio sets which have been built using this patent.

A powerful radio station costs much in equipment alone. Its operation is equally extended, as witness our wartime budget during 1942 which will reach over \$500,000. Only through many contributions can this valuable work continue. If thousands of other Americans will just give small amounts, through our World Wide Listener's League, this great offensive weapon against the Axis will continue to do its job of helping to soften up the enemy, and so open the way for the final victory by the armed forces of the U. S. and its Allies.

WALTER S. LEMMON
President and Founder
World Wide Broadcasting Foundation
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your reporting of U. S. international short-wave radio activities ignores the fine work of leaders in that field, which has been carried on by General Electric, Westinghouse, National Broadcasting

Company, Columbia Broadcasting System and Crosley.

General Electric started international short wave experimentally in 1922, began regular program schedules in 1925, and foreign language broadcasts on short wave in 1927. Its stations, WGEA and WGEO, are currently broadcasting from Schenectady in English and ten foreign languages on 50,000 watts and 100,000 watts respectively. General Electric's third short-wave station, KGEI at San Francisco, is broadcasting English and five foreign languages on 50,000 watts.

R. S. PEARE
Manager of Broadcasting
General Electric Co.
Schenectady, N. Y.

● Acknowledged is the work of the radio industry in international short-wave broadcasting. LIFE's story was not about the field in general but about privately endowed WRUL in particular.—ED.

Hu Ssu-tu

Sirs:

In his close-up on the Chinese Ambassador Dr. Hu Shih (LIFE, Dec. 15), Ernest O. Hauser states that the younger son of Dr. Hu Shih attends Cornell University. This is wrong for, although he went to summer school there, he broke the family "Cornell" tradition and chose to enter Haverford College (near Philadelphia). Hu (we call him by his last name) is noted for his chess and bridge playing and his ability to get along with very little sleep, a useful thing in college.

I should also like to call to your attention that Hu's name is spelled Ssu-tu, not Sze-tu as was printed in your magazine.

HENRY VINSINGER JR.
Haverford, Pa.

Motion Carried

Sirs:

In the Dec. 8 issue, LIFE's letters column seconded a motion by Reader Emily L. Johnston of New York that a "woman representative of the men who



DEMOCRATIC LAUNCHING

had produced the ship" be the sponsor for a launching of a vessel.

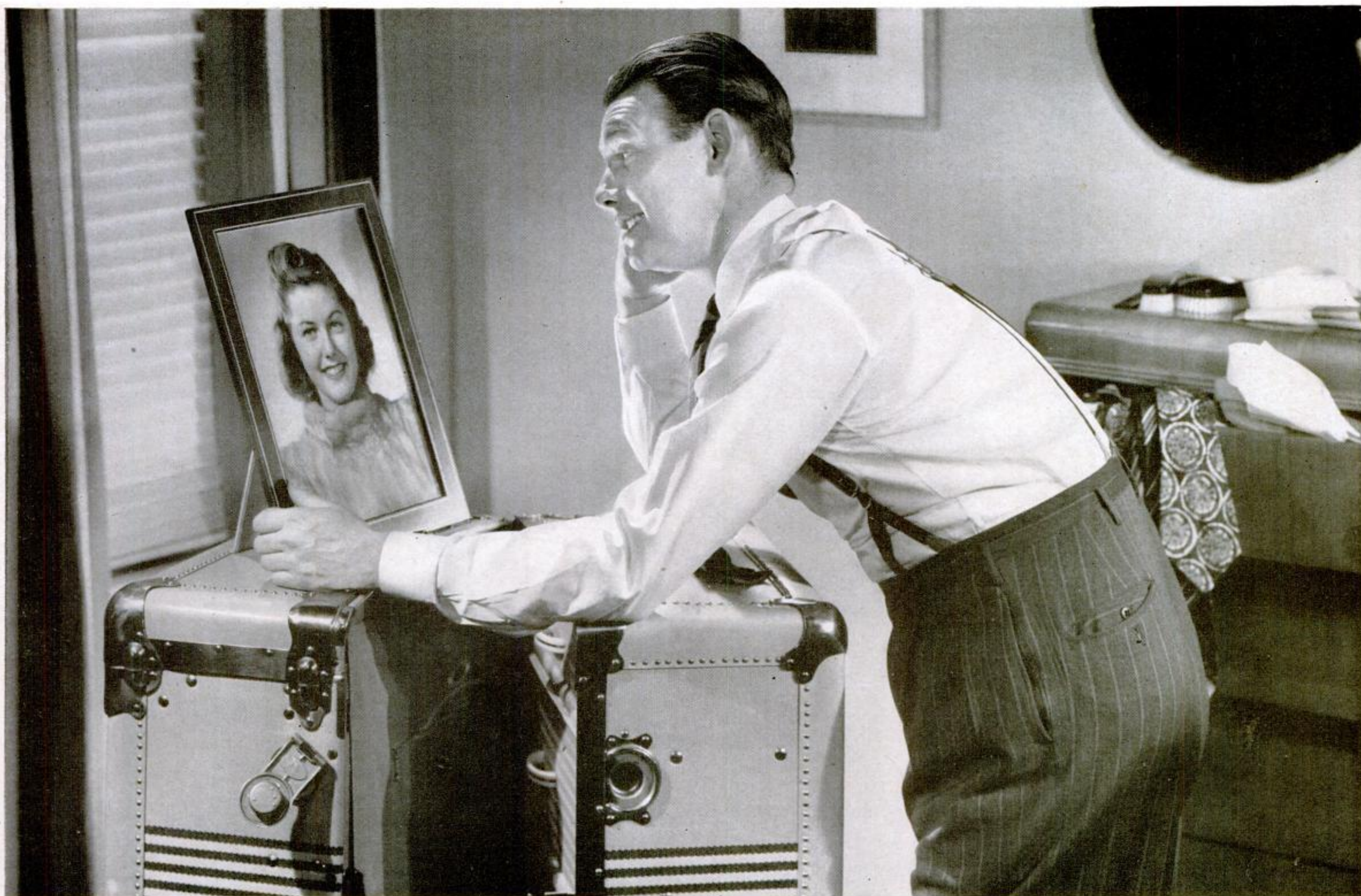
It might interest you to know that we carried this democratic motion at the recent launching of four Diesel trawlers built for the 40-Fathom Fleet.

Enclosed is a photograph showing the launching of the *Surge*, christened by Mrs. Walter Salen of Cleveland, wife of a shipyard employee.

J. L. ALPHEN
Boston, Mass.

● In the interests of secrecy and in keeping with the stern temper of the times, ship-launchings now promise to become less gala occasions, with expenses for flowers, champagne and sponsor's souvenir on a more modest scale.—ED.

Editorial correspondence
should be addressed to:
THE EDITOR, LIFE
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY



Why the groom-to-be walked down the aisle . . . of a Pullman

SOLEMNLy, Bill Johnston talked to the picture. "Lady," he said, "the date I've got with you tomorrow is a date I wouldn't miss for a million in cash. It's 400 miles from here, but, don't you worry, I'll be there, sure as shooting. Your Uncle Dudley's smart about getting from one place to another."

So, that evening, Bill Johnston walked down the aisle of a Pullman, with a grin he couldn't keep inside himself. He grinned at the conductor. He grinned at the passengers. He grinned at the porter who carried his bags and stowed them in Section 10.

"Once aboard the Pullman," he said, "and the girl is mine."

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, somewhat mystified.

Bill strolled back to the lounge car. He sprawled out comfortably in a big, soft chair, and started to read a story. No use. He read the first page, *four times!*

Finally, he decided to turn in. He walked back to his berth, gathered together his dressing gown and toilet kit, and went into the spacious dressing room. He scrubbed up with plenty of piping hot water and sparkling white towels.

He left a call with the smiling porter, said "Good night," and got in between the snowy sheets. He didn't expect to sleep a wink, but, man, that bed certainly was *snug and comfortable!*

Propping the two soft pillows beneath his head, Bill looked out the window. Sleet spattered in gusts against the glass, blotting out the lights of a passing town. He smiled to himself. "Once aboard the Pullman," he said again, as he stretched full length and shut his eyes . . .

. . .

Suddenly, the porter's voice: "Good morning. Seven o'clock, sir!"

It *was* morning. In the grey light outside, he saw familiar landmarks sliding by. Not far now, to where the girl would be . . . and the church . . . and their hands joining.

"For a guy who always travels Pullman," said Bill to himself, "I seem to be getting an almighty kick out of the way Pullman takes you right where you want to go . . . when you want to be there!"



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FOR COMFORT, SAFETY, AND DEPENDABILITY — GO PULLMAN

"I love him because he don't



Watch for
"BALL OF FIRE"
At Your Local Theatre
Coming Soon!

know how to kiss - *the jerk!*"

"I love those hick shirts he wears with the boiled collar and the way he always has his vest buttoned wrong...I love him because he's the kind that gets drunk on a glass of buttermilk...I love the way he blushes right up over his ears...I love him because he don't know how to kiss, the jerk!"

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, master producer, has scored again! Authors Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder have written a screen play that is both heart warming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor (Gary Cooper) who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal (Barbara Stanwyck) crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbaed right into his heart.

Under the flawless direction of Howard Hawks, one of the finest casts ever assembled for a Samuel Goldwyn picture hits a laugh-a-minute pace that will give your face a permanent smile and win salvos of applause from critics and public alike.

Gary's serious!

Barbara's delirious!

Together they're hilarious!

Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER • BARBARA STANWYCK

in
Ball of Fire

Directed by **HOWARD HAWKS**

Photography by Gregg Toland, A.S.C.

Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.



Boardinghouse Mother Mrs. G. Harwood Frost (LIFE, May 5) has six new boarders and a renting agent who was so impressed by her sudden prominence that he repapered all the rooms in her Chicago house. Other readers were impressed by and wanted to own: 1) the bronze and marble statue that the Frosts keep on the piano; 2) their Bohemian glass saltcellars; 3) a napkin as a souvenir. Most flattering to Mrs. Frost was a request for her mother's pudding recipe.



High-School Girl Cannie Morris Turnipseed (LIFE, Jan. 13) drew so much attention by her essay on Democracy at Holtville High in Alabama that she got a cub reporter's job last summer on the *Alabama Journal* in Montgomery. She is now working her way through the University of Alabama by covering the women's campus for the college news bureau. She is majoring in journalism in order, she says, "to nurse this tiny spark which I hopefully call a knack."



Schoolteacher Dorothy Albrecht (LIFE, May 12) considers this bathtub a symbol of her improved circumstances. Eight months ago she had a one-room schoolhouse on the Montana prairie, bathed in a washtub. Now she teaches first grade in a modern school in Shelby, Mont., lives in a comfortable rented room, has silk stockings and polished nails, takes many long, hot baths. The towel is from Yellowstone National Park where she worked as a waitress last summer.



Government Girl Marguerite Sharpe (LIFE, March 10) got a nibble from Hollywood and briefly considered becoming a Powers model. But after a fling at the glamor life in New York, she decided she preferred her old friends and her old job at the Navy Department, went back to her desk in Washington. She now shares a one-room apartment with another girl, loves cooking. Fan mail came from as far away as Burma, where the R. A. F. boys took a fancy to her.



Typical Housewife Mrs. Gilbert Amberg (*LIFE*, Sept. 22) stands with her husband and children admiring a two-acre plot in Kankakee, Ill. on which they hope to build a house some day. When Mr. Amberg's business improved, they wisely invested in real estate. Mrs. Amberg was asked to speak at Stephens College forum on "The American Woman and Her Responsibilities" in November, got herself a new hair-do with bangs. The children have become confirmed camera-muggers.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

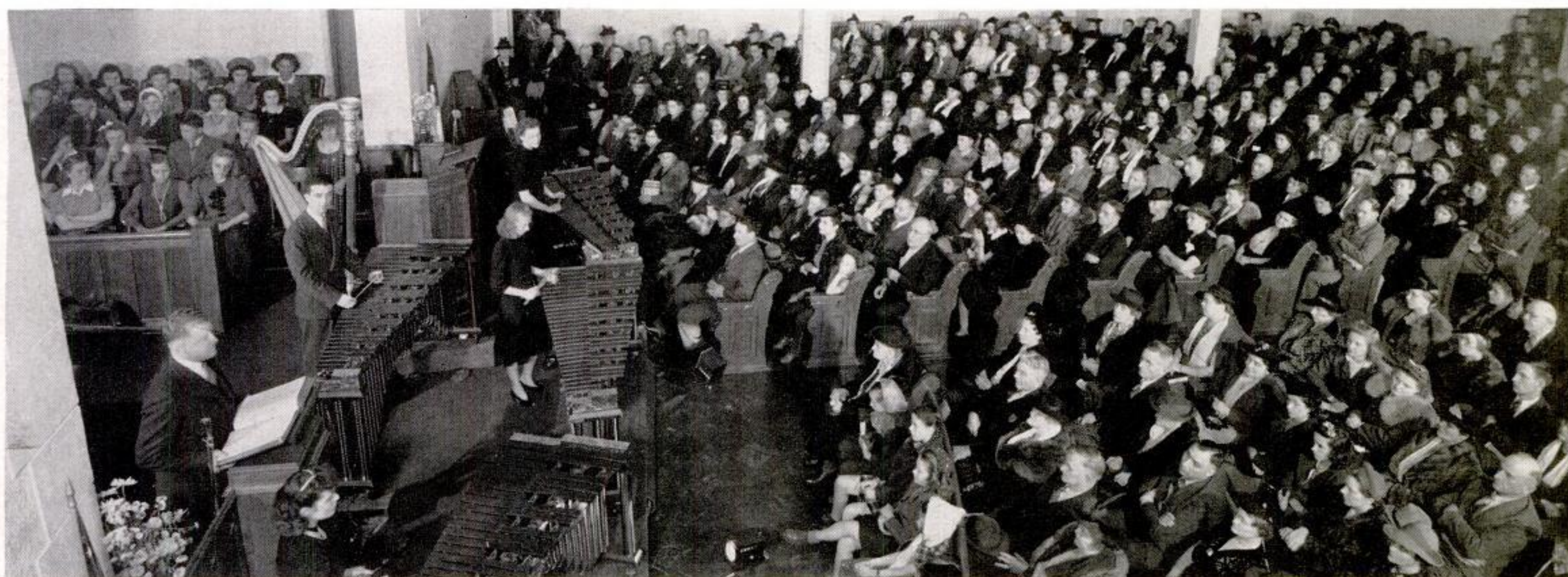
. . . THESE PEOPLE'S LIVES WERE TOUCHED BY LIFE LAST YEAR

During 1941, *LIFE*'s cameras took many a close-up view of private lives. They focused on the rich and the poor, the prominent and the obscure, the beautiful and the homely. Some people were examined because they are exceptional, some because they are typical. But all, in their individual way, are significant of our scene.

Here, at the start of a new year, *LIFE* turns briefly backward to look again at a score of people whose lives it touched last year. Here is a review of the big and little things that have happened to them in the five or eight or twelve months since their stories were published. A few, like Victor Mature (*upper right*) and Jinx Falkenburg (*next page*), are children of the spotlight and bask in its added glow. But the majority of them are everyday citizens, plucked from their everyday lives for a moment, and to them the scrutiny of the public eye is a sudden, strange experience. But it is an experience which even the most retiring seemed to relish and which, with the aid of scrapbooks, souvenir flashbulbs and yellowing stacks of fan mail, few will ever forget.



Actor Victor Mature (*LIFE*, April 7) has a new wife and a new Hollywood contract worth some \$1,200 a week. The wife, to whom he is here demonstrating that he is still "a beautiful hunk of man," is Martha Stephenson Kemp, widow of Band Leader Hal Kemp. The contract divides his talents equally between the Hal Roach and Fox studios. Greatest change: Vic is now courted by cinema bigwigs whom he tried in vain to meet when he was poor and unknown.



Typical Parson Edwin A. Briggs (*LIFE*, Feb. 3) filled his church in Boone, Iowa, to capacity when he conducted a revival meeting last month. Always popular with his congregation, Dr. Briggs now seems to them a symbol of the supernatural support which they instinctively crave in wartime. During the last year, he has been much in demand as a lecturer and visiting preacher, recently gave Religious Emphasis Week addresses at Southwestern College. Admirers sent

him a new mailbox and contributed toward an office where he now gives personal consultations. Several asked for autographed Bibles. An inmate of a New York insane asylum asked Dr. Briggs to help him get out, a man in jail asked him for a job, a Filipino wanted his "spiritual appearances" explained, a Chinaman wanted money to come to the U.S. and an Australian soldier in Libya wrote that he was praying for "your own Good Self and your Church Folk."

IF IT'S KISSIN' YOU'RE MISSIN'



... better look to your breath! Use
**Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that
cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth**



YES, SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE
CONCLUSIVELY
THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10
CASES, COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
INSTANTLY STOPS
ORAL BAD BREATH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you
see, has an active penetrating
foam that gets into the hidden
crevices between teeth—helps clean
out decaying food particles and
stop the stagnant saliva odors that

are the cause of much bad breath.

And Colgate's has a soft, safe
polishing agent that cleans enamel
thoroughly, yet gently—makes
teeth naturally bright, sparkling!
So next time you buy toothpaste,
buy Colgate's—the toothpaste that
does *two* jobs for the price of one!

YOU'LL
LOVE COLGATE'S
THRILLING
WAKE-UP
FLAVOR, TOO!



**CLEANS
YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH**



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Top Sergeant Bruce Bieber (LIFE, July 7) still looks and acts like a typical top sergeant, still sits at his desk at Fort Sam Houston. Reactions to his story were mainly emotional; congratulations from his superiors, admiration from his men, some jealousy from other noncoms and their wives. His own wife was undisturbed even though his heavy fan mail included a number of mash notes from lonely ladies.



Actress Jinx Falkenburg (LIFE, Jan. 27) was best known a year ago as a model who never used powder on her face and who could look like a sea breeze under a battery of spotlights. She is best known today as Columbia Pictures' dim hope in a grade-B production called *Sing for Your Supper*. Under Hollywood's Kleig lights, she is rapidly becoming just another girl who looks best when she is lying on a fur rug.



Negro Private Raymond Carlton (LIFE, Aug. 11) has read and written more letters in the last five months than ever before in his life. With the conscientious thoroughness that makes him a fine soldier, he has answered all the mail he got at Fort Bragg from readers who liked his story. Most of them were girls but Raymond, though he loves popularity, still has his "steady" and gives the others the polite brush-off.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

When Hitler came to power in 1933, Stefan Lorant was editing the Munich *Illustrierte Presse*. The next six months he spent in a concentration camp. Later, in England, he founded the successful *Picture Post*. Last year he came to America. For his 10-year-old son, who asked about Lincoln, he started a Lincoln scrapbook. This was eventually expanded into a picture life of Lincoln (see pp. 50-55) which, since its publication Dec. 16, has become a best-seller.



The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—ELIOT ELISOFON

8—WILLIAM C. SHROUT, ELIOT ELISOFON
—J. R. EYERMAN, ELIOT ELISOFON

9—WILLIAM C. SHROUT, PETER STACK-
POLE—LYLE TYLER STUDIO

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BOB LANDRY

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30—Map by ANTHONY J. SODARO & FRANK
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31—Maps by FRANK C. STOCKMAN & TO-
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50 through 55—From "LINCOLN, HIS LIFE
IN PHOTOGRAPHS" by STEFAN LORANT,
published by DUELL, SLOAN AND
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56—GEORGE STROCK

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59—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.—THOS.
D. MCAVOY

60—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.

62, 63—THOS. D. MCAVOY

66, 67, 68, 69—VICTOR BARRON

70—Bot. PHILLIPS STUDIO

71—Bot. MARIA R. METZGER

72—T. KENWOOD

COLLEGE MEN WANTED

(GRADUATES, SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES)

to be Naval Officers



You want to serve your country. Why not serve where your college training will do the most good? Read every word of this announcement, whether you are now at college or have already graduated.

DECK AND ENGINEERING OFFICERS

The Navy needs 7000 Seniors now in college, or College Graduates, as prospective officers. Seniors who enlist today will not be called to active duty before next June. They will thus have time to graduate.

In addition, the Navy needs 7000 men now in their Junior year in college as prospective officers. If you enlist today, you may complete your education and graduate in 1943. Meanwhile you will be called to active duty only during the period your college is closed next summer.

After graduation, you will receive a 30-day preliminary training course. If found qualified, you will then be given further training as Midshipman, U.S.N.R., at \$65 per month plus allowance. Upon successful completion of this training you will be commissioned as Ensign, U.S.N.R., at \$125 a month and allowances.

All applicants must be native born citizens of the United States, unmarried, and between the ages of 19 and 27 inclusive.

NAVAL AVIATORS

The Navy needs 15,000 men now in their Senior, Junior or Sophomore years in college as prospective Naval aviators. Students who enlist today will not be required to commence training until the completion of their current college year. Graduates or other qualified candidates will be called for the first training class in which they can be accommodated.

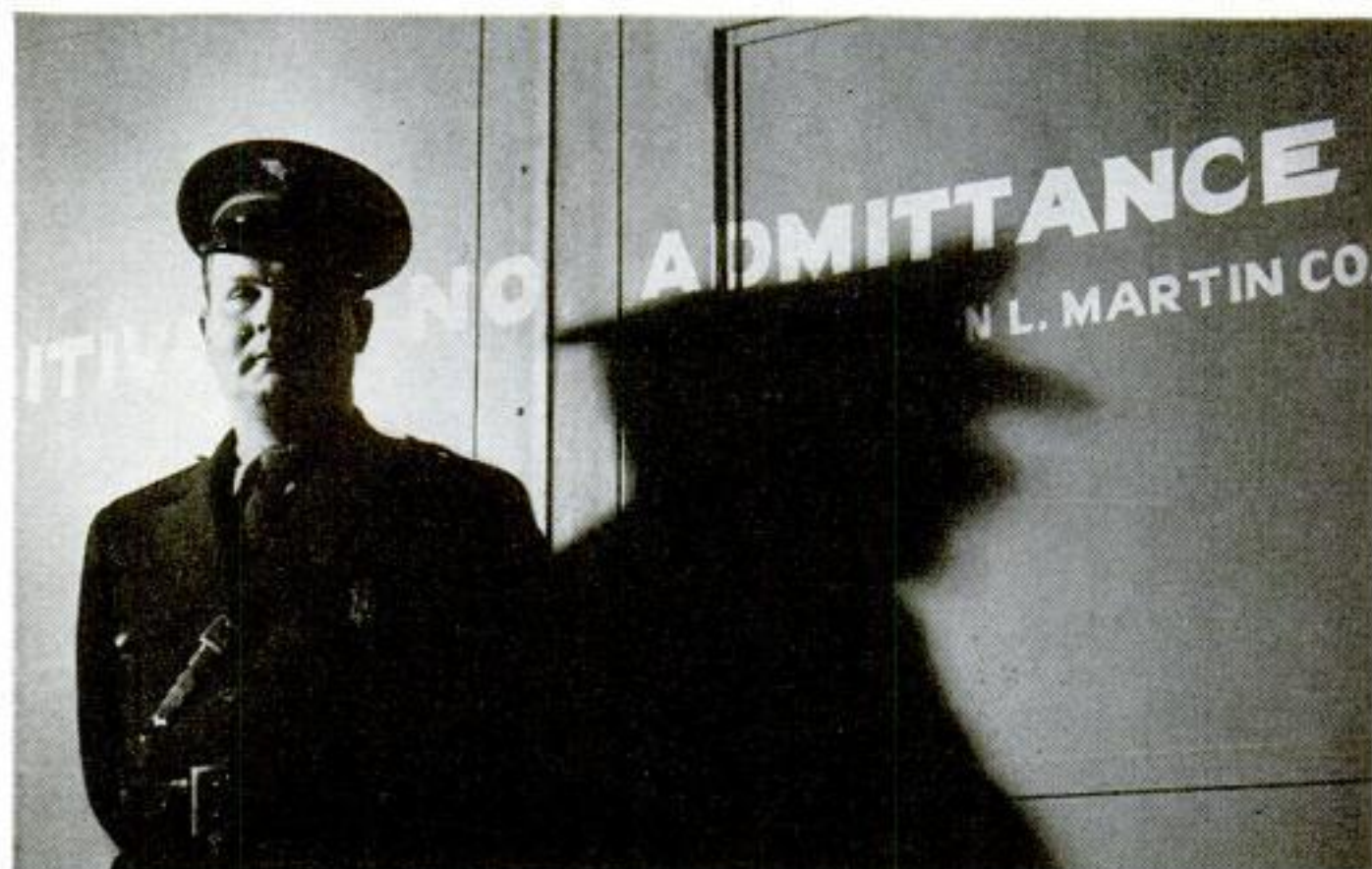
After 3 months' preliminary training as seamen, second class, they will, if qualified, be ordered to flight training as Aviation Cadets in a course requiring approximately 7 additional months to complete. Aviation Cadets' pay is \$75 per month. Upon successful completion of the course they will be commissioned as Ensigns, U.S.-N.R., and win their Navy "Wings of Gold." As full-fledged Naval Aviators their pay will be \$205 per month plus allowances.

All applicants must have been United States citizens for at least 10 years. They must be unmarried and between ages of 20 and 26 inclusive.

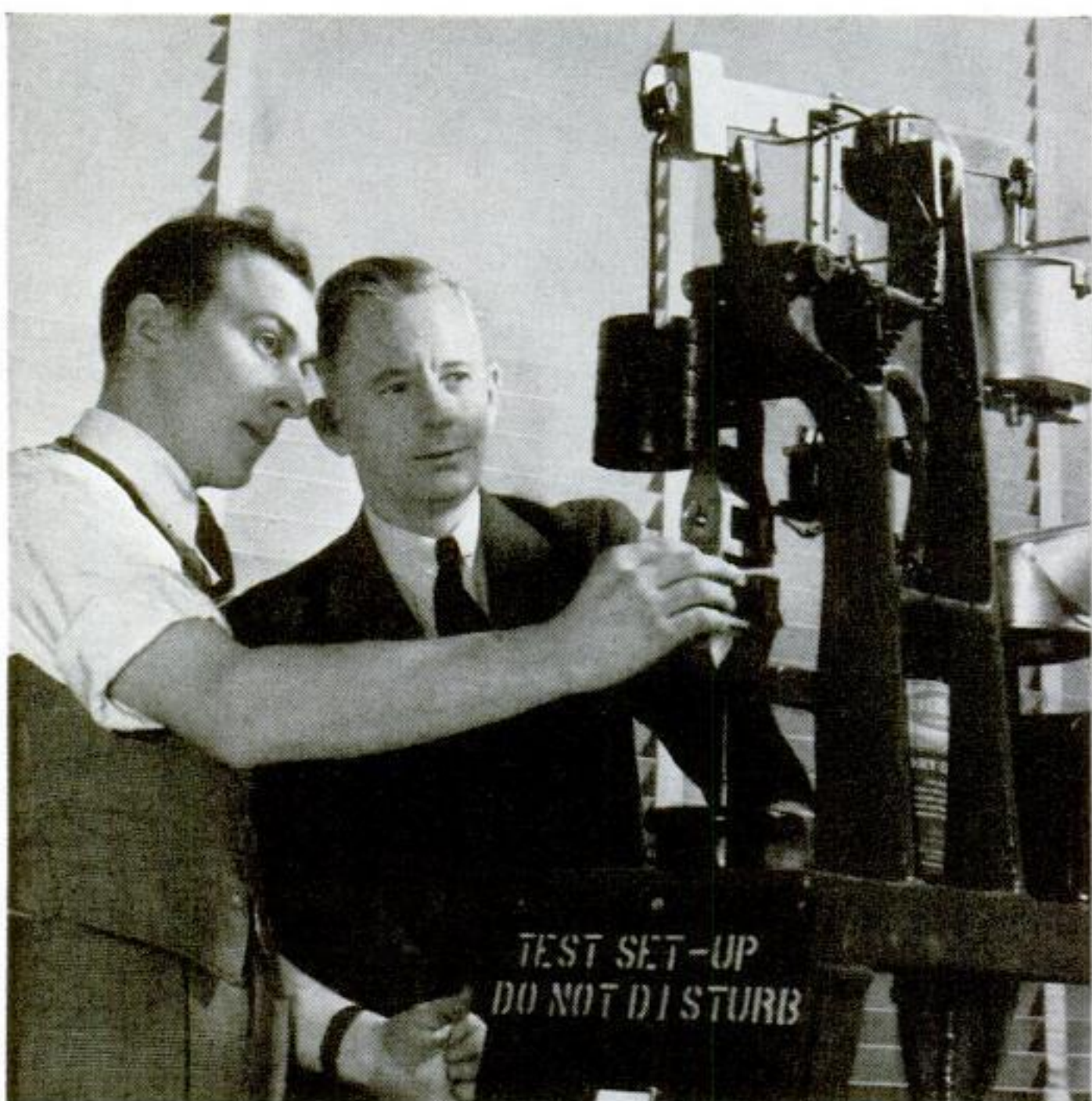
**FOR FURTHER DETAILS GO TO THE
NEAREST NAVY RECRUITING STATION TODAY**



ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; T., TOP; B. S., BLACK STAR; INT., INTERNATIONAL; U. & U., UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD; W. W., WIDE WORLD



"Not in here!" says Guard Harold Cook, in front of "censored" area. Martin guards are courteous, firm, tight-lipped and husky—accompany visitors every step.



Testing plastics for tensile strength. Precious aluminum has been replaced by plastics in some 400 parts in one type of plane alone. Over 1600 aviation engineers work at this plant, planning, testing, checking and retesting.



"Maneuverable as a pursuit ship" say test pilots of the famous "B-26," Army's fastest bomber. These pilots note performance of each new ship—record data on Ediphone cylinders when they come down from "upstairs." Army "Fly-away" pilots wait at Martin plant to fly each bomber to its destination.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A HUGE U. S. BOMBER PLANT

Biggest ingredient in any bomber is not duralumin but time. And before a bomber rolls off the line, terrific amounts of paper work must precede it through laboratories, order departments and "front offices" . . . Shining example of large-corporation cohesion between production and office is the Glenn L. Martin Co. at Middle River (Md.) where a three-quarter billion-dollar backlog includes Army "B-26's," Navy "PBM" patrol bombers and "Baltimore" bombers for the R.A.F.

Potent office tool of defense here (as in almost every defense industry) is a streamlined grandchild of Thomas A. Edison's original phonograph—the modern Edison Voicewriter. Used for all kinds of dictation and recording, Ediphones give business an estimated 100,000 *extra* man-hours of work per day.



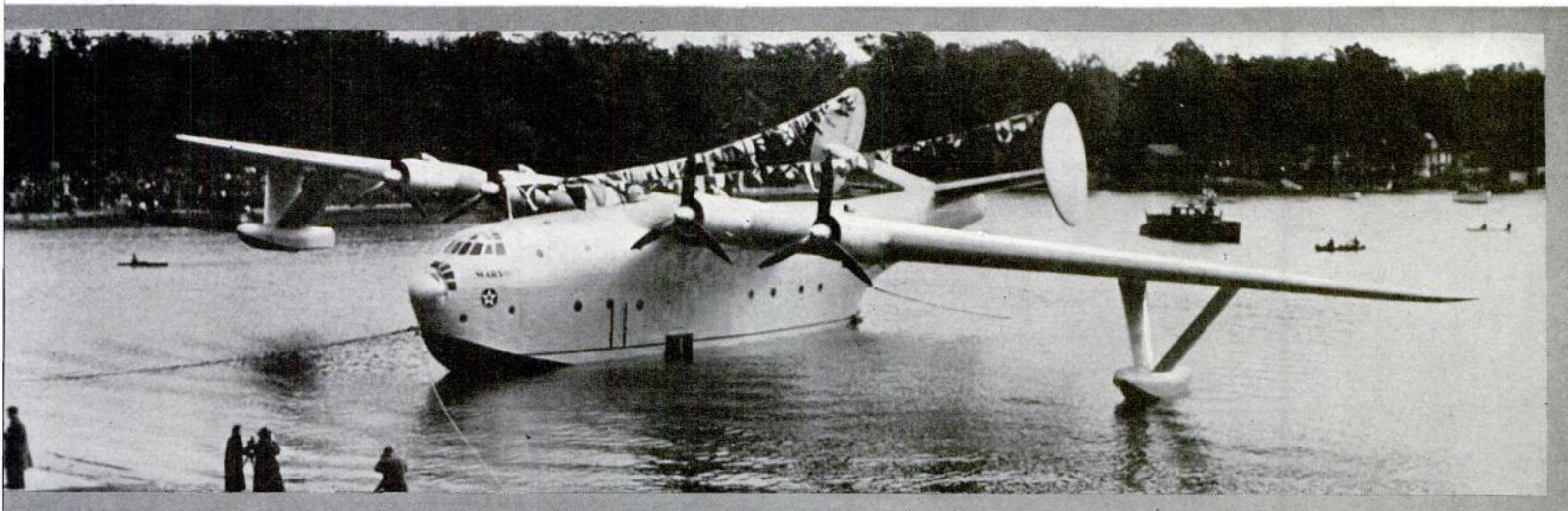
Quiet, reserved, shy, Glenn L. Martin fills 66 lines in "Who's Who" with a string of aeronautical "firsts." Idol of air-minded youth, he has created ships like the "Mars" which would shame the imagination of a Tom Swift—has another twice as large already on the boards. His devout advocacy of scientific experimentation is a legend of the industry. Kindly and courtly, he inspires mingled affection, pride and awe throughout the huge plants which bear his name. First man ever to drop a bomb from a plane, his ships may very well drop the last bomb in this war.



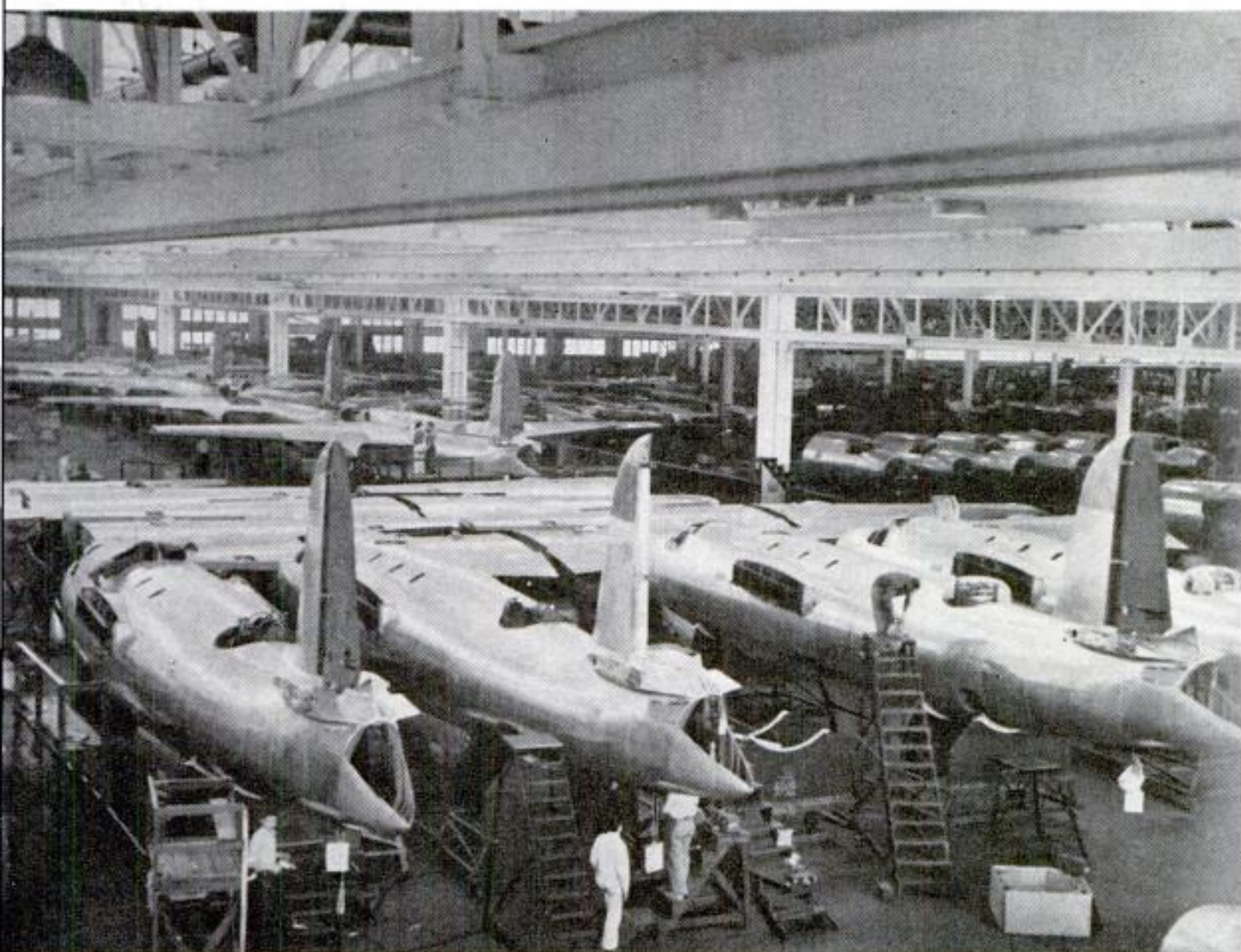
Hard working liaison executive with R.A.F. fliers and officials all day long—takes his Ediphone home for extra night work. (No "after-hours" for his secretary.)



Pretty Mary Claybrook complains that when she speaks into an Ediphone it talks back with a Virginia accent. (It does—delightfully.) "A most efficient secretary," her boss says.



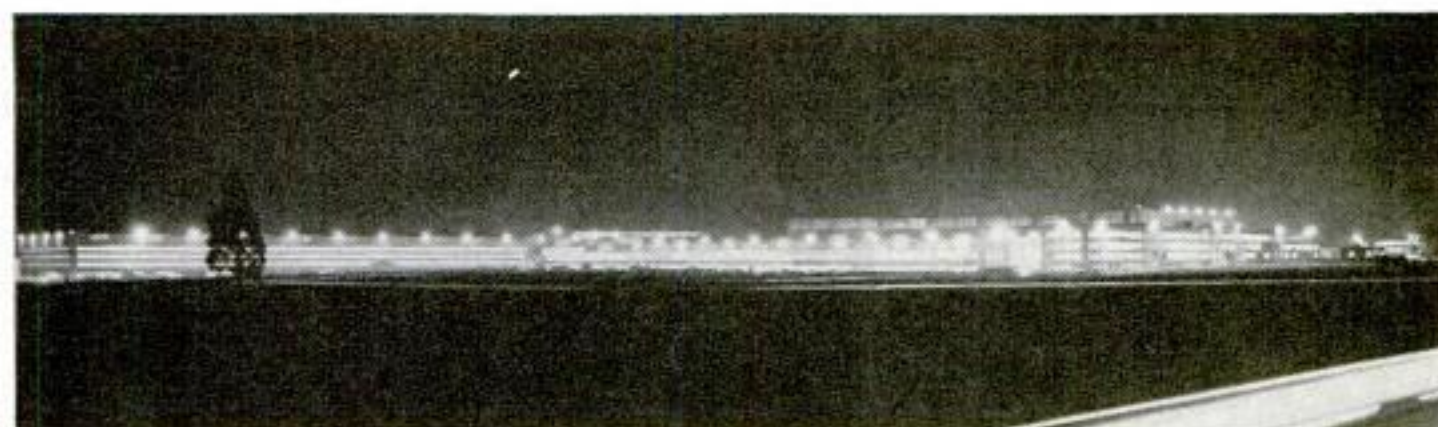
"MARS," WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BOAT, CARRIES MOTOR BOAT—COULD FLY TO EUROPE AND BACK WITHOUT REFUELING. FIRE POWER IS NAVY SECRET.



Acres of Army "B-26" bombers. Starting as duralumin sheets, and small sub-assemblies, completed ships roll out the far end of this building finished and equipped—even to camouflage and ammunition.



"Time-out." Three Martin Co. secretaries find extra minutes to chat, to powder or to smoke. Surveys show that the average Ediphone user adds at least an hour a day to his or her output. Added up in "man-hours" this amounts to a very considerable contribution to National Defense. Work gets done *faster*—with less wear and tear—and with greater accuracy.



Just part of the great Martin plant—as seen at night by passengers on the Pennsylvania Railroad (another large Ediphone user). Working 7 days a week, the 3 daily shifts are so large they must be staggered to minimize traffic congestion.



Martin Research Chief, Reid Gray, graciously Ediphoned the following note for your reporter: "Defense is measured in minutes. I find that I accomplish far more in the laboratories, in the office and at home, by 'talking my work away.' Ediphones promote corporate efficiency and reduce personal nerve strain." **Because defense industries must come first, you may not be able to secure immediate delivery. Phone the Ediphone representative in your city to determine his supply. Or write Dept. LF-1, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., West Orange, N. J. In Canada, Thomas A. Edison of Canada, Ltd., 610 Bay Street, Toronto.**



Thomas A. Edison, Inc., wishes to acknowledge, in the preparation of this advertisement, the kind cooperation of: the Office of Public Relations, U.S.N.; the Bureau of Public Relations, War Dept.; executives and employees of the Glenn L. Martin Co.



It goes where the Navy goes



Seal of the Navy Department . . . eagle and anchor over a fast-sailing frigate of the type that helped make America a nation.

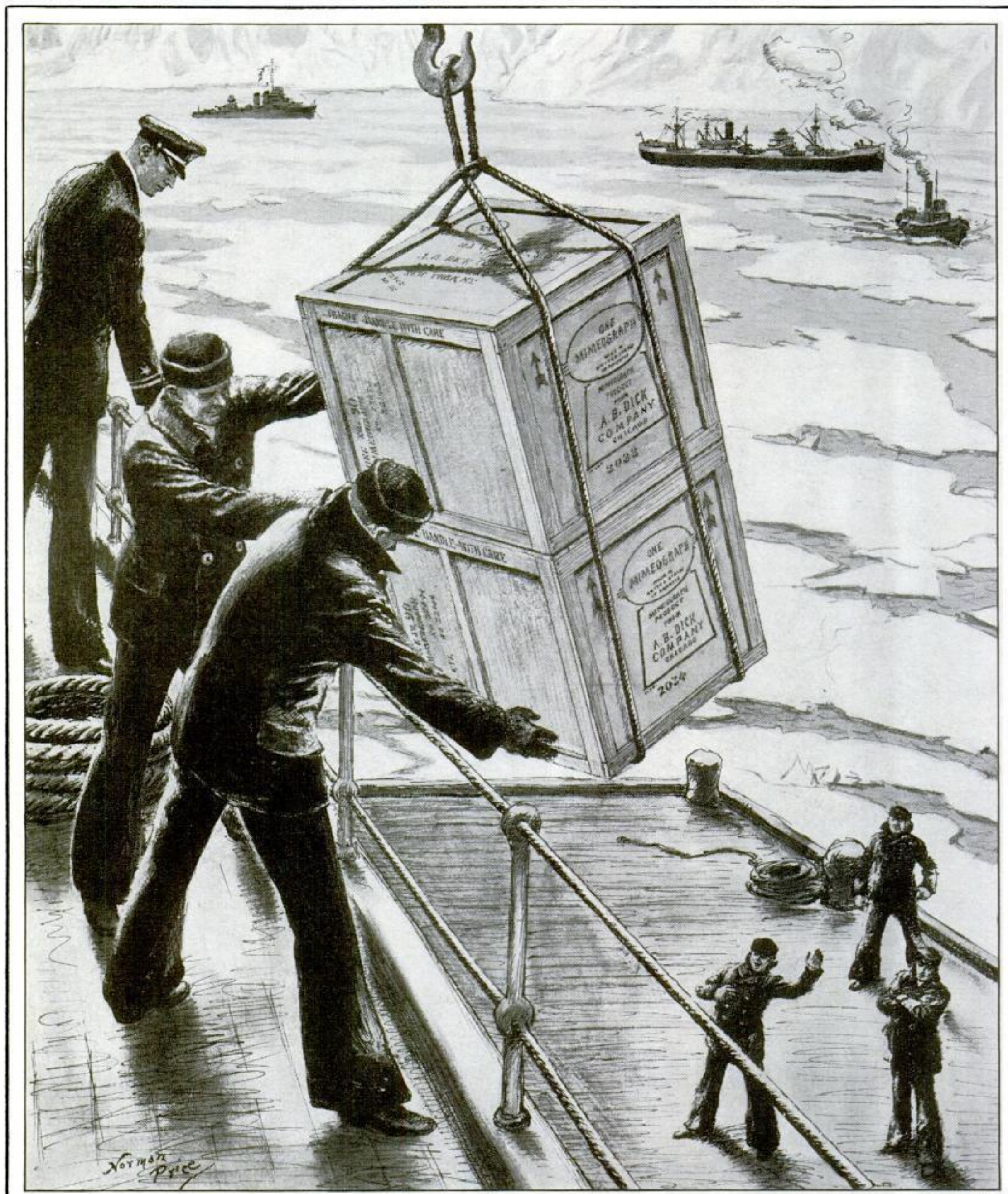
IN Iceland, Bermuda and Trinidad . . . in Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines . . . from Newport News to Bremerton . . . wherever the Navy is, there is the Mimeograph duplicator.

It goes to sea with the battleships and cruisers . . . turns out the drill schedules, the gunnery schedules, paymaster supply lists, the orders for landing operations, the always-welcome list of names for the "liberty party."

In ports and bases, Mimeograph duplicated forms, bids, specifications, bulletins do the "housework" that keeps our navy shipshape.

Mimeograph equipment is as integral a part of Navy communications as the radio, the many-colored signal flags, the blinker signal lights.

It is proud to be helping the Navy do the job the nation wants done.



Unloading Mimeograph duplicators in Iceland for use by U. S. Navy shore establishment. Drawn by Norman Price.



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Get the paper work out quickly . . . get it out accurately . . . get it out readably . . . get it out in confidential privacy when necessary . . .

—these are just a few reasons why the U. S. Navy, like U. S. business, depends on the Mimeograph duplicator and supplies.

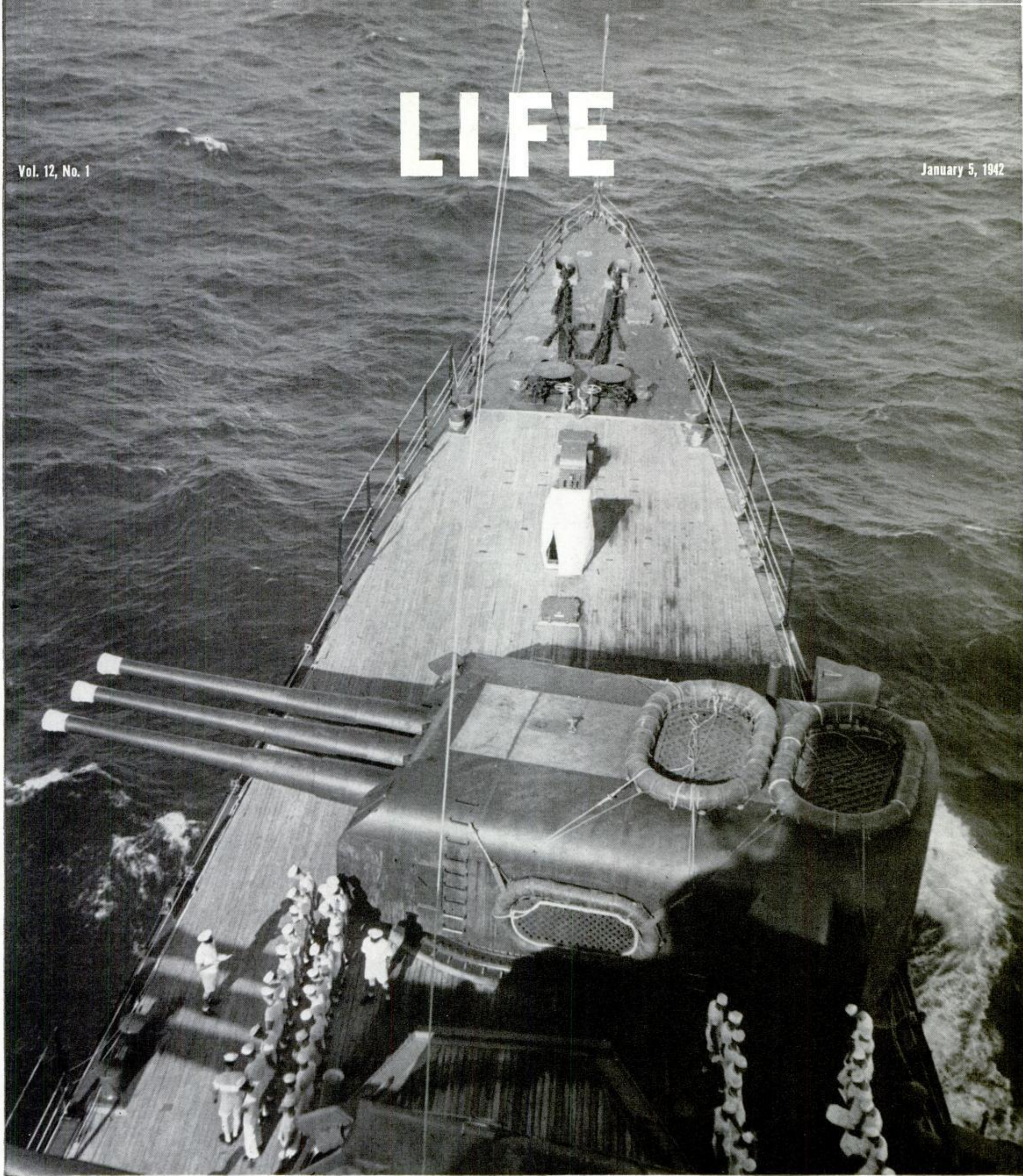
With Mimeograph stencil sheets and inks, it turns out the job the way you want it turned out—crisp, clean-cut copies, 50 to 150 of them per minute. You can eliminate chances for error, cut down reading time and eye fatigue.

Put the Mimeograph duplicator to work in

your office or plant on problems of paper control. Our staff of trained duplicating experts is ready and waiting to work with you on your own "communications" problems. Telephone the Mimeograph distributor in your community—or write A. B. DICK COMPANY, Chicago.

Mimeograph duplicator

MIMEOGRAPH is the trade-mark of A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, registered in the U. S. Patent Office.



AT 9 O'CLOCK ON THE SUNNY MORNING OF DEC. 7, THE ARTICLES OF WAR ARE READ TO THE CREW OF A U. S. HEAVY CRUISER ON ACTIVE DUTY IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN

THE U.S. FLEET GOES INTO ACTION

FIRST WAR PICTURES IN PACIFIC

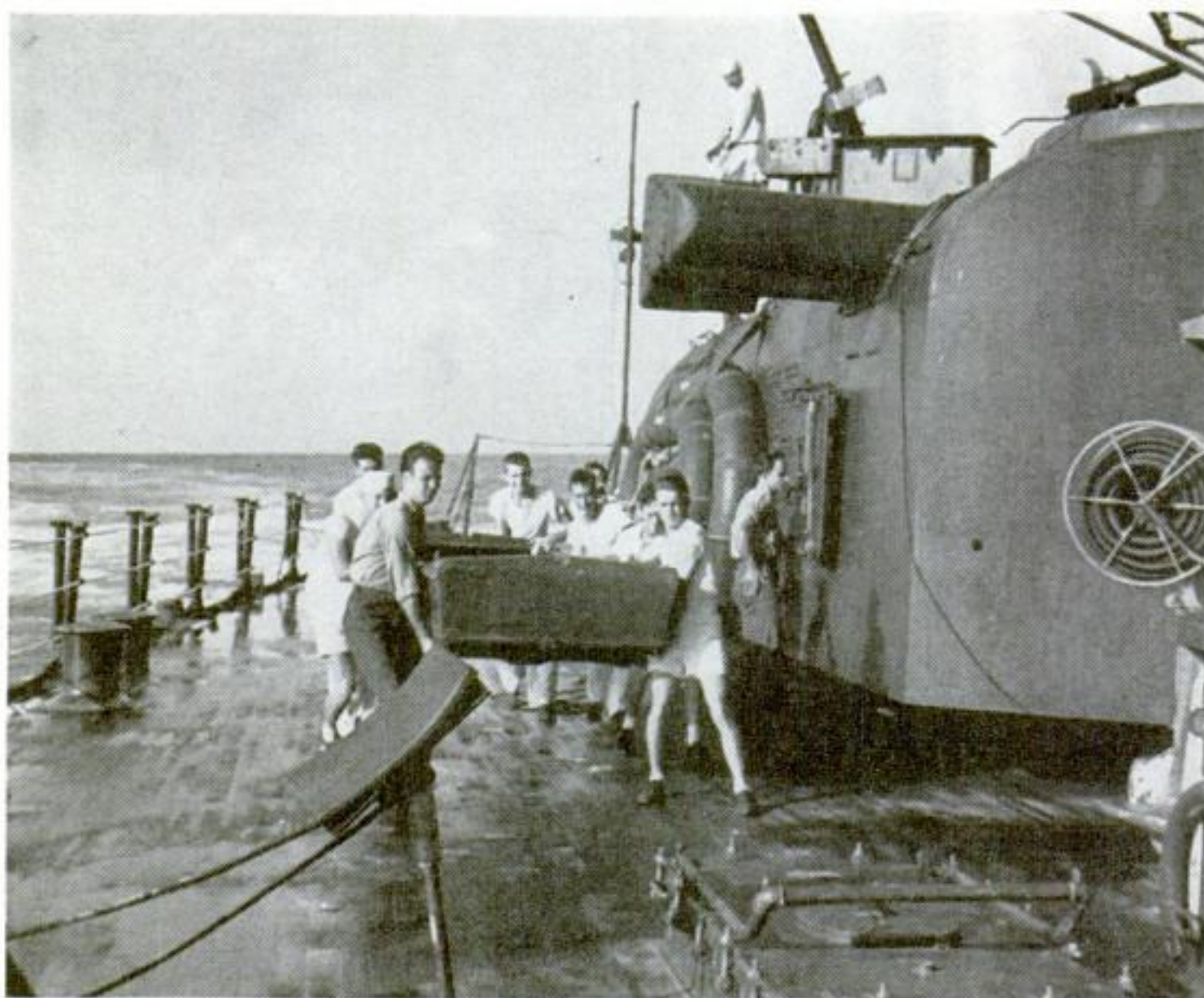


PHOTOGRAPHER LANDRY

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor Dec. 7 found a fast powerful task force of the U. S. Fleet carrying out scouting and patrol duty in the middle of the Pacific. Aboard a heavy cruiser in this task force were two LIFE staffmen—Photographer Bob Landry and Reporter Richard Wilcox—who had been assigned to cover Hawaii and the Pacific Fleet three weeks prior to the outbreak of war. For more than a week at sea with this fighting force they were privileged to obtain the fol-

lowing picture-and-word account—the first to be approved by the Navy Department—which shows how the U. S. Fleet quickly manned its battle stations and went into action against the enemy.

Because of Pearl Harbor, there has been a public tendency to low-rate the U. S. Navy. Landry's pictures and Wilcox's text reveal the error of this snap judgment. On the following pages the reader will see a grim fleet force that looks quite different from the Navy of maneuvers and reviews. Here are the ships and planes and men that must keep an aggressive contest going against the Navy's main enemy—the Japanese Fleet.



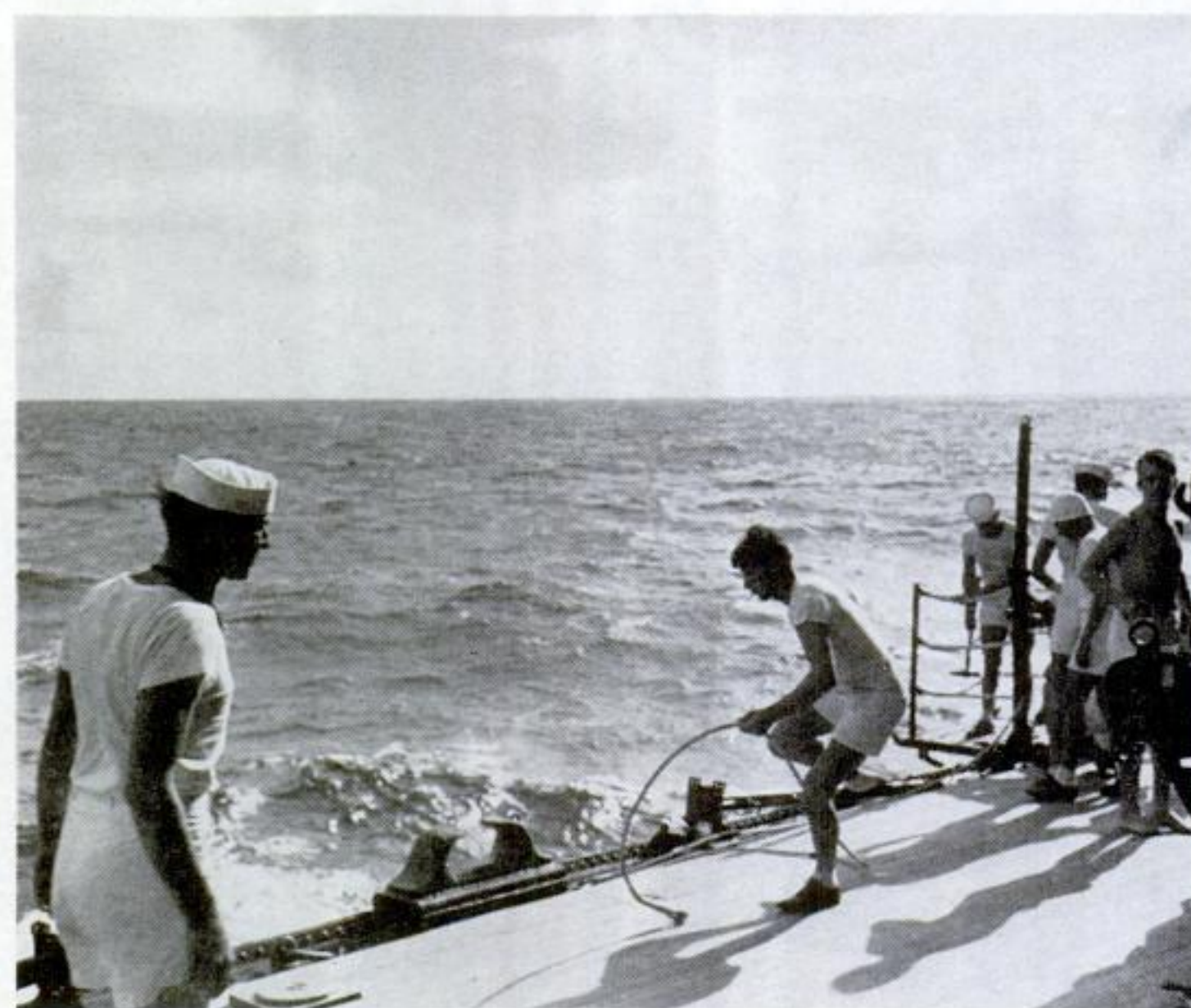
Small boats are thrown overboard as ship strips for action. Holes were chopped in bottom so they would sink quickly. Boats would be dangerous in battle because they splinter when hit.



Paint cans go over side, as do all other inflammables and nonessential ship's gear. Ship's piano and polished mahogany boarding ladders, which could throw deadly splinters, followed.



Decks are painted gray to make the ship less visible from the air. All brightwork, white canvas hose, tarpaulins, even sailors' hats were daubed to make them inconspicuous in the bright sun.



Life lines are removed from fo'c'sle. These might interfere with fire from revolving forward turrets during battle. The whole ship was stripped and ready for action within an hour's time.



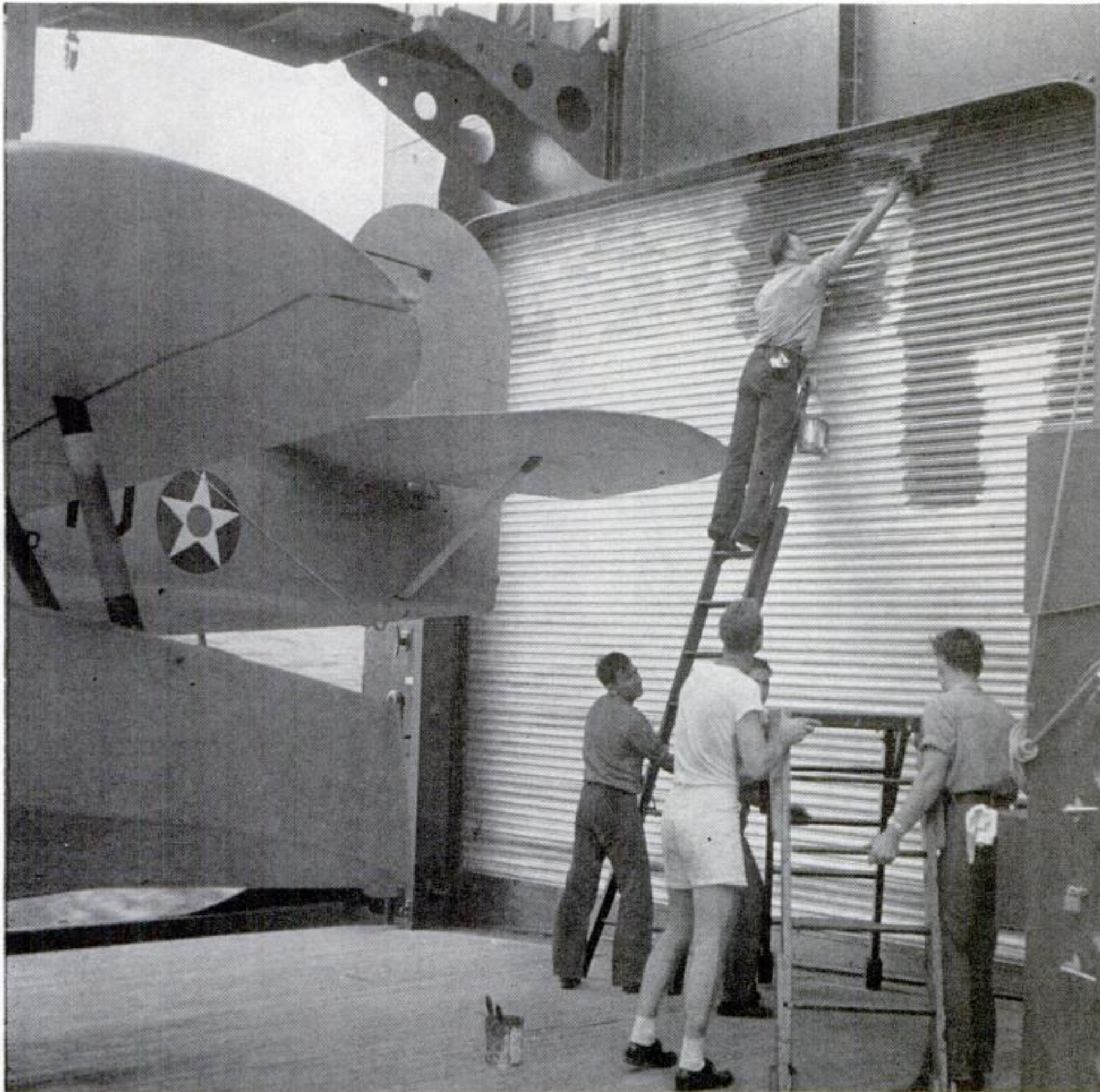
Machine-gun ammunition is loaded in the crew's mess hall. Instead of the big Sunday dinner originally planned for, crew ate hastily made sandwiches and prepared bullet belts for service.



Extra ammunition is broken out and brought up to secondary batteries for emergency. The crews of these guns are so good they can put four shells into air before first one hits the target.

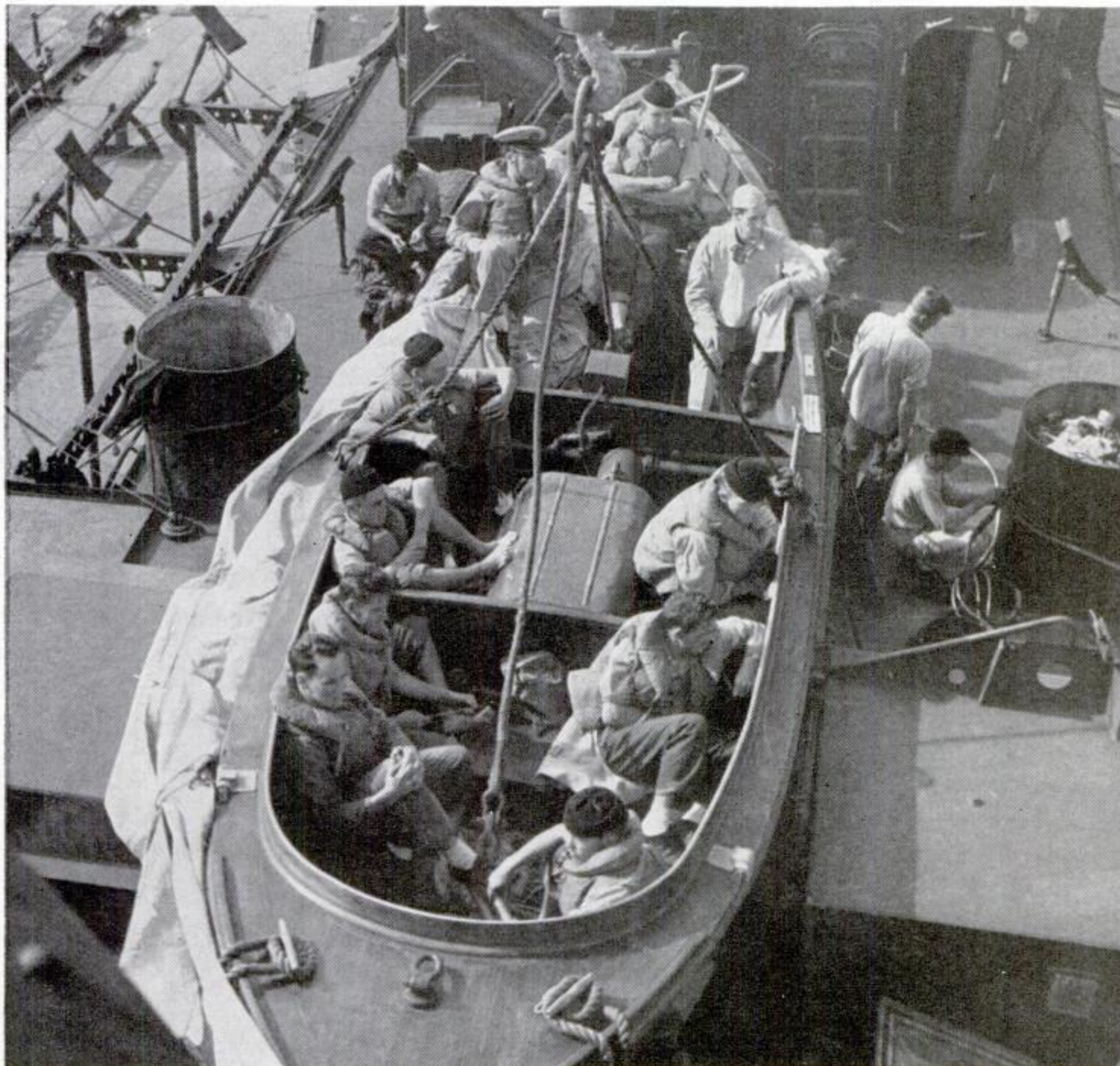
The FIRST TEN DAYS of the WAR AT SEA

by RICHARD WILCOX



War paint is applied to hangar doors. If left untouched, these shiny, aluminum sheets would be the first thing enemy ships

might see at a distance, would provide a perfect target bearing for a hit amidships. They were the first things painted.



Crash boat is manned every minute that planes are up or alerted (which is every hour of daylight). The officer with

cap (in rear) is the ship's doctor. The aviator (right) would salvage bomb-sight and confidential papers from disabled plane.

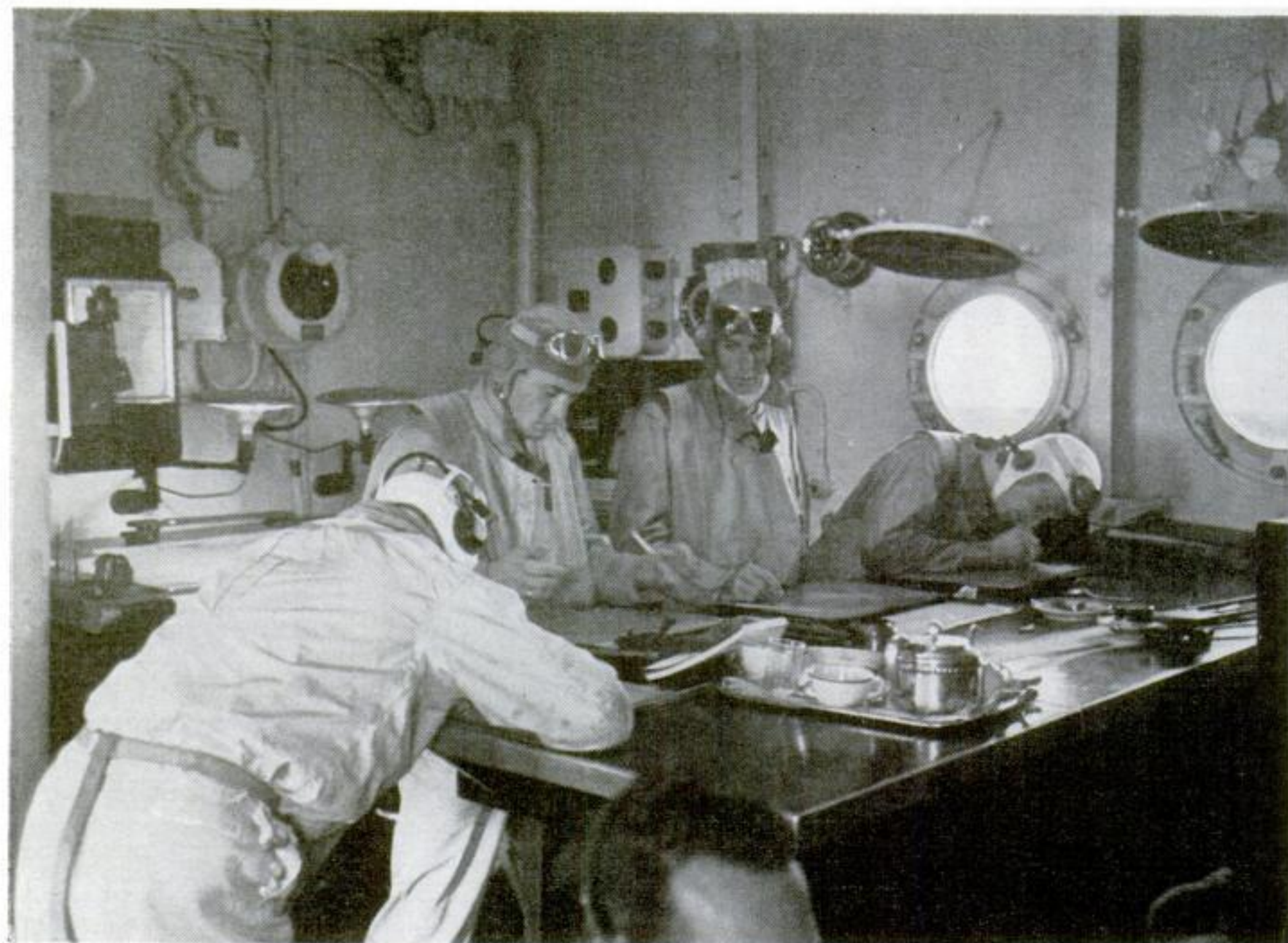
I was standing on the bridge of a U. S. heavy cruiser, hundreds of miles west of Pearl Harbor, the Sunday morning Japan began its attack. We had left Pearl three days before, a strong striking force made up of heavy cruisers, destroyers and an aircraft carrier, bound for maneuvers off the Islands. We went out in single file in the morning sun, scout bombers loaded with bombs guarding our way, past mighty lines of battleships, lean submarines and strong cruisers. Here lay the most tremendous example of American naval power, black and deadly, waiting for the word that would let it fulfill its mission in the world.

As soon as we had cleared the harbor, we knew that we were on more than maneuvers. Speculation ran through our ship like wildfire. No one knew where we were going, but we were ready for anything. Our men were at condition watches every minute, all guns were manned, planes were patrolling hundreds of miles at sea all about us. This force was alert, eager to prove its mettle.

The morning of Dec. 7 I went up to the bridge early because the captain had said that we would probably launch our cruiser planes as an additional scouting force. At 8 a. m. we got a message from the flagship, directing us to have our planes ready for launching in ten minutes. I hurried below to get LIFE Photographer Landry as we wanted pictures of this exciting event. When I got back on the bridge the captain seemed different. He took me into the charthouse and handed me a message to read. "This is a funny thing that just came in," he said. The message read: HOSTILITIES WITH JAPAN COMMENCED 8 THIS MORNING AIR ATTACK PEARL HARBOR.

For the first hour no one really believed that the message was true. But then disturbing things began to happen. All Hawaiian radio stations went dead. We began to pick up amateur short-wave stations that spread alarming rumors (afterwards proved false) about the fierceness of the Japanese attack. After that there could be no doubt about it. Official dispatches kept coming in which confirmed the war. One of these directed our force to turn and rendezvous with the Fleet at sea west of the Islands. We turned east at full speed, the foam curling in white waves over the speedy destroyers guarding our heavier ships from the submarines. Planes from the carrier roared off ahead to ward off air attack.

Our first business was to strip the ship for action. Months before lists had been made of everything that was a luxury or a potential danger and not essential to a fighting ship. Methodically each one of these things was disposed of in a few hours. Long whaleboats, which could send deadly splinters singing over the decks, were chopped up and dropped overboard to sink. Over went polished mahogany boarding ladders, the ship's piano, combustibles and other articles. Code books were put into weighted canvas bags. Stores of kerosene and other unessential oils were pumped overboard at night so that their slick



Aviators check their wind and directional bearings before taking off on scouting duty. Bearings have to be very

carefully calculated, because when the planes return the ship is miles away from its position when they took off.



Tense with anxiety, three aviators wait for a plane which is overdue. They well know the many hazards of flying at sea

during war—empty fuel tanks or a squadron of fast, deadly fighters from which a scout plane might not get away.

PILOTS OF SCOUTING PLANES



Back from scouting duty, a cruiser's plane comes up alongside to be recovered. This plane is almost out of gas, after ranging far at sea, and has

would not betray our position. Extra ammunition was broken out and ready boxes filled for action. Then a crew set to work painting the decks and brightwork. In an hour our ship was a gray island of destruction. Everything had been painted—decks, hangar doors, brightwork, white canvas hose. Even the tops of the sailors' white hats were daubed so that they could not be picked up from the air.

Sunday dinner had originally been planned as a gala holiday affair. There was to be a smoker afterwards for the crew, with wrestling matches, skits and songs. Instead the crew ate standing up, their mess tables and halls filled with boxes of ammunition which they had been putting into belts. It was during dinner that the captain made the announcement to the crew. His voice was calm and grave over the broadcasting system. He announced that the United States had been treacherously at-

tacked, but that it could never be beaten. He said that now the long training for war given his ship and crew were to be tested but it was ready. "I counsel you to be cheerful and of stout heart," his words echoed through the speeding ship. "No ship can beat us at our best." At the end of his short talk he read a dispatch that had just been received from the Secretary of the Navy: WHILE YOU HAVE SUFFERED FROM A TREACHEROUS ATTACK, YOUR COMMANDER IN CHIEF HAS BEEN INFORMED THAT YOUR COURAGE AND STAMINA REMAIN MAGNIFICENT. YOU KNOW YOU WILL HAVE YOUR REVENGE. RECRUITING STATIONS ARE JAMMED WITH MEN EAGER TO JOIN YOU!

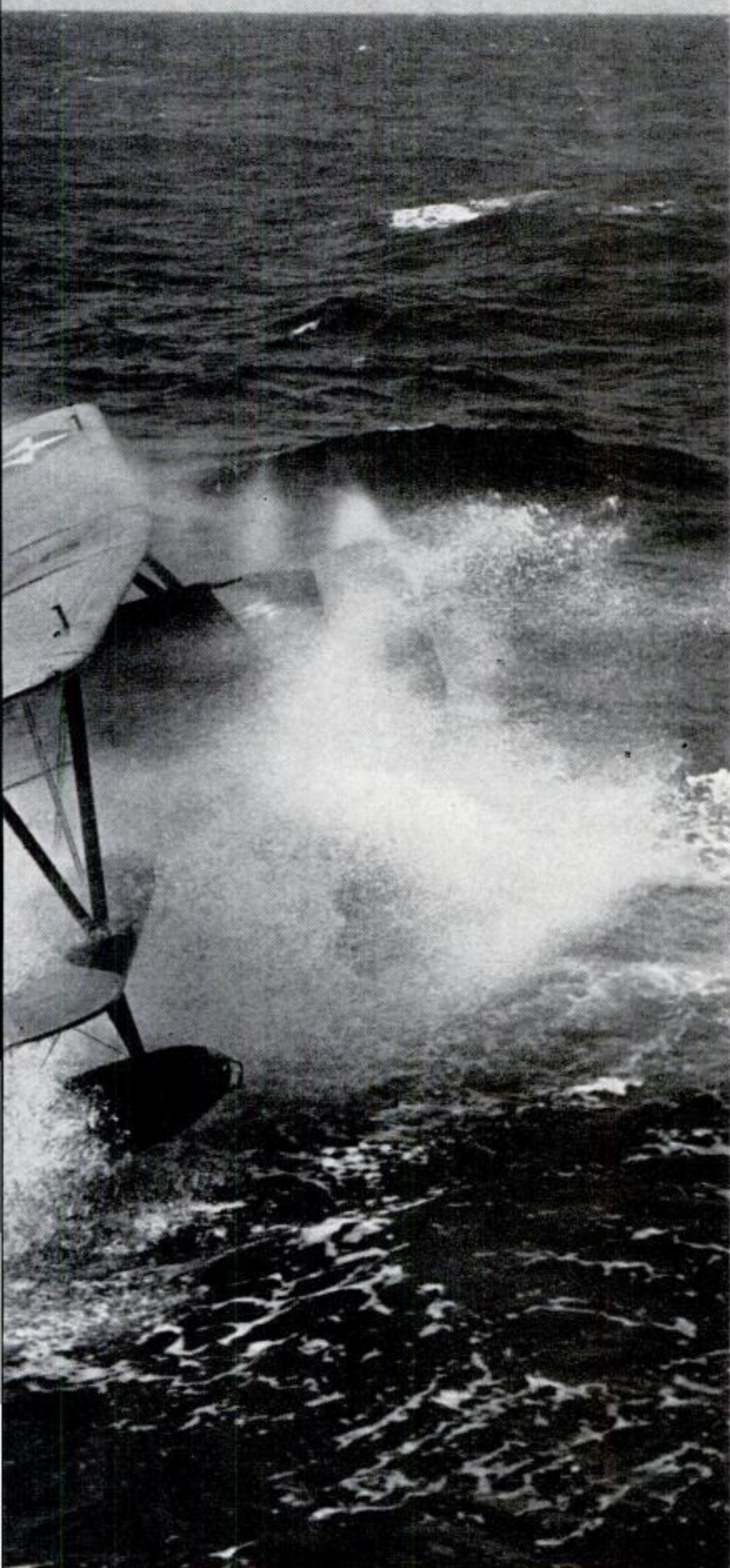
The reaction to this message was the most stirring sight I have ever seen. As one man the crew cheered. Bets flew back and forth between rival turret members as to which would get the first

ship. I saw one ammunition handler say a prayer over each shell he sent up the hoist to the turret. The men, as ready as the ship, were eager to avenge the men at Pearl Harbor.

We went east, at forced draft, all the day without incident. At nightfall I was on the bridge when another message was received. It was terse and to the point, stating that enemy ships had been sighted off Oahu and we were to intercept and engage them.

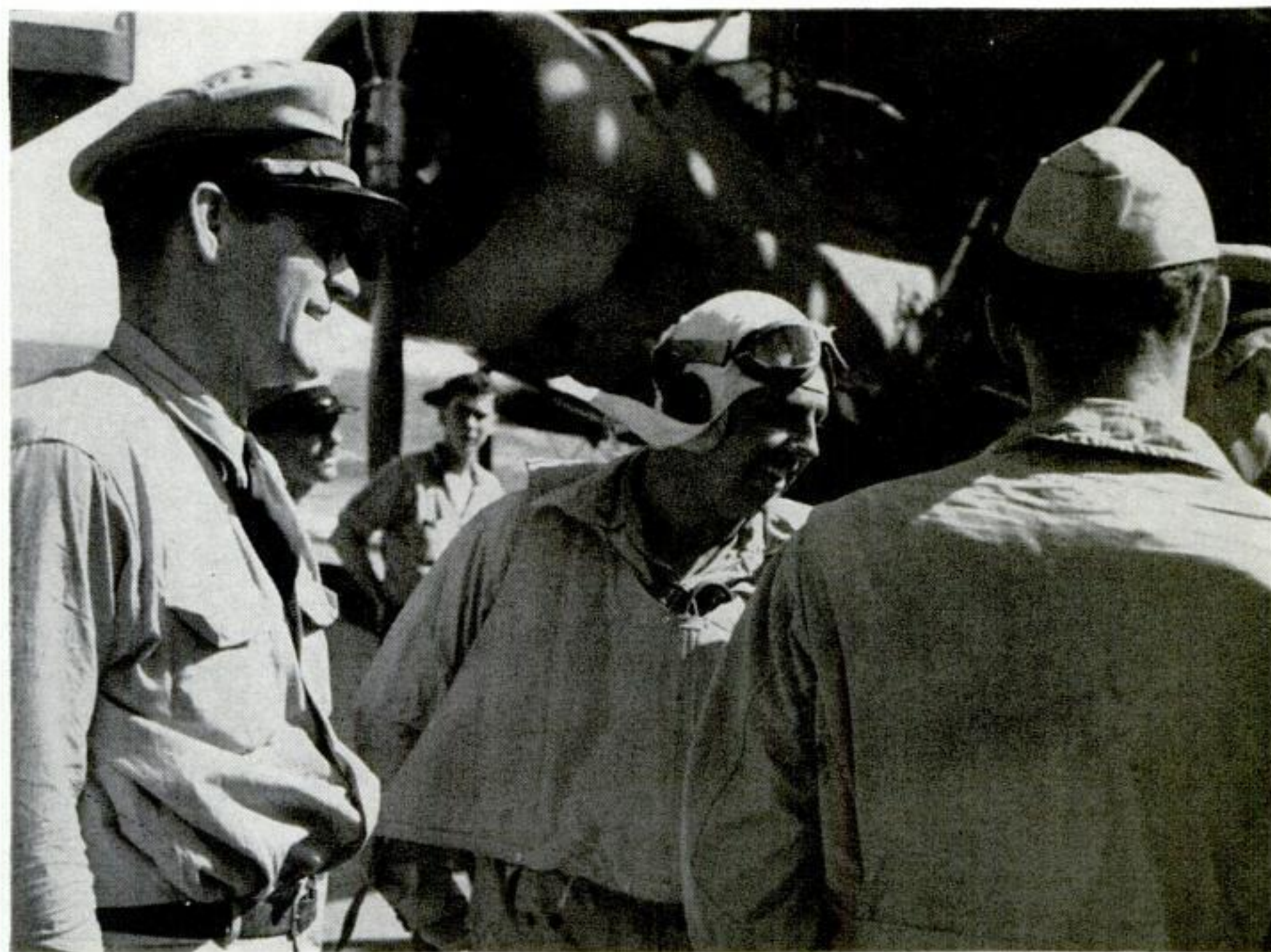
That long night sleep was out of the question because we could not tell when we might intercept the enemy force. All battle stations were manned, from the skyports at the top of the masts to the water tenders in the boiler rooms below. One old boatswain's mate, who had been in the Navy for 21 years, was everywhere, in his duties in the damage-control party, and everywhere he went he offered encouragement. "Those Japs

HAVE LONELY, DANGEROUS JOBS



The missing plane is found by cruiser which turned back to search. The pilot and radio man had spent hours on the

wings, balancing the plane so that it would not capsize in rough seas. They were both seasick from the continual roll.



The happiest man on ship is the rescued pilot. He realizes, as do all Navy pilots, that a ship cannot often search

for missing planes during war. A lone ship is perfect prey for submarines and would be costly price to pay for a plane.

just signaled that his companion ship has been forced down at sea due to lack of fuel. Problem is to find plane in the vast waste of the Pacific.

fight?" his voice would boom up from below decks, "those bastards couldn't lick their weight in marshmallows."

An hour before sunrise the next morning we prepared to launch our planes to scout. In the watery, early morning light our pilots stood in the chart-house, checking wind and directional bearings. Their faces were grim. Each of those young men knew what would happen if he ran into a formation of enemy fighters in a scouting plane. The most he could hope to do was to radio back news, then fight as long as he could in a plane with little firepower. Yet they were happy and glad to go. In a few minutes they were in their planes on the catapults. In another minute their hands waved to us and they shot out over the sea, banked and headed for the horizon.

As daylight broke the captain gave the orders for the day. They were short and to the point:

SHOOT THE PANTS OFF THE SONS OF HEAVEN. Vigilance increased as we went along. There was a brief flurry of excitement as a ship was sighted on the horizon but she turned out to be another heavy cruiser coming to join our force. The sight of her additional guns and planes made everyone feel better. She joined our formation and we kept on in our course of interception.

Towards the middle of the morning it became apparent that we had missed the enemy. It is hard to realize on a map just how big the Pacific Ocean really is. Groups of planes can scout for hundreds of miles without covering any appreciable distance in that vast body of water. The enemy had most likely changed course a few degrees in the night and we had missed them. Now our worry turned to our planes, which were long overdue. Finally one of them appeared and signaled that the other had been forced down at sea behind us. We re-

covered the signaling plane and headed back for the other. We soon sighted her, a tiny blue dot in the waves, and drew alongside. The pilot and the radioman were two of the most grateful human beings imaginable. In wartime a plane forced down at sea is usually left there because it is too dangerous for a lone ship to search for it.

We began to live new lives in the next days of war. The crew's instructions were simple: Eat, Work and Fight. Conditions of readiness were set at all times and men had to be ready to man battle stations at any moment. During one general quarters one turret of ours was manned by a completely naked crew, who had been in the shower when the alarm sounded. Bob Landry appeared on deck in the middle of one night with a camera, a tin hat and nothing else. Both of us had been instructed how to operate a .50-cal. gun in case a gunner was shot and we had to fill in during action.

Pacific War (continued)

Now our ships were beginning to show the effects of their grueling days at sea. The destroyers had been tossed about so long that their gray war paint had been battered off and they shone a brilliant red. Fuel was running low for the whole force. Towards the end of the week we were told that we would be refueled at sea.

The day before the refueling I sat in the officers' wardroom helping the officers censor the crew's mail. Censorship laws had been put into effect immediately at the start of hostilities. The letters reflected the spirit of the crew. There was no fear or apprehension in them, only a feeling of optimism. "Here's a good letter," said one of the officers passing it over to me.

Dear Mother,

Don't be worried. I'm all right. We're not killing people, we're just cleaning the scum off the ocean. Please tell Willie to join the Navy right away if he hasn't already. Love.

That night we met the tanker and a new destroyer division which had come out to relieve the one which had been with us since the start of the war. Meeting this force, in the dead of night, showed me exactly how ready our force was. We picked up the oncoming ships by listening apparatus. In three minutes every gun in the force was trained on those approaching ships. Suddenly one of our cruisers turned its powerful searchlights on them and they rose up out of the sea like sitting ducks. Our cruisers, in complete blackness, could have blown them out of the water in seconds. The ships gave the proper recognition signals, however, and swung in to join us. The next morning we started to fuel.

Fueling at sea is a ticklish business, even in peace. In war it is one of the riskiest of fleet operations. The tanker and the ship being fueled offer perfect targets to a submarine because they have to proceed at a slow speed during the process. We had an extra-heavy plane patrol in the air and our destroyers searched all the surrounding water with sound apparatus, hunting for subs.

We were sitting in our cabin, just before sunset, when a strained voice came over the ship's broadcasting system, "A torpedo has just been fired at one of our cruisers." We were on the bridge in seconds. The torpedo had missed the cruiser being fueled by a good 50 yd. Its wake could still be seen beyond her. The cruiser had broken away from the tanker and all our heavy ships were zigzagging at high speed. A mile astern, four of our destroyers were converging towards one spot, working swiftly, quietly, implacably. In another minute two of our planes were in the air, heading for the destroyers. White columns of spray climbed into the air and a dull noise crept across the water. We saw a yellow depth bomb fall from one of our planes. The plane was back in five minutes, the pilot grinning up at us. "Oil," he shouted, "a big patch of oil and hunks of cork and debris." He had two desserts for dinner that night.

The next day we were transferred to one of the returning destroyers to go back to Pearl Harbor. At dinner that night, in the small, stuffy wardroom, the captain's urgent voice came over the communication tube. "All officers report to the bridge immediately!" We hurried up the narrow, slippery ladders in the dark. The captain was giving orders to the crew. The leader of our squadron had picked up a submarine cruising on the surface, charging her batteries. Our formation was moving in for the kill.

There, in the pitch-black night, was enacted a fascinating drama. From all four quarters our ships moved in, listening apparatus set. I could hear the frantic "throb, throb" of the sub's propellers as she turned this way and that, in her desperate efforts to escape. But all her efforts were useless. She was like some great fish caught in a net of steel. We moved closer and closer in the dark, our depth charges set and ready for release. Suddenly it came. Our captain's hand pulled the release lever. Far away, as from down some long, cold corridor, muffled explosions came to us. Japan had one less submarine.

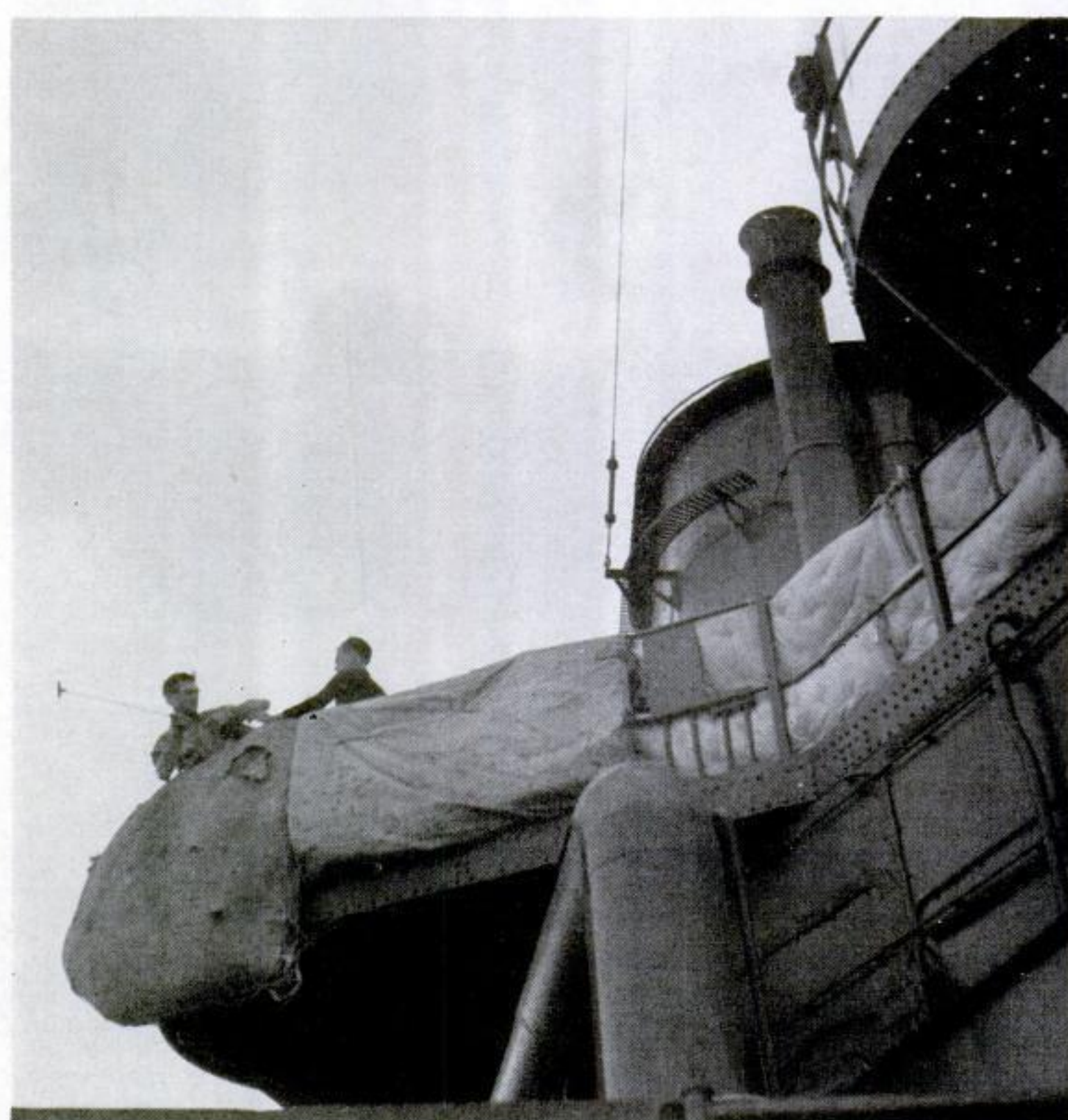
At 9 the next morning we were off Oahu, coming in steadily. The island looked as peaceful as when we had left. Everyone on board was anxiously waiting to get into the harbor and see the damage. In a single file we approached the net. Fast torpedo boats circled around us, inspecting us with wary eyes. The Navy was taking no chances with any ship. Finally the net was opened and we entered the harbor.

Changes could be seen everywhere. Every few yards on the shore was a pillbox from which bristled machine guns and mortars. Field pieces poked their snouts out of innocent clumps of palm trees and bushes. As we rounded a bend of the harbor, every man on deck drew in his breath. As we passed the damaged ships men's fists were clenched and their eyes clouded with hatred. There is no need for people to tell the Navy to remember Pearl Harbor. Every man in the Fleet who saw that sight has it engraved indelibly on his brain.

In a few hours I was standing with a high-ranking officer, looking out through his windows into the harbor, looking once more at the twisted ships. "This is one lesson we shall never forget," he said flatly, completely. Then as he looked beyond the damaged ships to a great cruiser, loading heavy, pointed shells from a flat barge, his eyes lighted. "And it's a lesson which we'll soon improve upon."



WEARING BATTLE DRESS, THE CREW OF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MAN THEIR STATIONS.

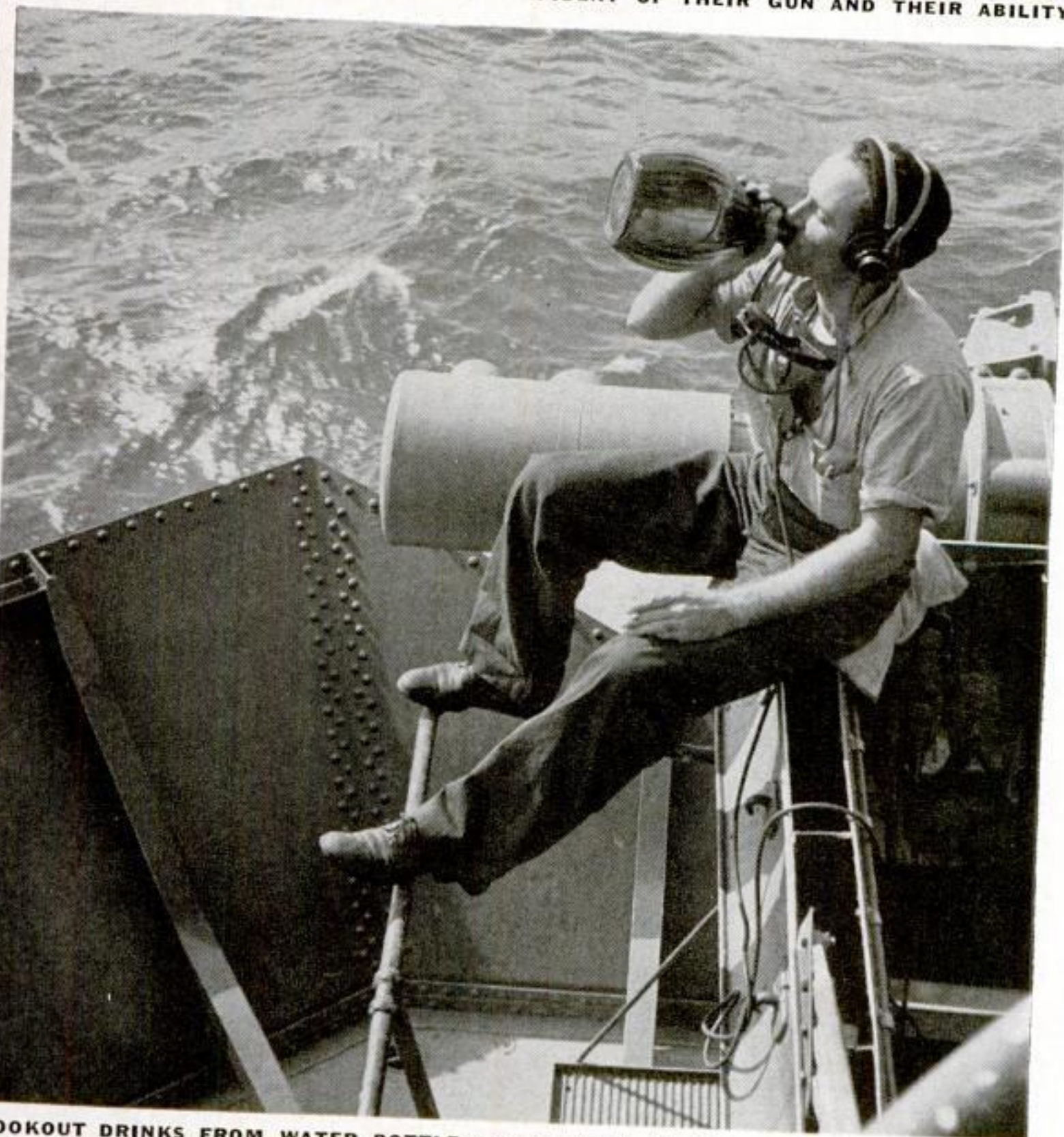


MATTRESSES ARE PUT AROUND RAIL TO PROTECT GUNNERS FROM FLYING SPLINTERS
CREW OF SIGNAL BRIDGE KEEP EYES ON UNIDENTIFIED PLANE COMING IN FROM SUN.

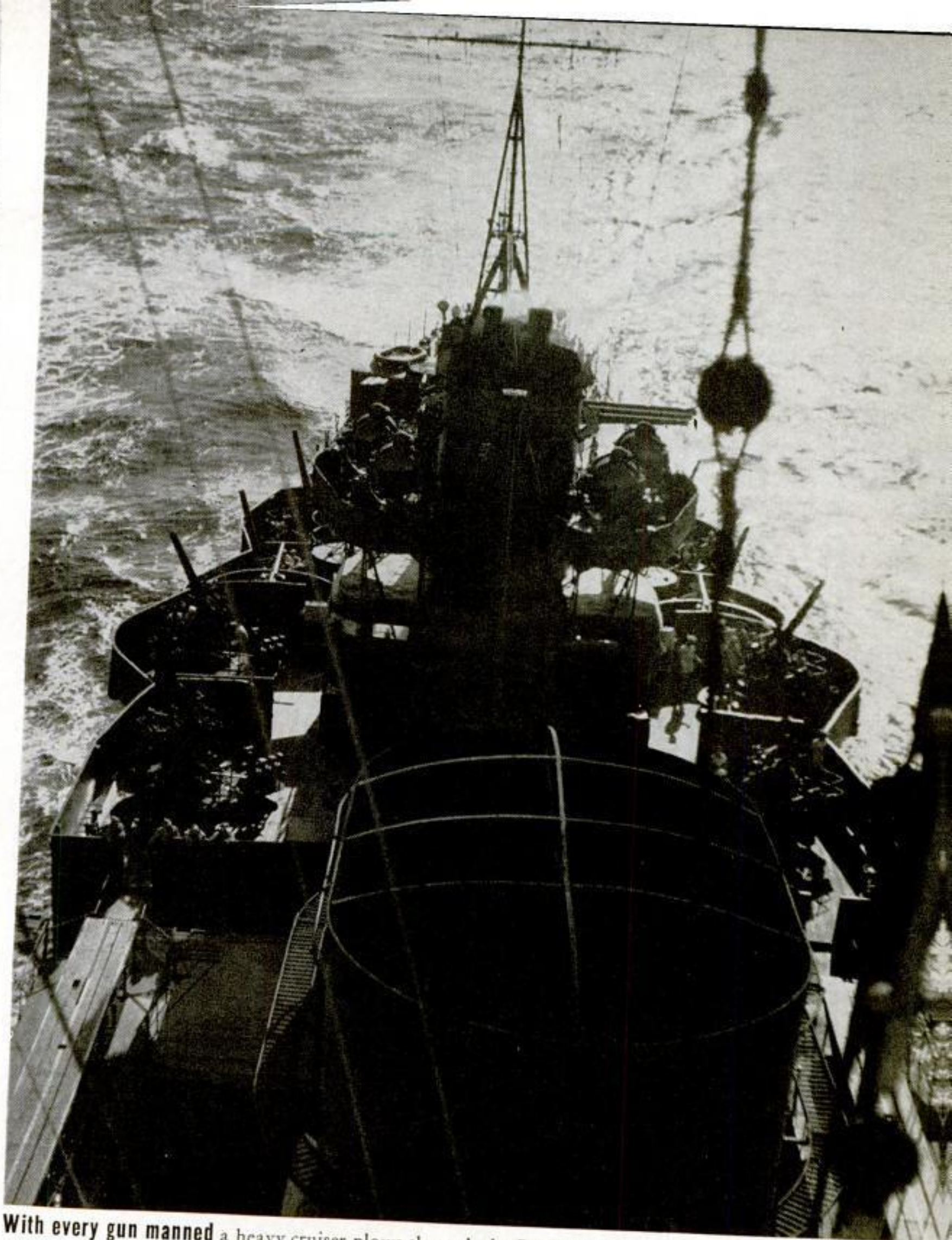




THEY ARE CLEAN-CUT, SELF-RELIANT, CONFIDENT OF THEIR GUN AND THEIR ABILITY



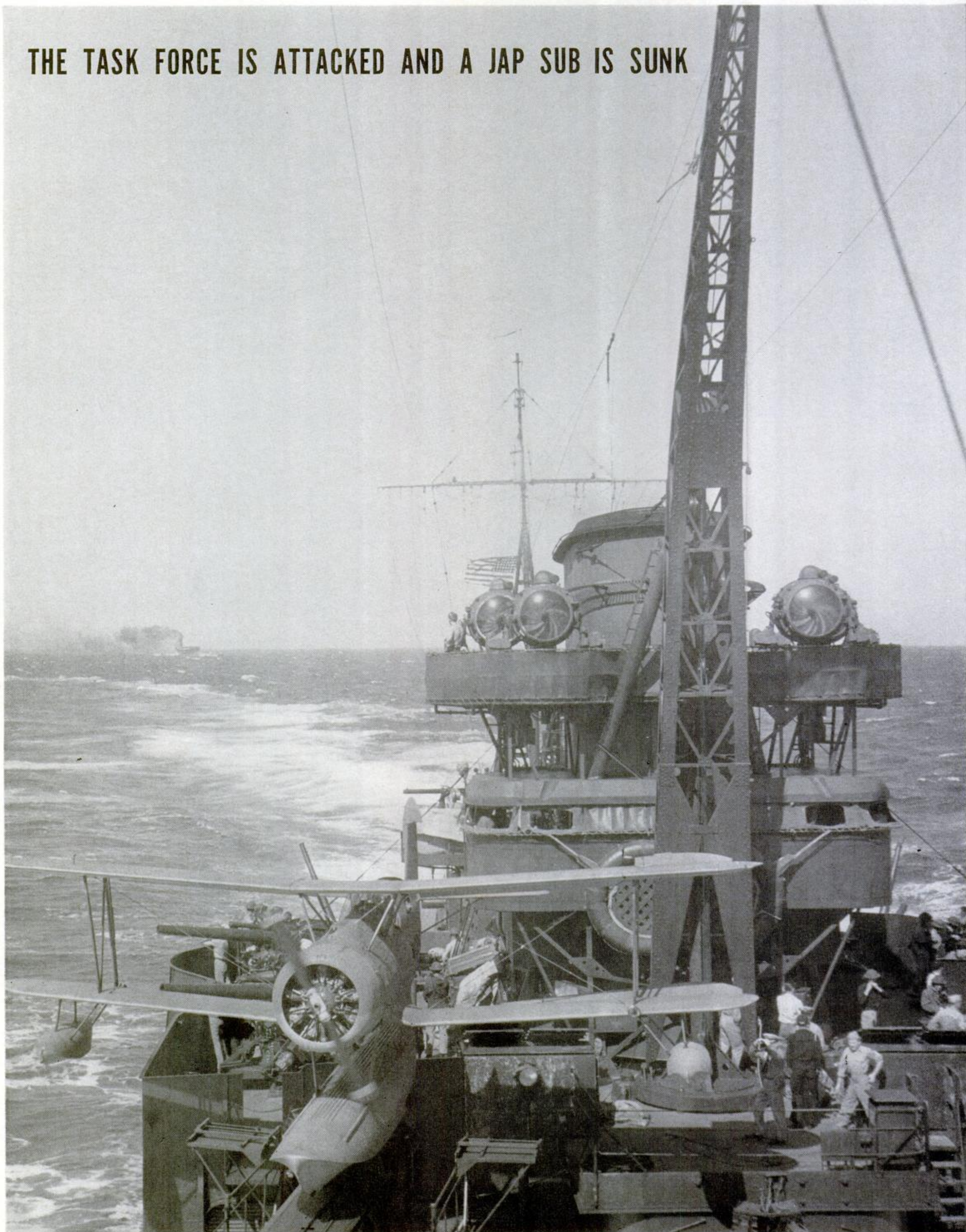
LOOKOUT DRINKS FROM WATER BOTTLE ALOFT. VIGIL IS KEPT HERE DAY AND NIGHT
EVERY MAN QUICKLY LEARNED SILHOUETTES OF JAPANESE AIRPLANES AND BATTLESHIPS



With every gun manned a heavy cruiser plows through the Pacific searching for enemy ships. Below: cruisers swing into battle line on report that ship has been sighted. Vulnerable carrier drops behind for protection. The ship proved to be another cruiser, reinforcing task force.



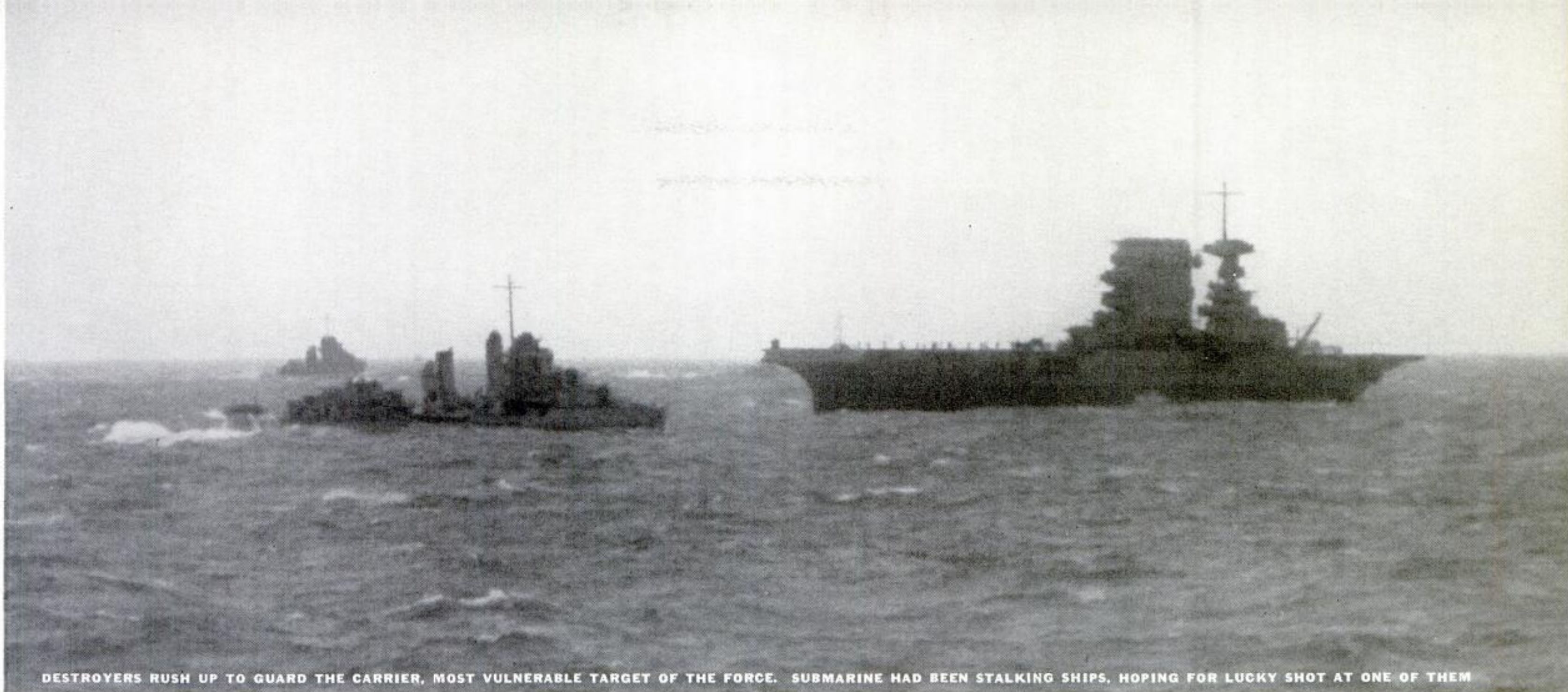
THE TASK FORCE IS ATTACKED AND A JAP SUB IS SUNK



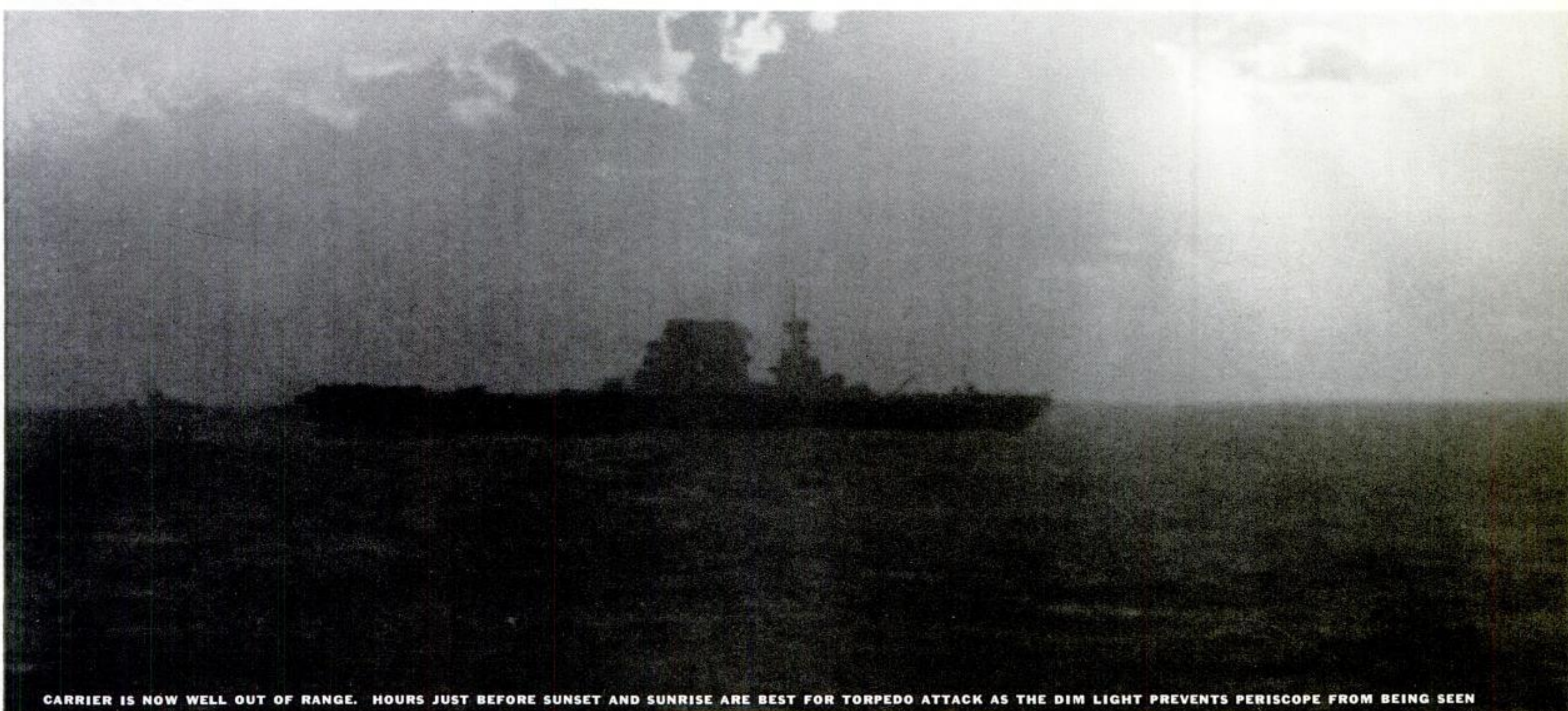
A torpedo has just been fired at one of the cruisers, which is fueling at sea. In this great photograph, the cruiser has swung

sharply out at high speed (*note the wake*) and the aircraft carrier is laying down a smokescreen (*background*). The whole

force begins to zigzag at forced draft, as a submarine can almost never hit a fast-moving ship which is changing course.



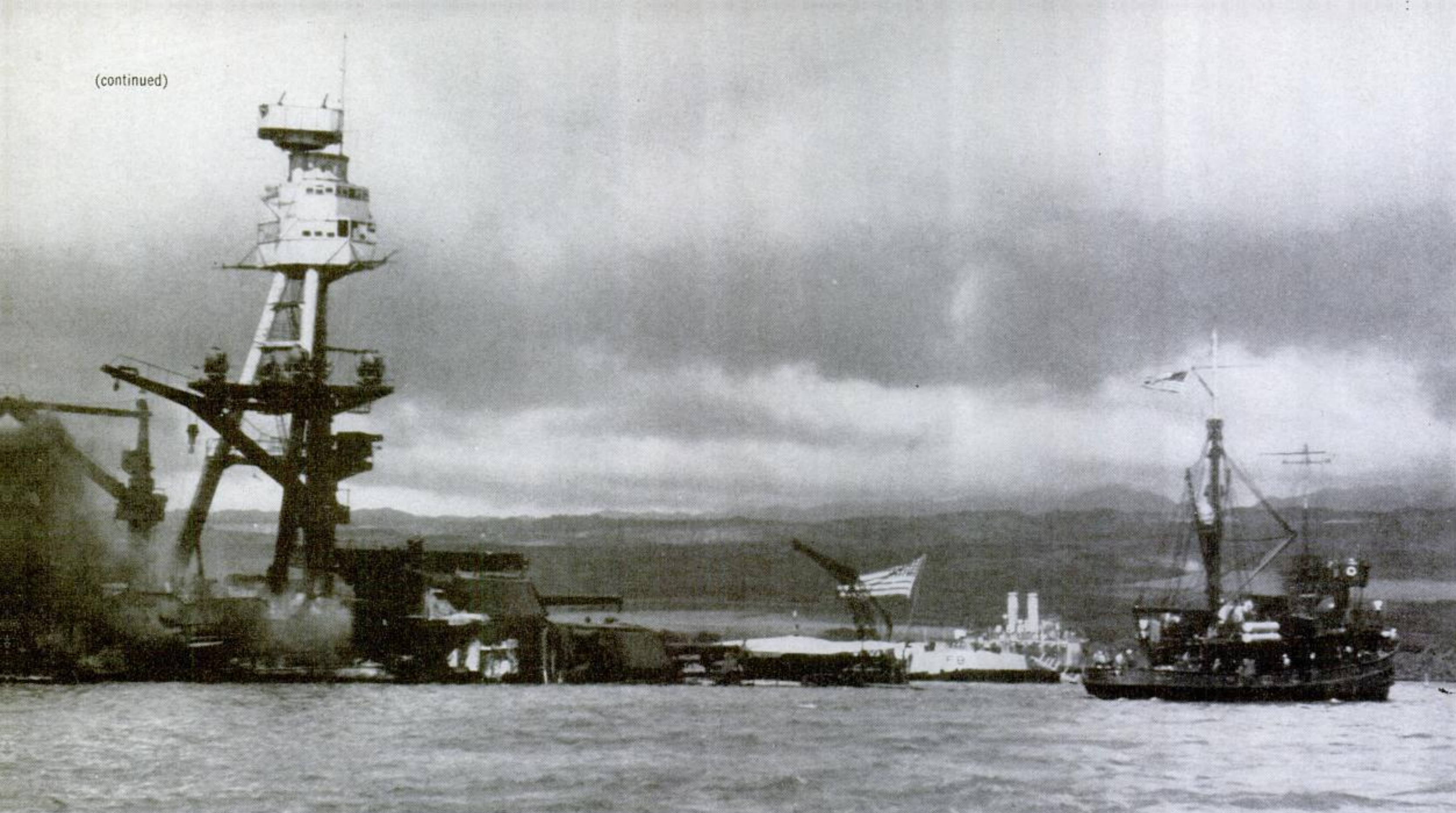
DESTROYERS RUSH UP TO GUARD THE CARRIER, MOST VULNERABLE TARGET OF THE FORCE. SUBMARINE HAD BEEN STALKING SHIPS, HOPING FOR LUCKY SHOT AT ONE OF THEM



CARRIER IS NOW WELL OUT OF RANGE. HOURS JUST BEFORE SUNSET AND SUNRISE ARE BEST FOR TORPEDO ATTACK AS THE DIM LIGHT PREVENTS PERISCOPE FROM BEING SEEN



INTO THE DUSK GOES A CRUISER-CATAPULTED PLANE, HEADING FOR THE DOOMED SUBMARINE. PLANE'S DEPTH BOMBS FOUND THEIR MARK, OILY SLICK MARKING SUB'S GRAVE



The sunken "Arizona" still flies the Stars and Stripes from her stern. This great picture was taken by an official Navy photographer a few days after the savage Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. It shows smoke still seeping from the *Arizona's* gutted hull; it shows the great gap-

ing wounds inflicted amidships; and it shows the paint blistered and gone from the after turrets. But the *Arizona* can still fight. High aloft, on the fighting top of her mainmast, two anti-aircraft guns point at the empty sky, ready for action. A salvage tender chuffs off to the right.

CLEAN-UP CREWS AT PEARL HARBOR SPEED THE WORK OF REFITTING AND REPAIR

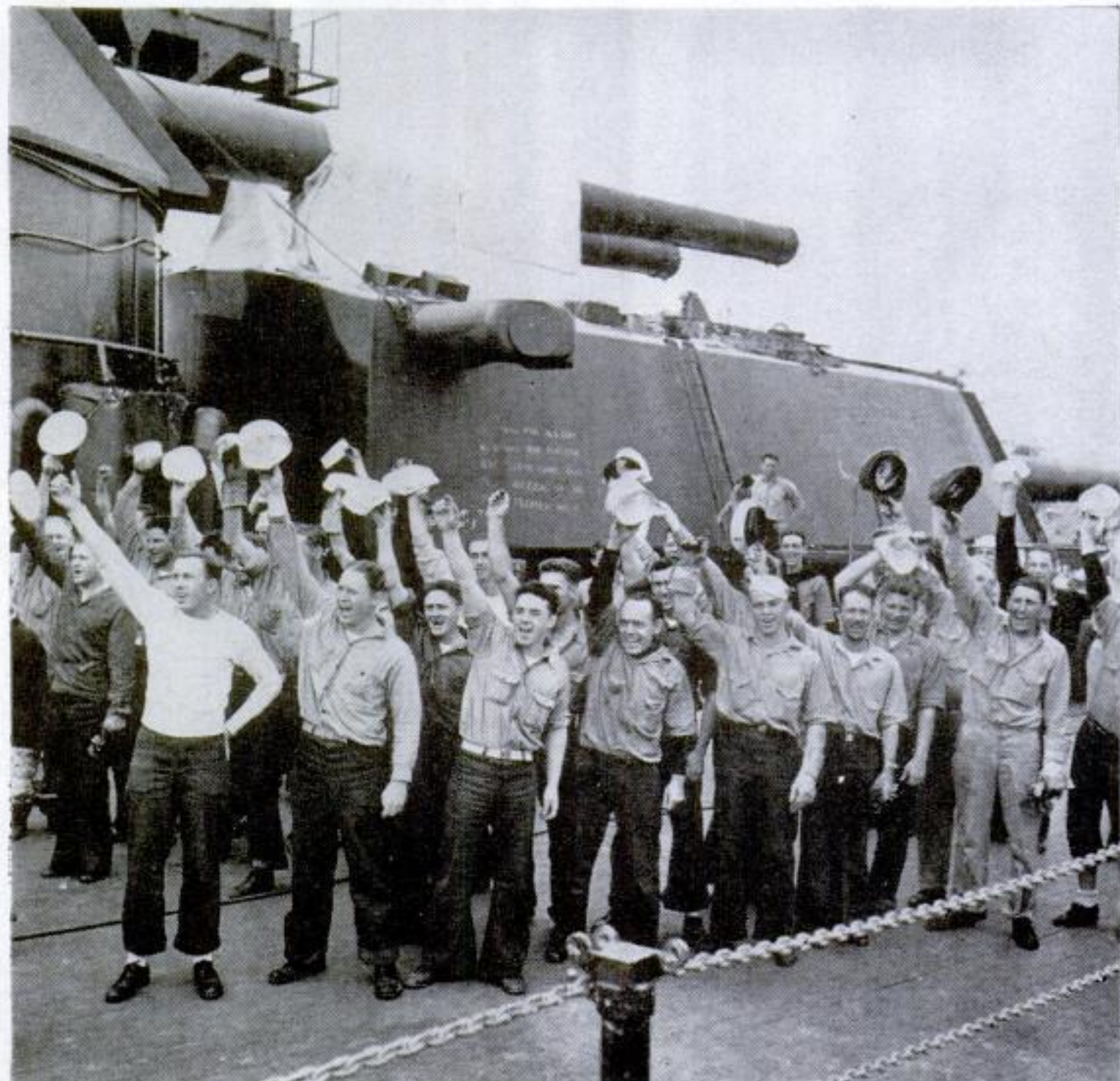
When LIFE's photo-reporting team returned to Pearl Harbor from their ten-day cruise with a task force in the Pacific, they were escorted immediately to flag headquarters at the Navy Yard. During the next four days they were privileged to view the damage wrought by Japanese raiders on land and on water. They saw the gaping hangars of Hickam Field. They saw the sunken hulk of the battleship *Arizona* (above) its decks awash, its paint blistered by fire and its plates scarred by flying steel. They saw the gun crews constantly on the alert, all along the shores of Pearl Harbor's vital in-

let, and at every battery and turret of every anchored vessel.

But most impressive was the diligence and fervor of the Navy's clean-up and repair crews. Hundreds of them dwelt in khaki tent cities pitched among sugarcane fields on the banks of the harbor only a few yards from the craft on which they worked. By night and by day they labored with but a single common purpose in view. Officers and men alike prayed for and looked forward to the hour when all their ships would be ready once more for action and able to take their revenge.



MID-MORNING COFFEE IS SERVED TO SHIP'S CREW FROM HUGE URN ON QUARTERDECK

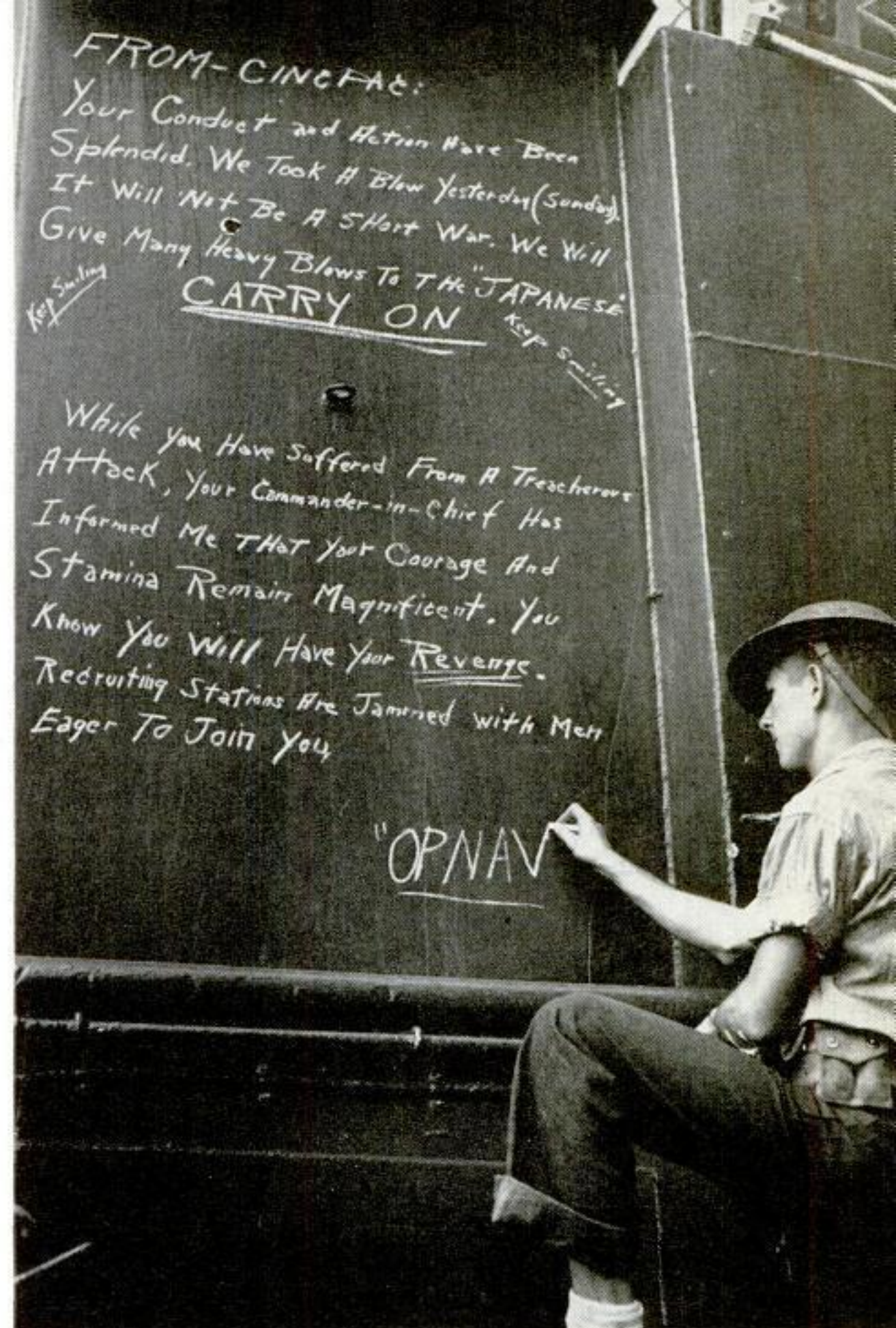


A BATTLESHIP'S CREW CHEERS A FIGHT TALK DELIVERED BY THE OFFICER OF THE DECK



FROM THE TOOL ROOM A REPAIR CREW GETS WRENCHES, TORCHES, OTHER IMPLEMENTS OF REHABILITATION

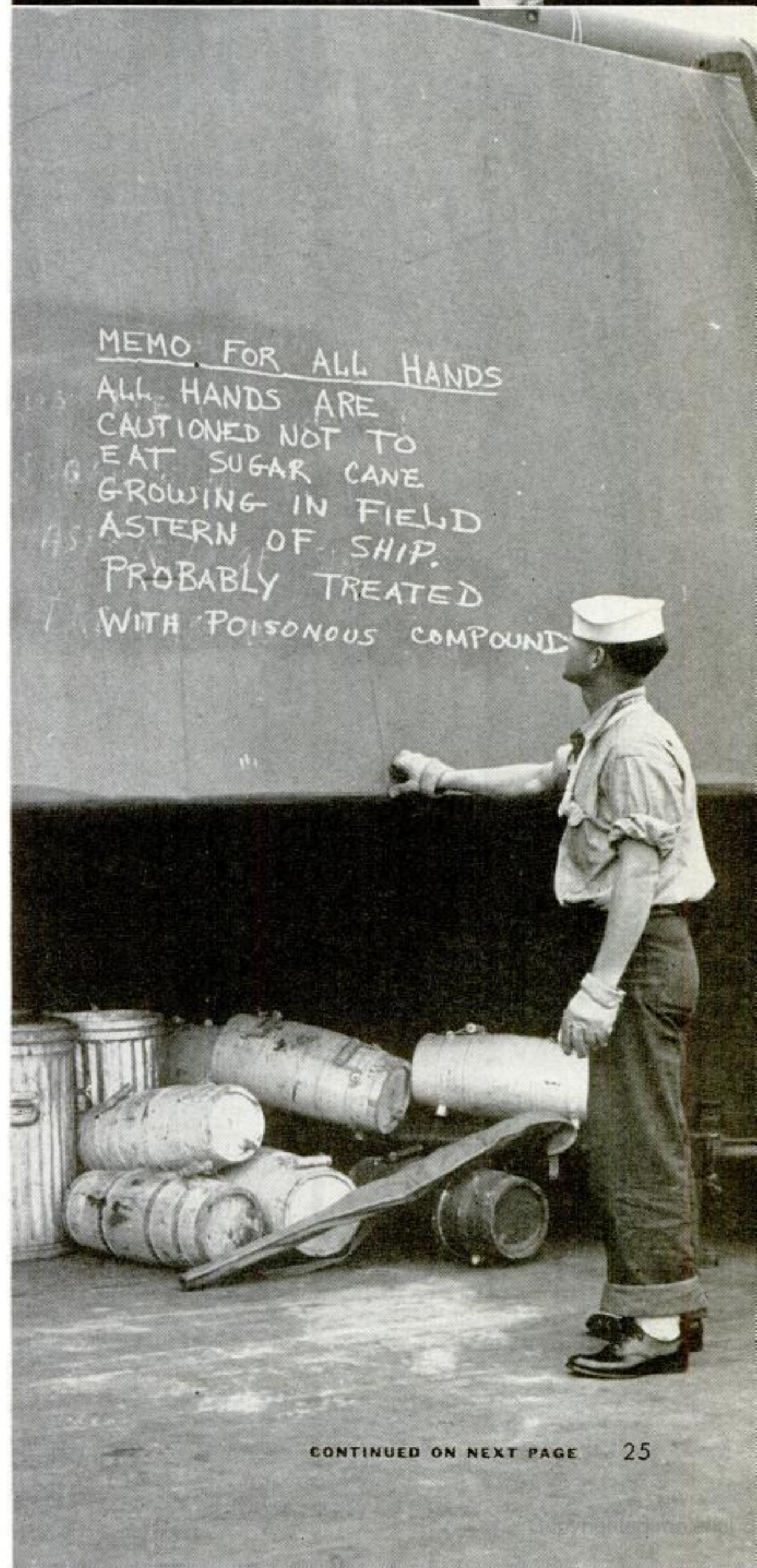
TROOPS BILLETED IN TENTS BESIDE THE HARBOR GUARD A BATTLESHIP THAT WEATHERED JAPANESE ATTACK



FROM-CINCFAE:
Your Conduct and Action Have Been
Splendid. We Took A Blow Yesterday (Sunday).
It Will Not Be A Short War. We Will
Give Many Heavy Blows To THE JAPANESE.
CARRY ON

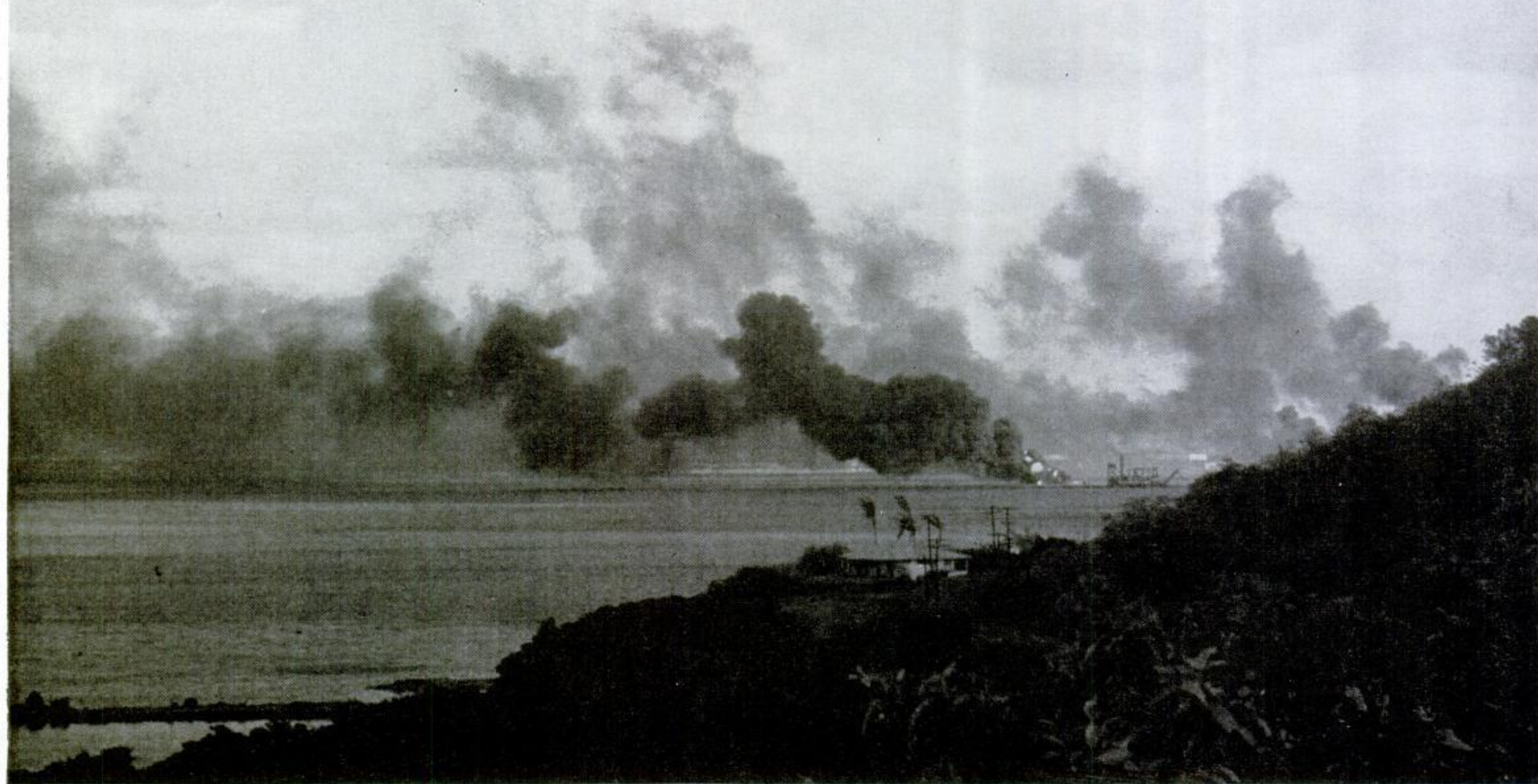
While You Have Suffered From A Treacherous
Attack, Your Commander-in-Chief Has
Informed Me THAT Your Courage And
Stamina Remain Magnificent. You
Know You Will Have Your Revenge.
Recruiting Statues Are Jammed with Men
Eager To Join You

"OPNAV"



MEMO FOR ALL HANDS
ALL HANDS ARE
CAUTIONED NOT TO
EAT SUGAR CANE
GROWING IN FIELD
ASTERN OF SHIP.
PROBABLY TREATED
WITH POISONOUS COMPOUND

NAVY RELEASES PICTURES OF JAP AIR RAID ON KANEOHE NAVAL AIR STATION

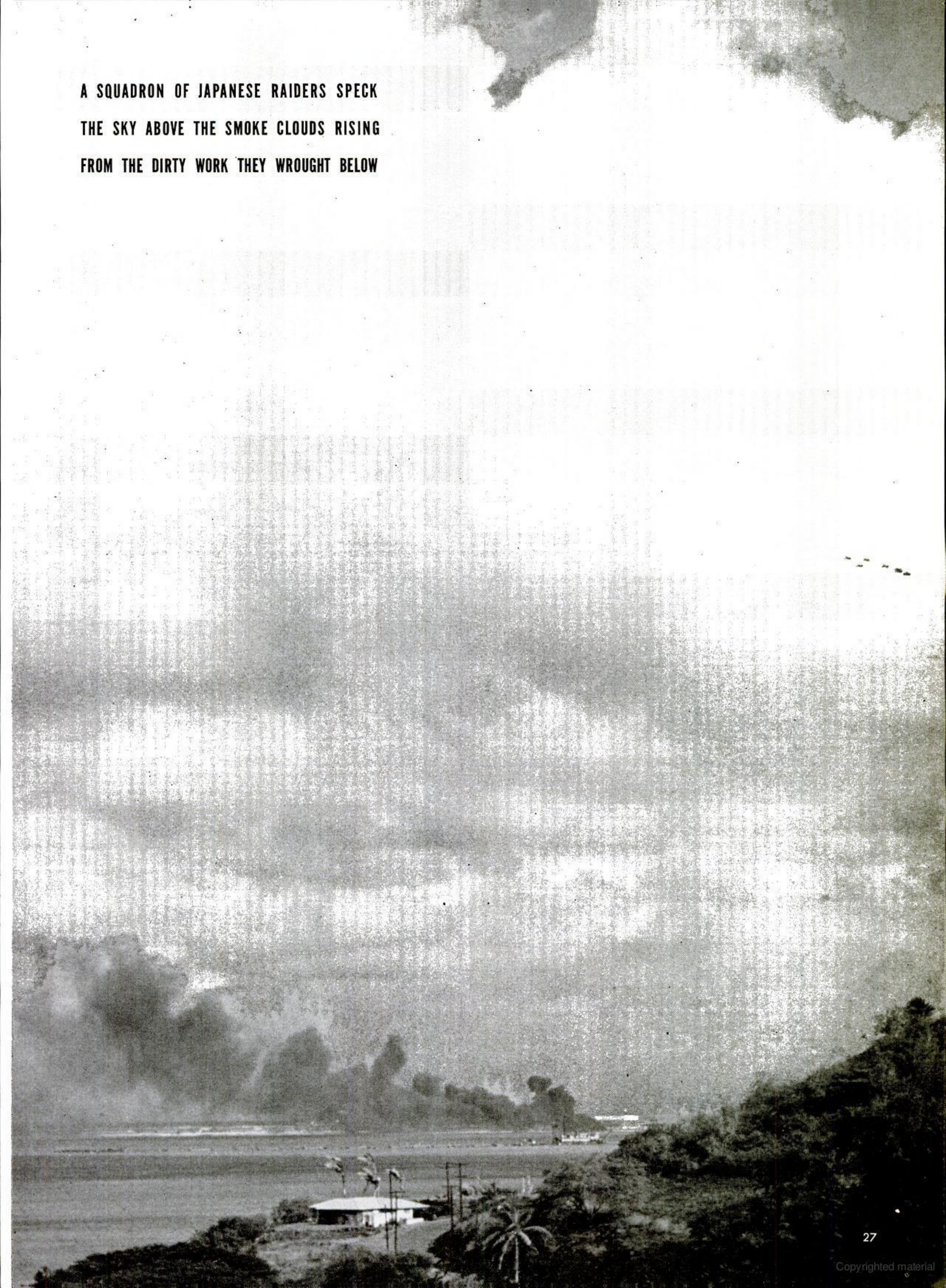


↑ **Far across the island of Oahu**, 15 miles from Pearl Harbor, the Japanese bombers swoop down on the Kaneohe Naval Air Station early on the historic morning of Dec. 7. A civilian photographer took these great pictures as the first smoke columns began to rise.

Brought from his bed by the thunder of exploding bombs, this pajama-clad islander has rushed out on his terrace to scan with binoculars smoke-swept scene. Back and forth Jap planes roared, while at Pearl Harbor other bombs were falling from other planes. ↓



A SQUADRON OF JAPANESE RAIDERS SPECK
THE SKY ABOVE THE SMOKE CLOUDS RISING
FROM THE DIRTY WORK THEY WROUGHT BELOW



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Amid seesawing fortunes of war, Churchill solidifies Anglo-American friendship in speech before Congress

As the third week of America's war began, the earth in its solar orbit swung through the line of the winter solstice. The sun unnoticeably began to lengthen the northern days and shorten the southern. Now the days of men were taken up by war. The Axis was retreating in Russia and Libya. The Allies were retreating in Malaya and on Luzon. After brave, if tragic, defenses Hong Kong and Wake Island fell. Dutchmen methodically sank Jap ships, one a day. Manila was declared an open city. The Japanese responded by bombing the undefended city for two and a half hours. Like Rotterdam, Manila took its place among the smoking, half-ruined cities for whose destruction freemen will someday bring the dictators to account.

Two great Allied statesmen met in Washington and three Allied generals met in Chungking to plot the pattern of democratic effort. Men were unsure of their military leaders. Americans put in King and Nimitz for Kimmel. Britain put in Pownall for Brooke-Popham. Hitler put in himself for Von Brauchitsch. In Japan food was rationed more strictly than ever before, while in Eastern Europe the unseen virus of influenza and the bacteria of typhus filtered ominously into men's blood.

Singapore Shake-Up. Last week, with one Japanese force 175 miles from Singapore and with the main Japanese forces 300 miles away and pressing toward the tin-mining center of Ipoh, the defenses of Singapore were shaken up. Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham was removed as British Commander in Chief of the Far East. He was replaced by 53-year-old Lieutenant General Sir Henry Pownall, who was chief of the general staff of the B. E. F. in France and more recently served as vice chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Apace with this transfusion of new blood into the leadership at Singapore, the entire base of resistance was widened. Malayan Communists, who promised to help the British, were released from prison. The Chinese population, accounting for nearly half of Malaya's 6,000,000 population, were pressed into service as guerrilla fighters, policemen and propagandists. Patterned after Russia and China, a "scorched-earth" policy will be followed if the Japs continue to advance.

Gone last week was the overconfidence which from Pearl Harbor to Singapore has already blighted Allied defense. It had once been hoped that Hong Kong could withstand attack for three or more months. Last week, after 16 days of attack, the brave but hopelessly small and under-equipped garrison surrendered. The official report shows that the 20,000-odd English, Scot, Canadian, Indian and colonial defenders never had a chance.



POWNALL

The distribution of rice failed on the third day and the immense native Chinese population rioted. The island's lone airfield was quickly put out of action. Mine fields failed to bar the approach. According to enemy reports, two Japanese swimmers, who had starred in the Olympics in 1932 and 1936, trained Japanese soldiers to swim to the mine fields and explode the mines with rifle fire.

Visible War. Real war came so close to America last week that people in the U. S. could actually see it. Six miles off the California coast near San Francisco

a Japanese submarine, whose maneuvers were visible to people on shore, glided up to a U. S. lumber boat and hit it with a torpedo. The crew escaped and the ship was safely towed into harbor. In one week, nine U. S. ships were attacked and one sunk in western coastal waters. Two others were sunk in mid-Pacific. One sub was set upon by a tanker which, instead of running away, turned at the U-boat and tried to ram it. Another submarine paid for its temerity when a U. S. bomber dropped three bombs and sank it.

In the face of these bold enemy incursions, Americans were grimly pleased to hear Navy Secretary Knox report that several Japanese submarines had been satisfactorily dealt with since war began and that the Atlantic Fleet had sunk at least 14 German submarines. Americans were even more pleased to hear that the brilliant head of the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Ernest Joseph King (LIFE, Nov. 24), had been chosen for Admiral Kimmel's place as commander of the whole U. S. Navy. Aviators especially beamed over the promotion because the new CINCUS is a crack naval airman, once head of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics and Commander Aircraft of the Battle Force.

Americans who did not actually see the war suddenly felt it snap on them. The temporary embargo on sale of new automobile tires was made permanent. Hit by this and by further curtailment, auto companies were letting workers go by thousands. A quarter of a million auto workers were expected to be out of work by Jan. 1 before they could start to dribble back as defense orders took up the civilian slack.



KING

Generalissimo Hitler. Adolf Hitler did not have a Merry Christmas. Acting once again on "an inward call," in which he did both the calling and replying, Hitler cashiered the commander in chief of his armies, Field Marshal Walther von Brauchitsch, and took over the entire responsibility himself.

In another message Hitler appeared in the new role of the underdog whimpering for commiseration. He revealed that the Nazis would be on the defensive in Russia "until Spring," and that the Russians now enjoy superiority in men and equipment at the front. Almost simultaneously, Propaganda Minister Goebbels asked the German people to shed their warm clothes and to send them to the soldiers shivering and freezing at the front.

The situation that brought forth these pessimistic admissions was the continued Nazi retreat in Russia. For the most part the withdrawal was orderly, but in two areas near Moscow it was a near rout. In Libya, the Axis retreat was speedier. The British had driven the Axis out of most of Cyrenaica. Patrols were more than 150 miles inside Tripolitania.

With Hitler more completely at the helm than ever before, many observers believed that he would strike back soon. Turkey, Spain and Portugal thought they might be next. An invasion attempt on Britain is still in the cards.

Free French Flourish. The little French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, lying under the south side of Newfoundland, were suddenly occupied last week by the Free French. Led by Vice Admiral Emile Muselier, four warships landed troops, took the islands without a shot, held a plebiscite of inhabitants who voted

650 to 10 to secede from the Vichy Government and go over to the Free French. But though most Americans cheered this fine Free French flourish, the U. S. Department of State was highly annoyed. Fearful that the unexpected move would disrupt delicate relations between U.S. and Vichy and anxious to keep the Vichy's still powerful Navy inactive, the State Department made moves to turn the Free French out of St. Pierre and Miquelon, turn the unwilling islanders back to Vichy.



MUSELIER

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On Dec. 23 the U. S. learned suddenly that Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill had arrived in Washington. With Mr. Churchill had come the chief of Britain's Army, Navy and Air Force, Lord Beaverbrook, journalists, economists and a valet named Mr. Nockels.

The Prime Minister's first encounter with the U. S. press was fabulously successful. He began the interview by standing on a chair so the back rows could glimpse him. He gave it substance by stating that his mission was to inaugurate Anglo-American consultations on the grand strategy of the war.

But the climax of the Prime Minister's visit was his appearance before the joint houses of Congress in the Senate Chamber on Dec. 26 (see page opposite). Only once before had a British Prime Minister addressed Congress (Ramsay MacDonald in 1929). Earnest, defiant, humble, wry, candid, triumphant, Churchill uncovered some of the most telling oratory that ever echoed within the Senate's walls. He held erstwhile isolationists spellbound with the power of his prose. He had his entire audience cheering when he predicted in his peroration: "In the days to come, the British and American people will, for their own safety and for the good of all, walk together in majesty, in justice and in peace."

After his address he ate turkey with a special Congressional group in Senate Secretary Colonel Edwin Halsey's offices with as much gusto as he consumed two eggs for breakfast each morning in the White House (two weeks' rations in London). When Senator MacFarland of Arizona expressed regret that his wife was ill and unable to hear him speak, Mr. Churchill phoned Mrs. MacFarland at the hospital and wished her a speedy recovery. He dodged secret service men to wave at crowds who had stood for three hours to glimpse his person. As no other statesman, including President Roosevelt, had done, Winnie Churchill sold Washington on the war and on Britain. And he sold America on himself.



CHURCHILL SHOWS CONGRESS VICTORY GESTURE

Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill
addresses the Congress of the United States



WAR IN FAR EAST HINGES ON MANILA AND ON SINGAPORE

As matters stood last week, a miracle was needed to save the Philippines. On the main island of Luzon (shown below) Japanese forces were pushing south and north toward the vital Manila area. Bases established at remote points on Luzon gave them an air cover for their major landings and subsequent land operations. American-Filipino forces, defending the Manila area, were fighting desperately to stem these attacks, but were being pushed slowly back on their bases (Cavite,

Olongapo, Corregidor, Nichols Field, Ft. McKinley) where they might be able to maintain resistance for some time.

When General MacArthur said he could defend the Philippines, he counted on the U. S. Fleet maintaining command of the Pacific, guarding the supply line to Manila. The Pearl Harbor debacle upset the defense of the Philippines and indeed all American strategy in the Pacific. With the Fleet temporarily robbed of its full offensive power, all the Allied bases in the Far East are thrown back on the defensive, with scant chance of re-inforcement.

There was a tendency last week, even in some Government quarters, to explain away the expected loss of the Philippines as not vital. It is true that the Philippines are an outer bastion of Allied power in the Far East, that the main base is Singapore. But loss of the Philippines would wipe out a large part of American military and air power in the Far East and enable Japan to throw all her strength into the reduction of Singapore, secure from flank attack on her supply lines.

Among certain sections of the press there was even an attempt to dismiss the whole Far East as a secondary theater of war. The argument runs somewhat as

follows: "Singapore will probably fall. The U. S. will be forced to fall back on Pearl Harbor and Alaska, leaving East Asia and the western Pacific to Japan. This is unimportant because the real enemy is Germany. So long as we hold England and the Middle East we can defeat Hitler and then take care of Japan at our convenience."

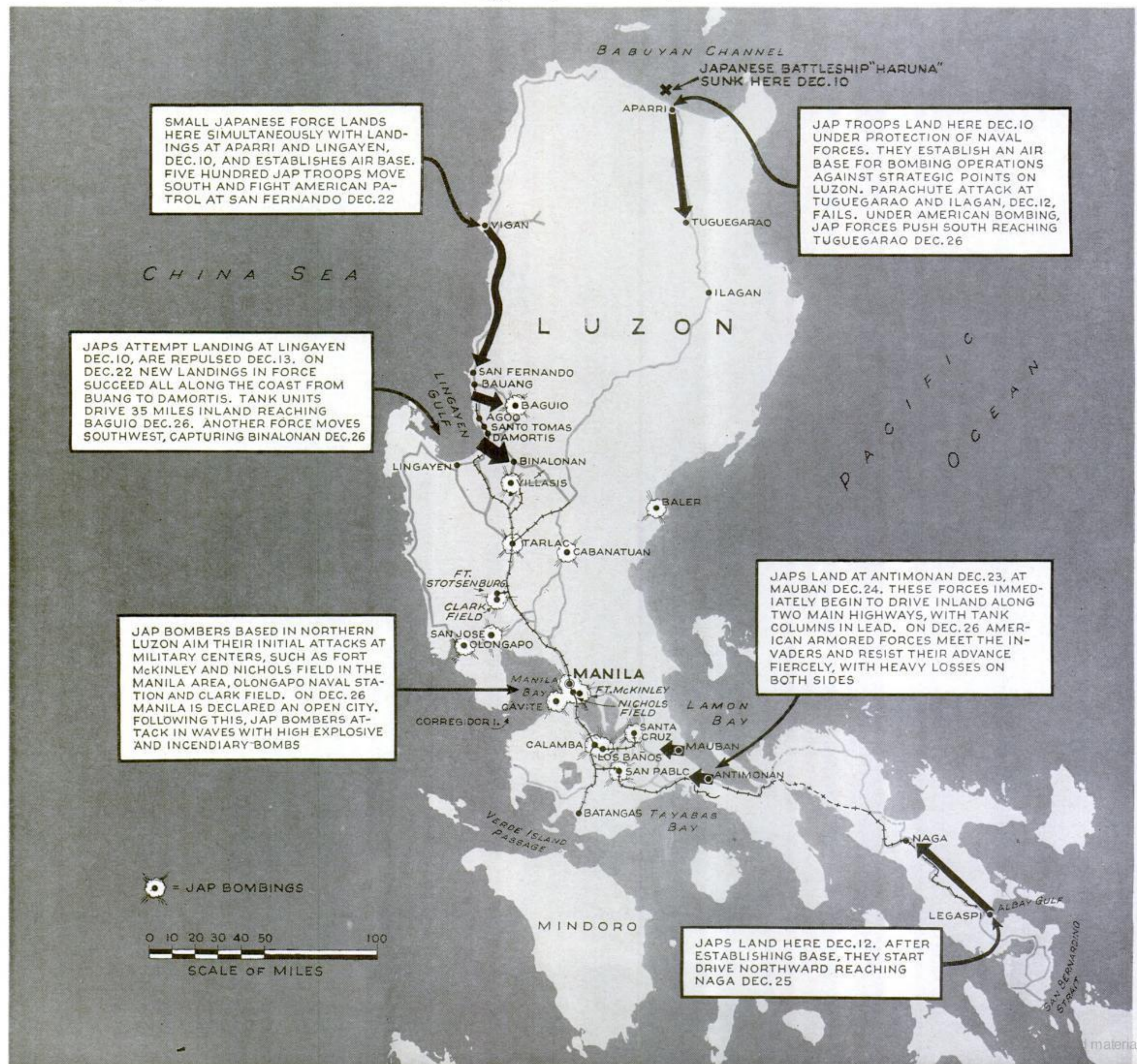
This is a dangerous trend of thought. The fall of Singapore would leave Japan supreme in East Asia except for what resistance China could offer. Instead of being weak and poor in natural resources (see pp. 42-49), Japan would be suddenly rich and powerful. Its army could throw all its new weight against China or, alternatively, could continue its holding fight in China and launch an attack on Russia. By attacking from the east while Germany attacks from the west, it might enable Germany to deal Russia a knockout blow next spring. Meanwhile the Japanese Navy would command the Pacific and Indian oceans and might even venture into the Atlantic to join with French, German and Italian warships in a combined Grand Fleet.

The map at right shows three zones vital to Allied war plans. Of these, Zone 2 (the Middle East) rates first, as the base for a future offensive against Ger-

The attack on Luzon developed at five points. The early landings in the north at Aparri and Vigan, behind a thick wall of mountains and jungle, established air bases to cover the

main attacks in the center. The landing at Legaspi served the identical purpose in the far south. The main attack was launched at Lingayen Gulf, whence the central plain stretch-

es south to Manila. A little later a second main attack struck north from Lamong Bay. The American-Filipino forces based on the Manila area thus met attacks from both north and south.



Singapore controls the Far East and in population (see map below) the Far East is over half the world. If Singapore falls, U. S. will have to fight for every scrap of ground in the southwest Pacific, contesting the retreat from Dutch bases, trying to hold Australia, finally piling up strength to take the offensive. If Singapore falls, it may lengthen the war by five or even ten years.

JAP FLEET?

GREENLAND

EUROPE

ASIA

NORTH AMERICA

DAKAR-WEST AFRICA

SUEZ-PERSIAN GULF

SINGAPORE-NETHERLANDS INDIES

ATLANTIC OCEAN

AFRICA

INDIAN OCEAN

AUSTRALIA

PACIFIC OCEAN

EQUATOR

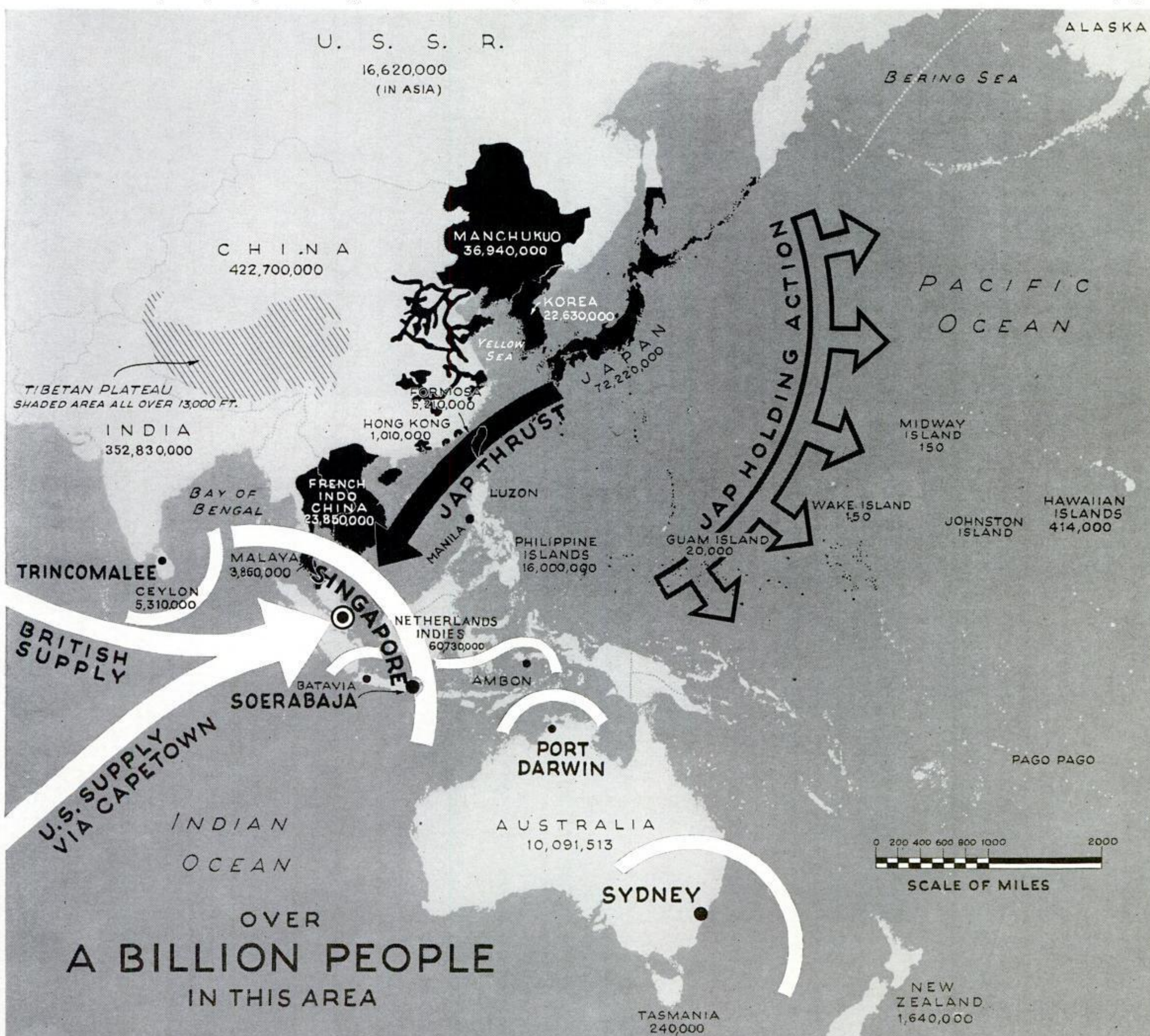
SOUTH AMERICA

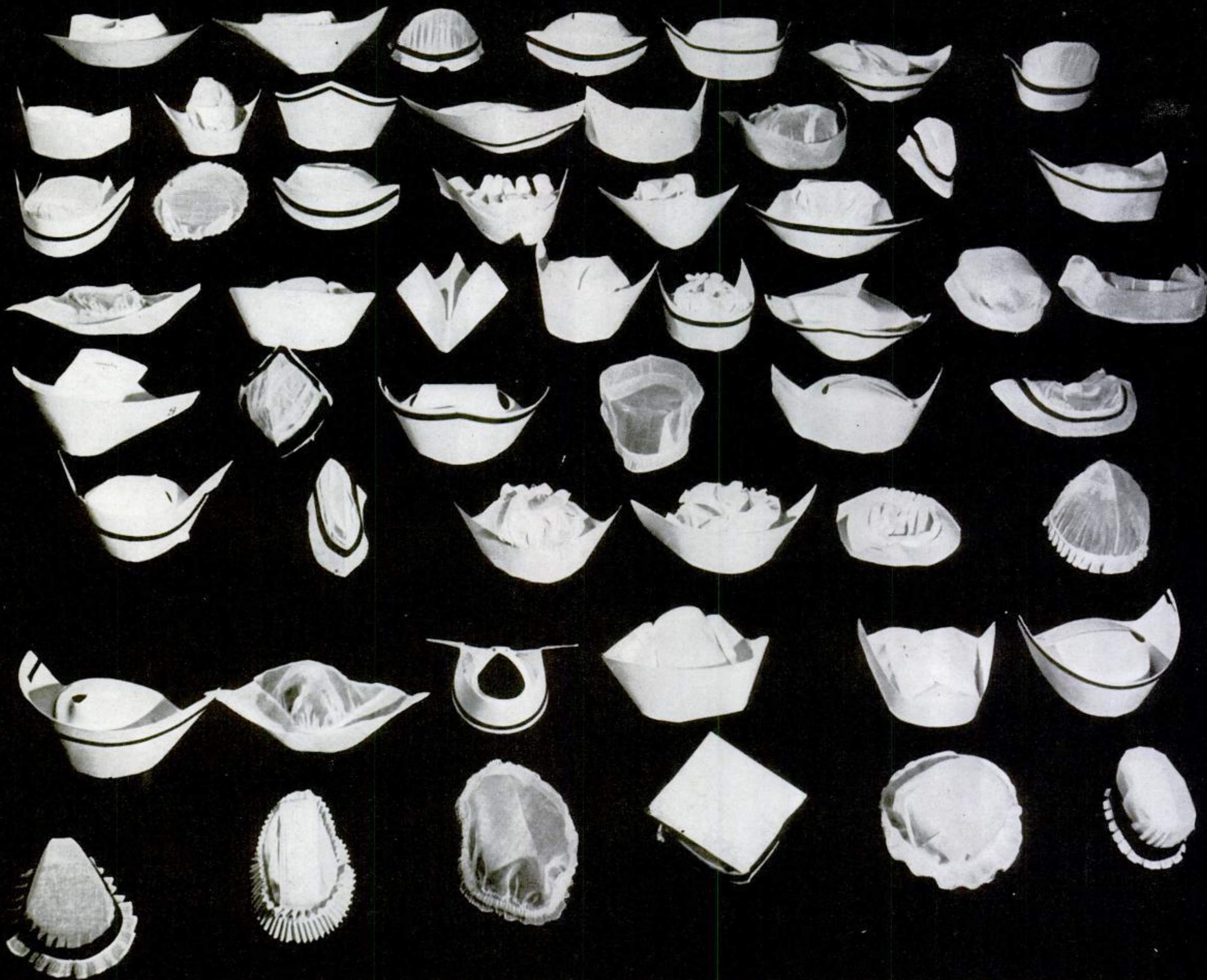
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③

probably clean out all except perhaps eastern Australia. The cross-Pacific supply line is already cut. Figures on countries show that this area contains more than half the world's people.





Trained nurses' caps are a fussy holdover from the habits of the sisters of the religious orders that staffed the first modern hospitals. Today the only purpose of the caps, apart from the

esthetic, is that of identifying the school from which a nurse has graduated. This collection shows most of the 35 different caps represented on the nursing staff of the New York Hos-

pital, whose training school bestows the cap shown third from the left in the bottom row. To assist its nurses, the New York Hospital is training "pavilion aides" under its own syllabus.



Sterile water, used in changing dressing, is poured by nurses' aide, according to careful ritual that prevents contamination.



To prevent chill, nurses' aide helps patient slip on bathrobe the moment he sits up and before he steps to the wheelchair.

AIDES RELIEVE

While most civilians under its program are being trained for action only in hypothetical catastrophes, the Office of Civilian Defense is looking for 100,000 women who will go to work at once in real jobs. The nation is critically short of trained nurses. With the Army and Navy Nurse Corps enlisting 15,000, the U. S. Public Health Service in need of 10,000 more and with civilian hospitals already understaffed by 10%, the shortage adds up to 50,000 nurses. It cannot be met by the 1,300 nurses training schools that bestow some 23,000 caps a year. This is the problem to be solved by the 100,000 women volunteers. As nurses' aides, they will release nurses to exercise their special skills by taking over their routine labors. Unpaid, they will be rewarded by the satisfaction of filling the toughest and most important jobs on the whole home front.

Already there are some 2,000 women enrolled in the OCD-Red Cross training courses or at work in hospitals. As against the three years required for the title of R. N., the syllabus, prepared by the Red Cross and OCD and administered by local hospitals and Red Cross chapters, calls for only 80 hours of classroom



Nurses' aides are capped in ceremonious graduation from 80-hour Red Cross course at training center in Washington, D.C. Sleeve and cap insignia combine Red Cross with OCD medal-

lion. Graduates also receive Red Cross nurses' aide pins (*left*). Nurses' aide category was created under American National Red Cross in medical crisis of the last war. Aides will serve in

their own local hospitals and are trained in first aid to serve as members of emergency medical field units. In England, nurses' aides have become regular paid members of hospital staffs.

NURSE SHORTAGE

study and ward practice. The aide's duties are strictly those of the nurse, not of the hospital char, and she performs as many of them as can be taught her in 80 hours. She is pledged to give 150 hours of hospital service every year, preferably in a three-month period, and to be available for permanent duty if war demands should make it necessary.

Like the enlisted man in Army and Navy hospitals, where registered nurses rank as commissioned officers, a nurses' aide works under direct supervision of a nurse. Her concern is comfort of patients. But, in addition to mastering the art of making a hospital bed and of bathing and feeding her patients, she must be able to take pulse and temperature and to discern changes in their condition. Nurses will thus be able to concentrate on the actual administration of treatments, and will be free for their even more complex functions in operating and therapy rooms and infant nurseries. The nurses' aide system assures also that there will be no surplusage of nurses at the war's end, that instead there will be 100,000 women equipped, with hospital experience, to meet crises of sickness and accident in their own homes.



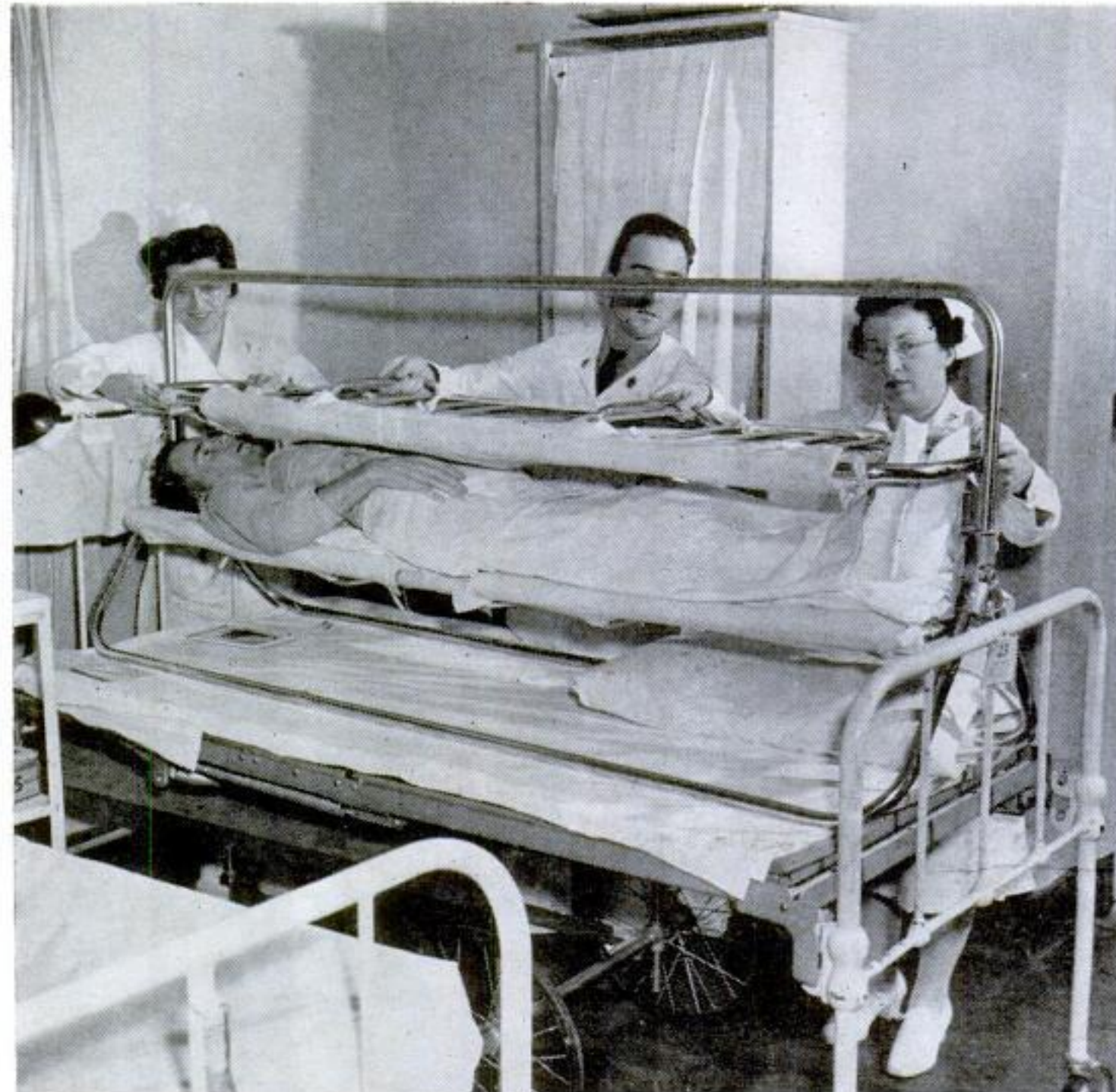
Bed is smoothed by nurse and her aide to help a fracture patient withstand the discomfort of hip-high casts on both legs.



Linen supplies are brought out to ward by nurses' aide. Full cost of economically designed aide uniform comes to only \$3.



In fracture ward at the Army's great Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., patients' limbs are held in traction frames. Women in dark uniforms are physiotherapy technicians.



Fractured vertebrae patient at Walter Reed is sandwiched between two mattress frames, is then turned over to lie on his stomach. Nurses here have assistance of enlisted man orderly.



Navy nurse shows corpsmen at Washington, D. C. hospital how to operate sphygmomanometer to take blood pressure.



Corpsmen prepare meals under supervision of nurse. Top-ranking Navy nurse wears two and one-half stripes on cap.

NURSES TRAIN ARMY AND NAVY MEDICAL CORPSMEN

Like other officers, nurses of the U.S. Army and Navy nurse corps have not only their own jobs to do but they must also teach enlisted men to do theirs. In field hospitals and aboard hospital ships, nurses in both services may go within battle range. Even in base hospitals, as nurses in Honolulu and Manila can testify, they may come under actual fire. But on the battlefield and on warships, nursing is done by the enlisted men they have trained. To train the still-growing ranks of the Medical Corps and for immediate casual-

ty needs, the Army and Navy expect to double their nurse corps to a strength of 15,000 by July this year.

In the 100 general hospitals operated by the Army and Navy across continental U. S., nurses and corpsmen see many of the same types of casualties as produced on the field of battle. Two biggest categories are the epidemic respiratory diseases and bone fractures. After his hospital training the corpsman is equipped to function alone in an emergency though he is always under the direction of a supervisory doctor.



How to change linen on occupied bed is demonstrated by Navy nurse. His hospital training is only beginning of pharmacist's mate's education.

On smaller ships he is the only medical man, must perform minor surgery, prescribe medicine.



DINNER PARTIES are off to a smooth bright start when the first course is Campbell's Cream of Mushroom.



FAMILY MEALS get a "lift" when Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is included. It's a regular standby now.

AMERICA MAKES THIS PARTY SOUP...A SOUP FOR EVERY DAY...

Here's a soup that came to stay—Campbell's Cream of Mushroom! People find it so creamy-smooth, so appetizing, so delightfully out-of-the-ordinary, they take to it right away... "What a grand party soup!" they're quick to say. They enjoy its flavor so much—find it so tempting and delicious, that before long they're having Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup regularly!

A few years ago most folks were unfamiliar with cream of mushroom soup. That was natural, for

cream of mushroom was seldom if ever served at home in those days; it was a specialty of exclusive clubs and smart restaurants. Then came Campbell's Cream of Mushroom! And here and there a hostess, anxious to surprise her guests with something that was new and unusual, served it at a party.

"Why, it's delicious!" said people at once. And it is! For Campbell's make it of extra-thick cream and fresh, young hothouse mushrooms, and point it up with deft, delicate seasoning. There's rare

mushroom flavor in every luxurious spoonful and tender mushroom slices all through. No wonder so many guests exclaimed "We're going to have this, soon, at our house!"

Today, on kitchen shelves everywhere, you will find Campbell's Cream of Mushroom. As friend tells friend about it, as families ask to have it more and more, it becomes ever more popular. Try it—the party soup America now enjoys as a soup for every day!

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Now, folks, I want
You all to meet—
A soup I'm sure
You'll call a treat!

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM . . . Tempting, nourishing soups that are sure to please family or guests.

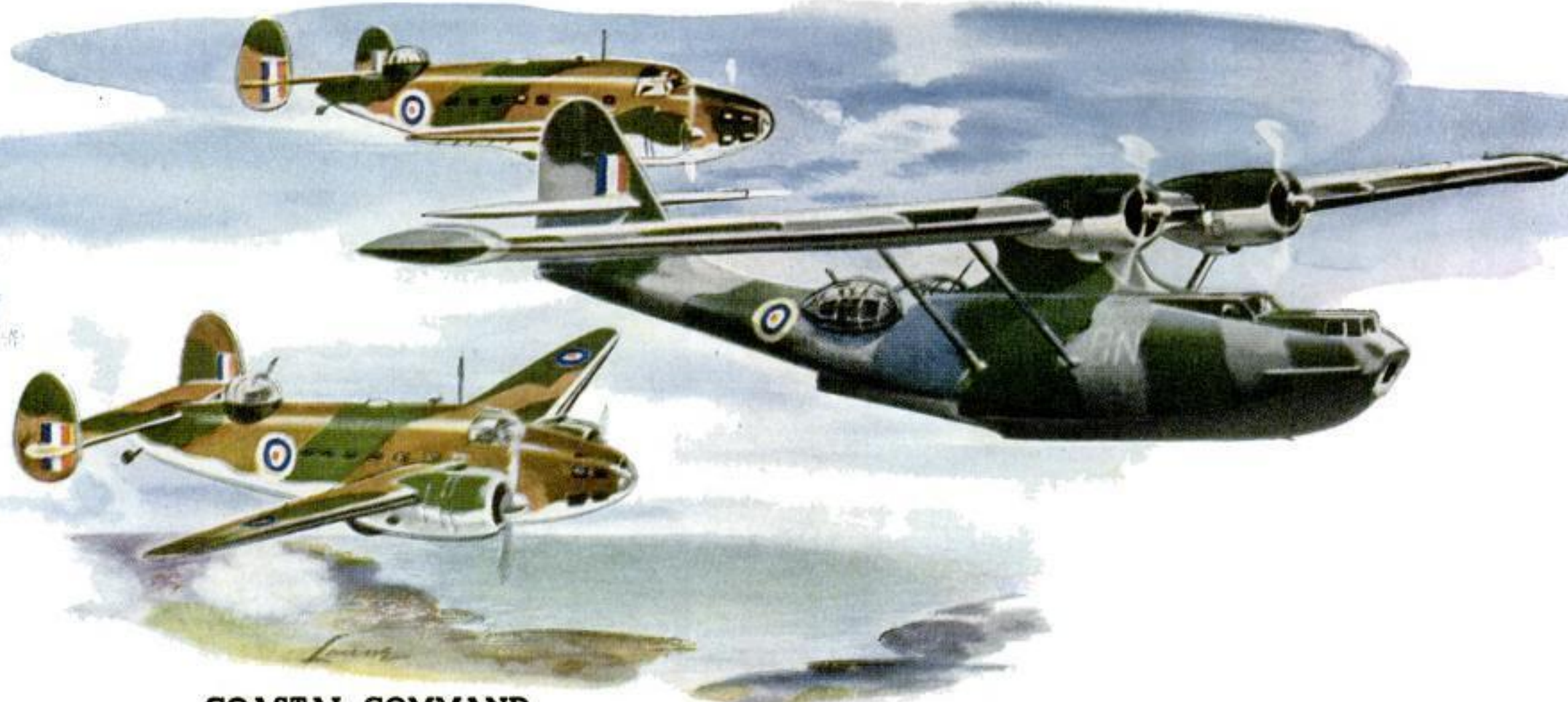
Asparagus
Bean with bacon
Beef
Black Bean (New!)
Bouillon
Celery

Chicken
Chicken Gumbo
Chicken Noodle
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Consommé Madrilène

Consommé Printanier
Mock Turtle
Mushroom, Cream of
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot

Potato, Cream of (New!)
Scotch Broth
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetarian Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

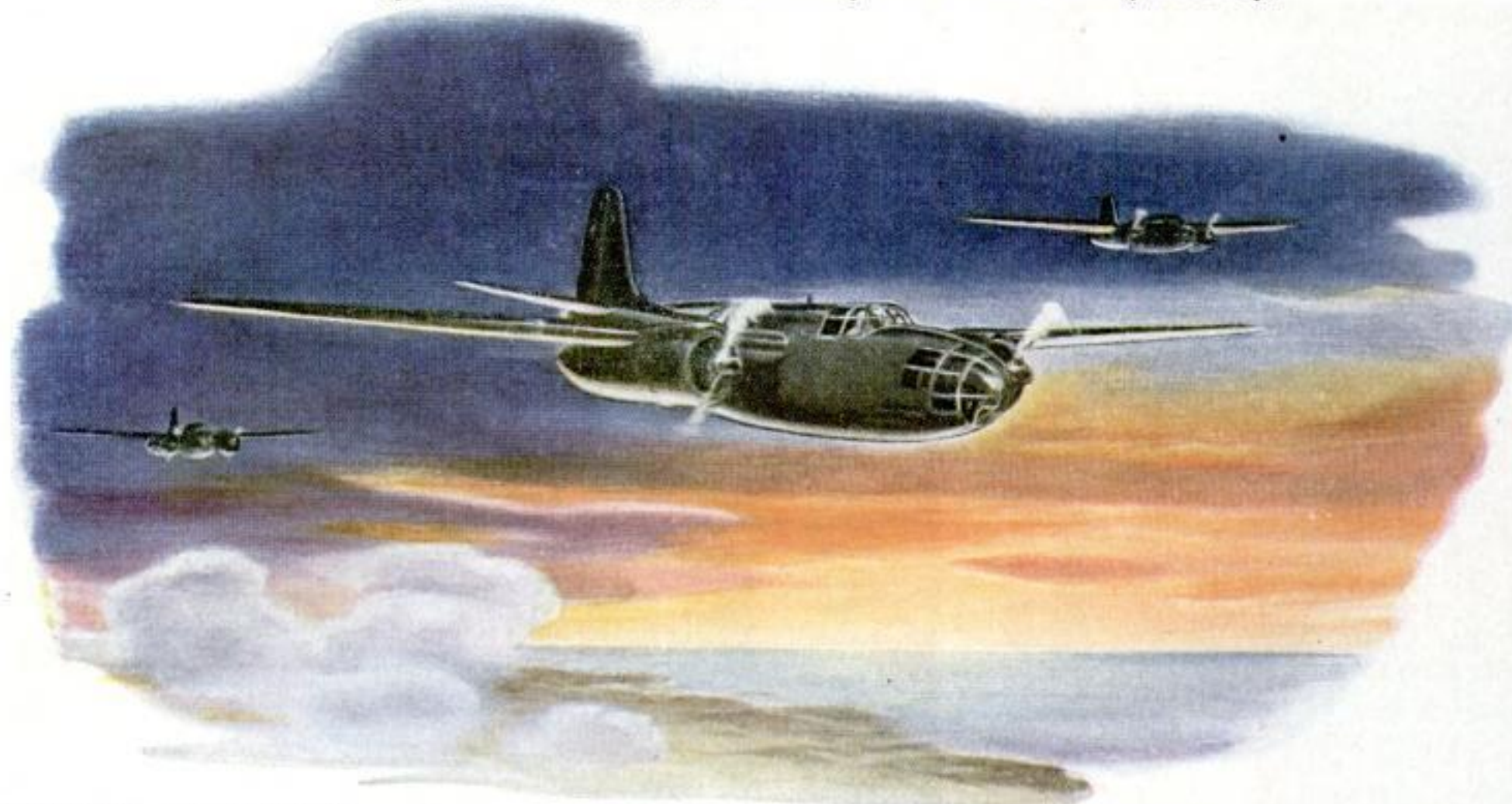




COASTAL COMMAND

To protect incoming convoys from enemy raiders, airplanes of Coastal Command must cover thousands of miles of open ocean on escort duty and patrol. On these long range assignments, Consolidated Catalinas, of Bismarck fame, and Lockheed Hudsons are performing brilliantly. The ability of the Catalinas to stay on patrol for a 24-hour stretch and the all-around performance of the Hudsons have spelled the difference between safety and disaster to many a convoy.

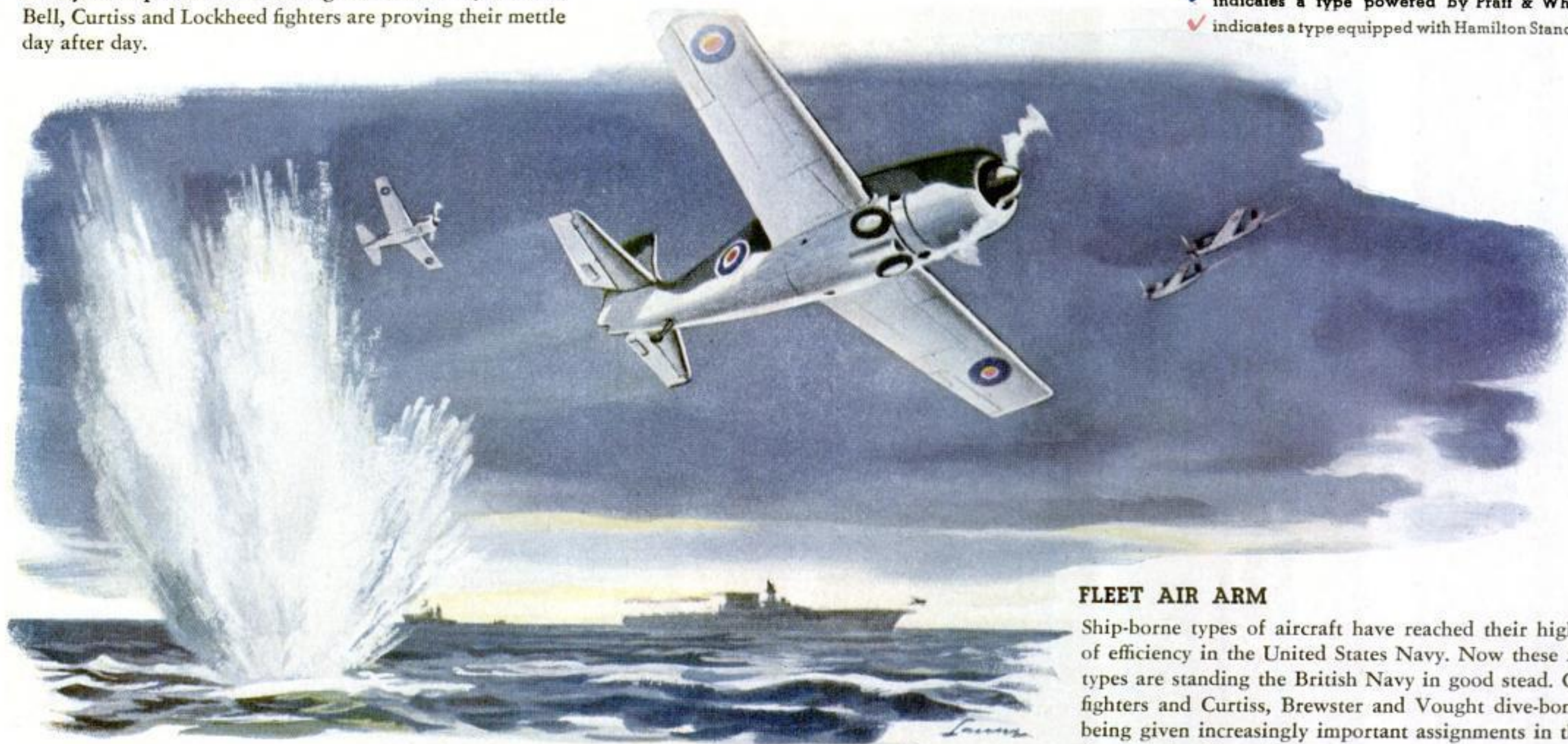
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FIGHTER COMMAND

Britain has met the menace of night bombing with specialized night fighting airplanes. These must have the equipment to locate the enemy, the speed to catch him, and the fire-power to deal with him. In the Douglas Havoc the R.A.F. has just such an airplane. It has emerged as one of the most effective weapons of the war, the mainstay of night fighting tactics.

In daytime operations of the Fighter Command, the new Bell, Curtiss and Lockheed fighters are proving their mettle day after day.



Following is a list of various types of American airplanes actually in service with the British:

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|--------------------|-----------------|
| Training planes: | ✓ | Cessna | Crane |
| | ✓ | North American . | Harvard |
| | ✓ | North American . | Yale |
| Reconnaissance: | ✓ | Grumman | Goose |
| | ✓ | Stinson | Reliant |
| Fighters: | | Bell | Airacobra |
| | ✓ | Brewster | Buffalo |
| | ✓ | Curtiss | Kittyhawk |
| | ✓ | Curtiss | Mohawk |
| | ✓ | Curtiss | Tomahawk |
| | ✓ | Douglas | Havoc |
| | ✓ | Grumman | Martlet |
| | ✓ | Lockheed | Lightning |
| Bombers: | ✓ | Boeing | Flying Fortress |
| | ✓ | Brewster | Bermuda |
| | ✓ | Consolidated . . . | Catalina |
| | ✓ | Consolidated . . . | Liberator |
| | ✓ | Curtiss | Cleveland |
| | ✓ | Douglas | Boston |
| | ✓ | Douglas | Digby |
| | ✓ | Douglas | Nomad |
| | ✓ | Lockheed | Hudson |
| | ✓ | Martin | Baltimore |
| | ✓ | Martin | Maryland |
| | ✓ | Vega | Ventura |
| | ✓ | Vought | Chesapeake |

✓ indicates a type powered by Pratt & Whitney engines.
 ✓ indicates a type equipped with Hamilton Standard propellers.

FLEET AIR ARM

Ship-borne types of aircraft have reached their highest state of efficiency in the United States Navy. Now these American types are standing the British Navy in good stead. Grumman fighters and Curtiss, Brewster and Vought dive-bombers are being given increasingly important assignments in the operations of the Fleet Air Arm.

Action

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT IN THE R.A.F.

How are American airplanes, engines and propellers meeting the supreme test of actual combat?

To help answer this vital question, United Aircraft sent an observer abroad to visit Royal Air Force squadrons operating with American equipment. He flew with R.A.F. pilots, listened to their combat reports, joined in their mess table discussions. He has returned with most reassuring reports.

America's first-line airplanes—the airplanes with which it may have to fight—

are now in daily service in every Command of the R.A.F. In combat performance—power, speed, climb, ceiling, range, maneuverability and fire-power—they are successfully meeting the challenge of the best that Europe has to offer. In addition, their typically American reliability is keeping them on the job—in the air—day after day.

With America's aircraft industry accomplishing "the impossible" in production, it is gratifying to know that it is discharging equally well its responsibility for the combat performance of its products.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT



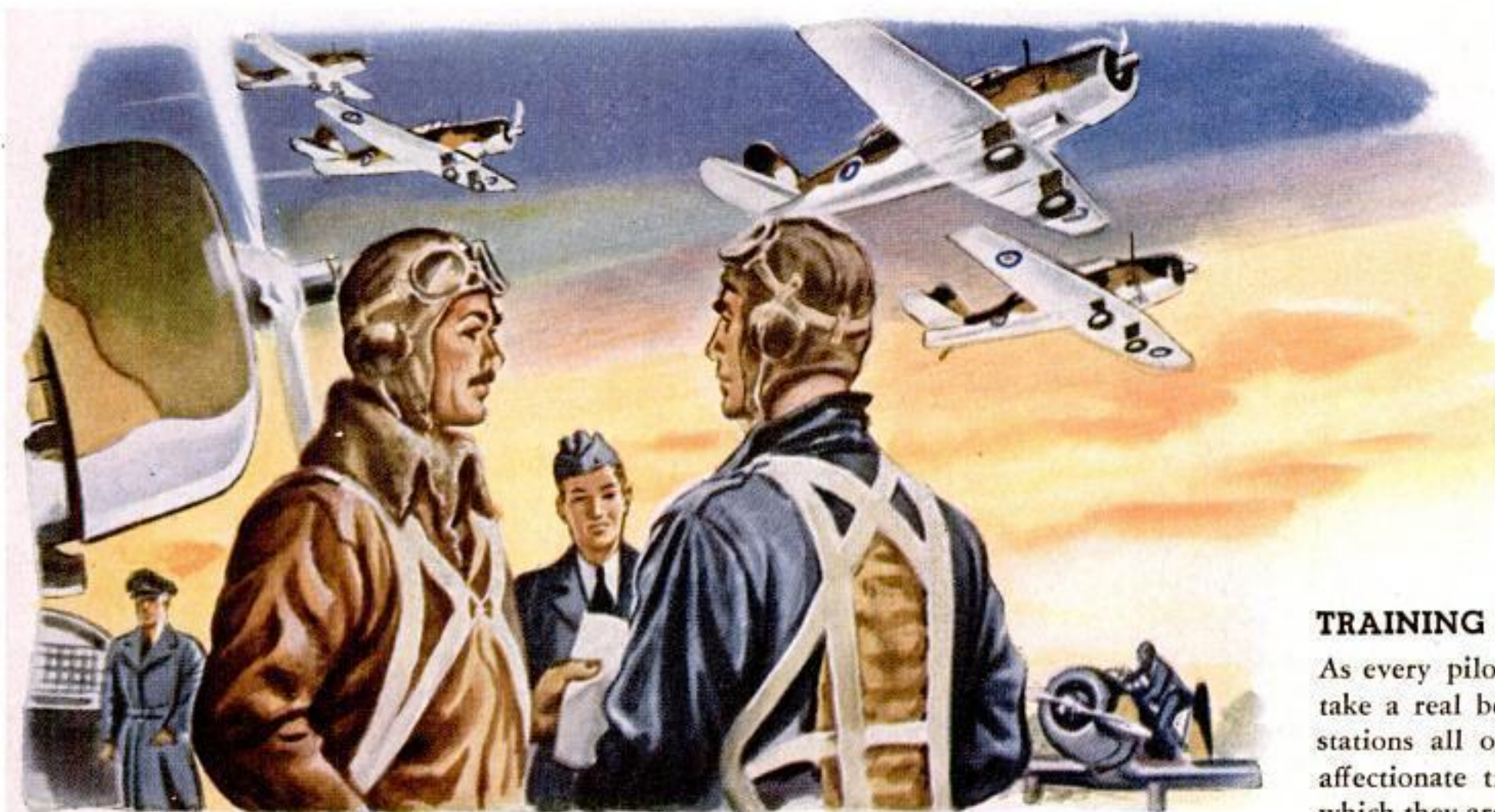
Pratt & Whitney
Engines



Vought-Sikorsky
Airplanes



Hamilton Standard
Propellers



BOMBER COMMAND

In long range bombardment and ability to fly at high altitudes, American bombers have no equal. With big four-engined Consolidated Liberators and Boeing Flying Fortresses, R.A.F. pilots are now striking deeper and deeper into enemy territory; while the fast Douglas, Lockheed and Martin bombers continue to hit hard at the targets closer at hand.



MIDDLE EASTERN COMMAND

The blistering heat and blasting sands of Africa and Mediterranean areas call for aircraft equipment of the utmost stamina and reliability. Under the severe conditions of frontier service, such famous American airplanes as the Martin Maryland bomber and the Curtiss Mohawk and Tomahawk fighters are doing yeoman service.

TRAINING COMMAND

As every pilot knows, training airplanes and their engines must take a real beating hour after hour, day after day. At training stations all over the Empire, R.A.F. cadets are paying almost affectionate tribute to the sturdy North American trainers on which they are earning their wings.



ON A BRIGHT WINTER MORNING THE LOW SUN SLANTS THROUGH A STAND OF ASH AND LINDEN TREES AND THROWS BLUE SHADOWS ACROSS THE CLEAN, GENTLY DRIFTED SNOW



Pitcher plant, an insect eater, feeds on bugs that fall into its mouth-like opening. It turns reddish underneath the snow.



British soldier and **pixy cups** are two tiny lichen. The red top on lichen at the left suggests an oldtime English soldier.



Mahogany bracket is a glossy hard-shelled fungus which grows on trees. The waxy surface protects it in cold weather.



Spirea pods, whose seeds have long since ripened and fallen out, remain a beautiful rich brown throughout the winter.



Juniper berries are ripe and full of wax in winter, which is the best time to harvest them for use as a flavoring for gin.



Wintergreen is misnamed. In the winter its green leaves turn red. Bright red berry is a choice food for hardy birds.

THE WOODS IN WINTER

COLORFUL PLANTS LIVE ON THROUGH THE COLD MONTHS

When winter moves in on the year, the flagrant colors of autumn freeze out before it and the woods seem brown and bare. But there is color in the winter woods and Rutherford Platt, who took these pictures, knows where to look for it.

Down in sheltered hollows, around the bases of trees, in the lee of rocks and old logs and along stream banks, thrives a colorful plant life. Mostly it is a primitive kind of life which was surviving frigid winters many years before the more delicate flowering plants began to grow. On the north sides of tree trunks grow green algae, one of the simplest forms of plant life. Down on the cold ground are lichens, strange little plants mysteriously related to both algae and fungi. Like the British soldiers and pixie cups which are shown on the opposite page, lichens take on strange forms. Their colors run from silvery to bright green, sometimes daubed with unexpected spots of brilliant scarlet.

To the sides of trees cling glossy brackets, some of them pearly white and others burnished like fine wood. Green mosses hug the ground where they are companions to the creeping berry plants like wintergreen and partridge berry. Up on the leafless bushes, bright berries furnish food for the hardy chickadees, juncos and blue-jays who stay around through the cold winter months. In the frozen swampy spots lie insect-eating pitcher plants, which in warmer days trap and digest bugs. Turned rosy now in the cold, the pitcher plants wait out the winter for the return of spring and insects.

Even the white glare of snow is softened. It turns yellow under the rays of the low sun and at sunset it changes briefly to reflect the rosy sky. Tree trunks are not drab and black. The bark runs from warm browns through the subtlest of grays. Out in the meadows the dead grass sticks stiffly up through the snow, dotting the frozen fields with scattered clumps of russet and golden straw.

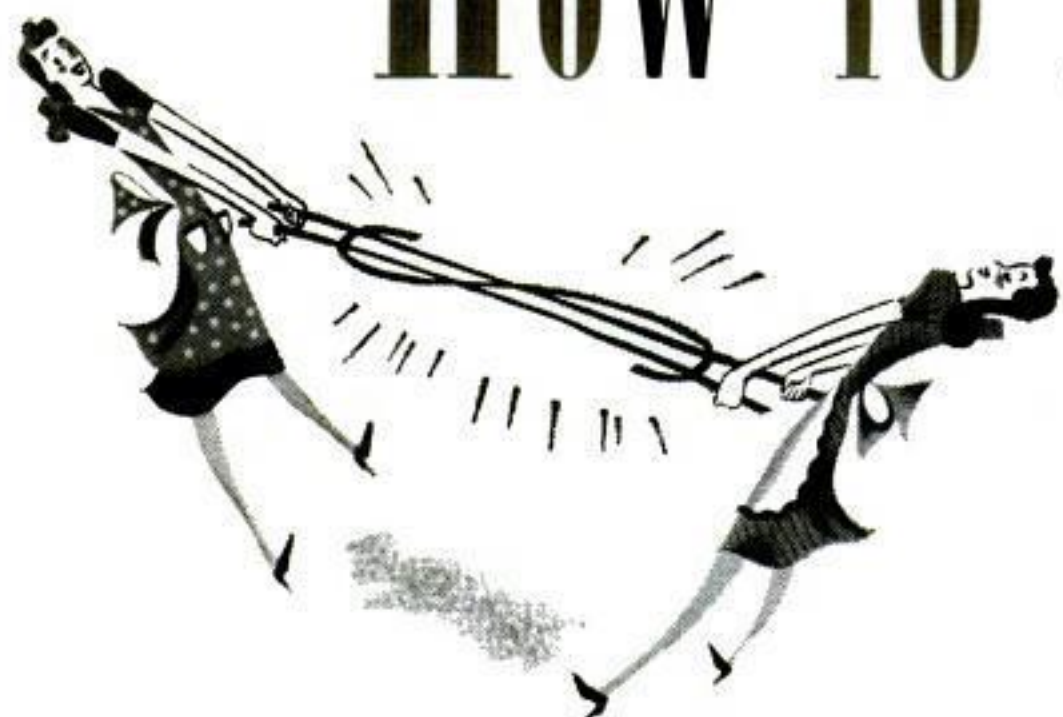


The trees in winter stand sharply out against the cold sky. The pines and cedars and spruces and firs make pleasant

green patches in the landscape and the leafless trees display the tangled anatomy of their branches. Here a red cedar in

the snow stands on a rocky ledge next to a wide-spreading elm tree whose skeleton is fringed with millions of dormant buds.

How To MAKE YOUR SHEETS LAST



**Two pages of consumer hints
...for buying sheets wisely
...for taking care of the sheets you buy**



1. "Two kinds—which for me? Muslin or percale?" Muslin sheets are woven of heavier threads and contain fewer threads to the square inch than percale.

Percale sheets are more closely woven, with more threads per square inch than muslin. These threads are finer, made of selected long-fiber cotton—and produce a lovelier, softer sheet. Ever since Cannon started making these "luxury sheets" at practically the price of heavy-duty muslin, thousands of women have *stepped up* to the pride and comfort of Percale.

Many women say that Cannon Percale is actually *more economical in the long run*. For example, at average pound laundry rates, the lightness of percale can give you a saving of about \$3.25 a year *for each bed*. Just think—you can buy several pillowcases—as well as another sheet—with the saving! And, if you do your laundry at home, you'll find that Cannon Percale Sheets are lighter, much easier to handle than heavy-duty muslin.



2. "My, my, they all LOOK nice! How can I tell a good sheet from a bad one?" First, hold the sheet up to the light. Are the vertical and horizontal threads the same thickness? Are they evenly woven... in straight lines down and across? Is the yarn itself even, or is it thick and thin in spots? Look out for weak spots, knots, and slubs—they'll wear out first.

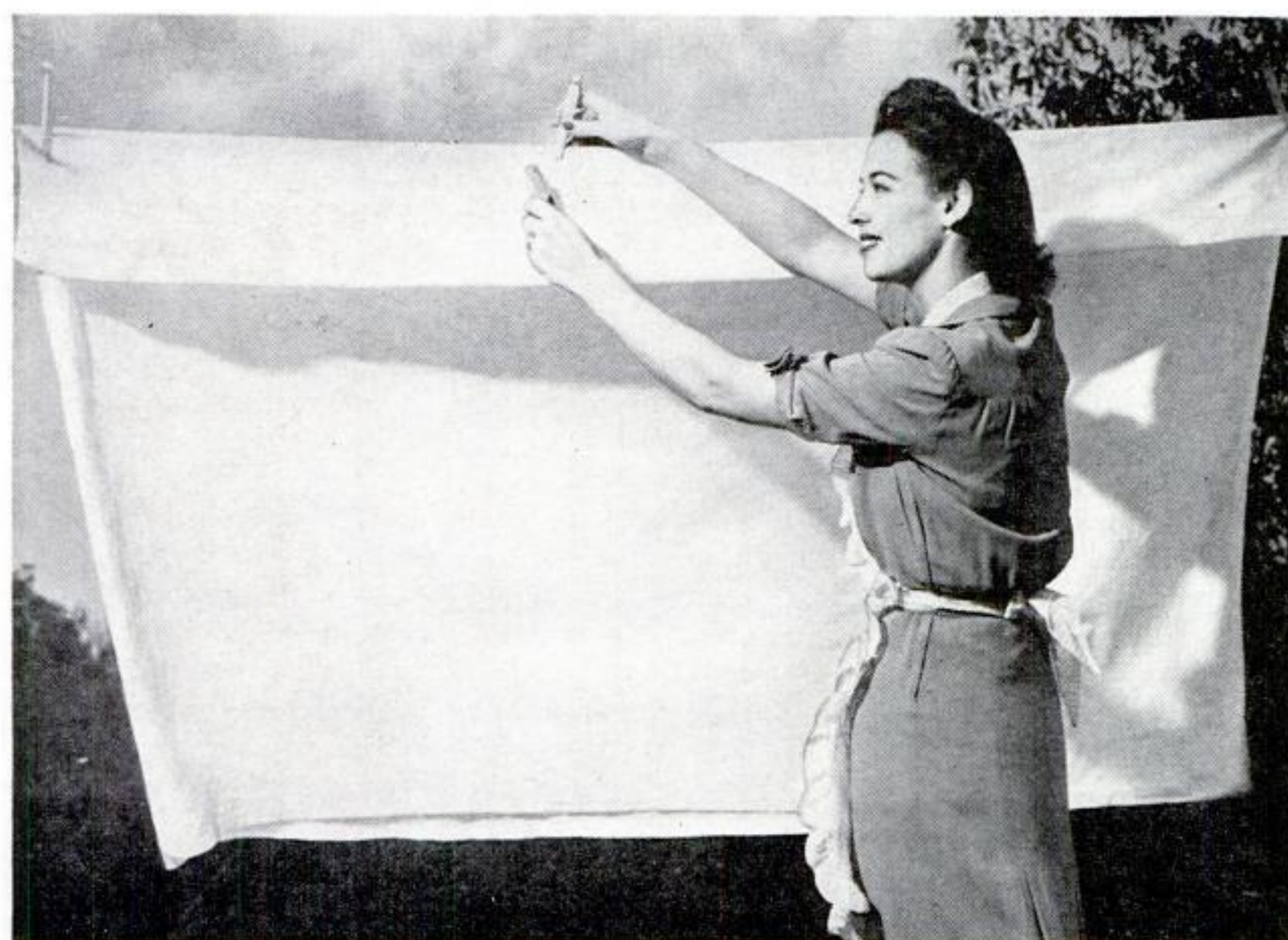
Now look at the color. Be sure the white sheets you're buying are a pure white-white. Not grey-white or yellow-white or blue-white. A reliable brand of sheet will retain this sparkling whiteness even after years of washing. Cannon uses a gentle whitener exclusively. More costly but much safer than caustic chlorine bleaches. Cannon Sheets are tested at the mill to insure whiteness.

3. Look out for excess "sizing"! Test a new sheet by rubbing it together over a dark surface. If a powdery film filters out, the sheet is "loaded"—that is *sized*—to cover up loose weaving. If the sheet is heavily sized, it will be sleazy and loosely woven after the first laundering.

LONGER



4. Too short is too bad. You may be tempted by the slightly lower price of shorter-than-average sheets. But they're really poor economy—for the tugging they take makes them wear out sooner. Cannon advises the 108" *torn size* length for the average bed.



5. Washday "musts!" First, rinse thoroughly. Most deterioration of sheets is caused by soap left in them! If you use a bleach, be sure to follow instructions on the bottle carefully. No bleach should be necessary if you hang white sheets in the sun to dry.

Here's the way to hang sheets so they won't dry dog-eared; fold hem to hem and place about 12" of this double thickness over the line. Pin securely in 3 or 4 places. Fold closed end of pillow slips over the line, too—about 6".

Ironing is said to be harder on sheets than actual wear. So don't use an iron that's too hot. Leave folds unpressed—be careful to press hems and selvages flat.



6. Careful, there—don't yank sheets off your bed. They may rip on a spring or splinter. Don't use a sheet or a pillowcase for a laundry bag—it's a grand way to strain the poor things.



7. Consider carefully the brand of sheets you buy. There are lots of things that go into the making of a sheet which you simply can't see for yourself. You must trust the manufacturer that they are there.

Of these things you can be sure when you say "Cannon": that Cannon Percale Sheets are woven on the most modern looms, given a most rigid inspection—to insure for you a better, longer-wearing sheet; that Cannon Percale Sheets are made from costly American cotton, carefully carded to eliminate short fibers—so that you can enjoy a finer, more luxurious sheet than ever before, at practically a heavy-duty muslin price.

You'll also find a grand value in Cannon Muslin Sheets. This is an inexpensive muslin, vastly improved over the same type sheet of a few years ago—thanks to Cannon's new machinery and manufacturing processes.

Extra copies of this advertisement are available to consumers and educators. Just write to: Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York, N. Y.

Cannon Sheets



CANNON IS A TRUSTED NAME IN
MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS AND CANNON HOSIERY



JAPAN'S GREATEST STEEL WORKS, THE GOVERNMENT-OWNED JAPAN IRON & STEEL MANUFACTURING PLANT AT YAWATA ON KYUSHU ISLAND, IS ABSOLUTELY CLOSED TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

JAPAN

ITS INDUSTRIES ARE ALL GEARED TO WAR

Before setting out to destroy Japan, Americans must grasp clearly and realistically the facts of Japan's power. Basically, Japan is an industrial pip-squeak beside the U. S., a parasite created and supported by the materials and machines of U. S. industry. It produces only 7,000,000 tons of steel a year against U. S.'s 88,000,000 tons and supplies less than a quarter of its own ore. It produces only 24,000 tons of aluminum against U. S.'s 400,000 tons. It produces only 7,000,000 barrels of oil a year and needs probably five times that. For the duration of the war, it will get practically no scrap iron, oil, copper, ferroalloys, metal-working machinery, tin, aluminum, lead, mercury, manganese, phosphorus, chrome, nickel. Even if it should conquer the Philippines' chrome and iron ore, the East Indies' oil and bauxite, Malaya's rubber and tin, New Caledonia's nickel, it has not the factories or technicians to process and use them. But for years it has been amassing reserves of materials, guns, shells, armor plate, powder for just such an emergency. And it is supposed to have more than a year's reserve of oil.

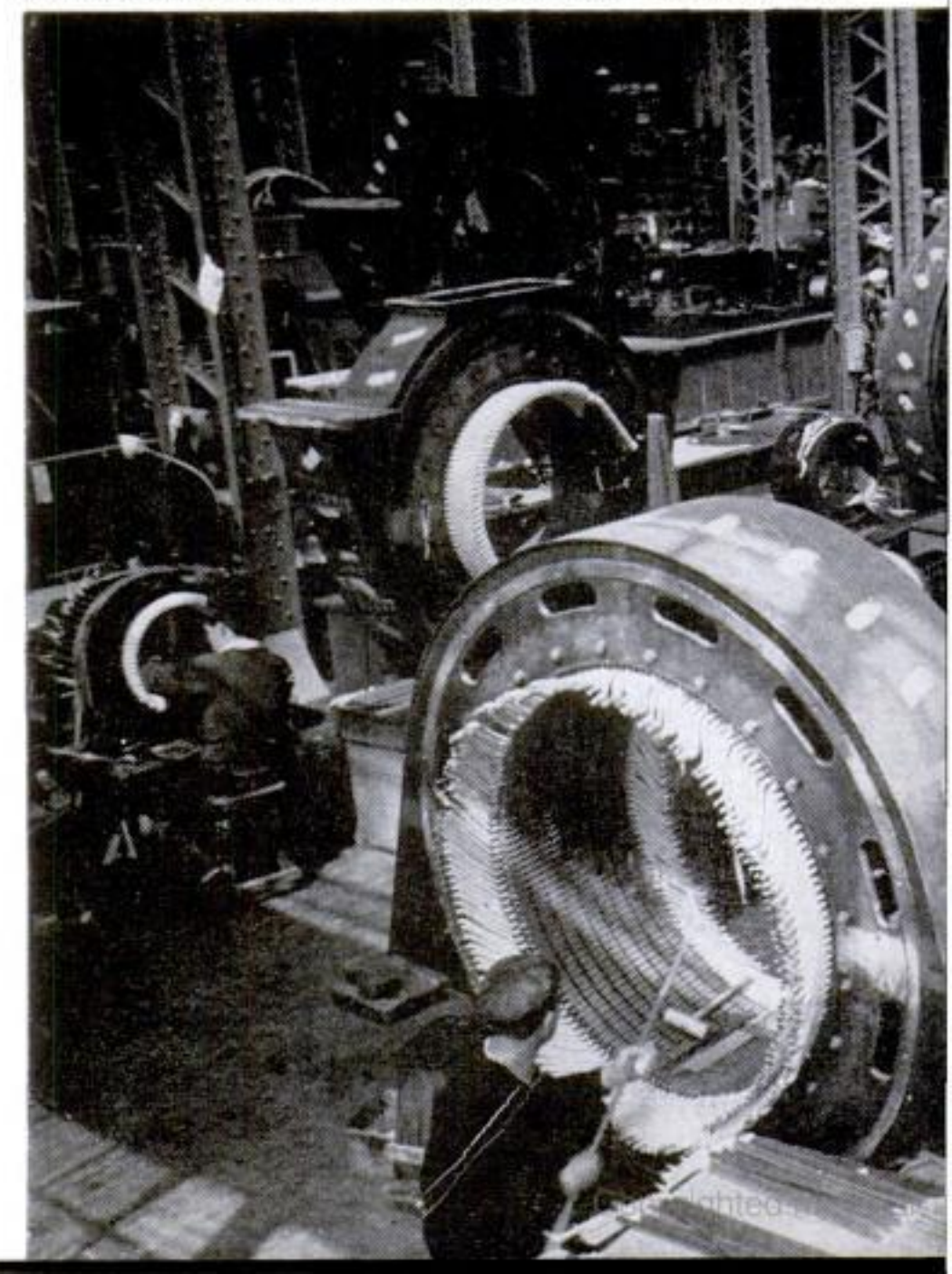
The great catch in this unimpressive picture is that Japan can throw down all its industrial production on the fighting line. It has long prepared to do so and it is ready to fight all-out at once against the Americans and British and Dutch. All 7,000,000 tons of its steel production are undoubtedly war production. Nearly all its oil will go to run warships, planes, tanks and army trucks. Certainly its industrial

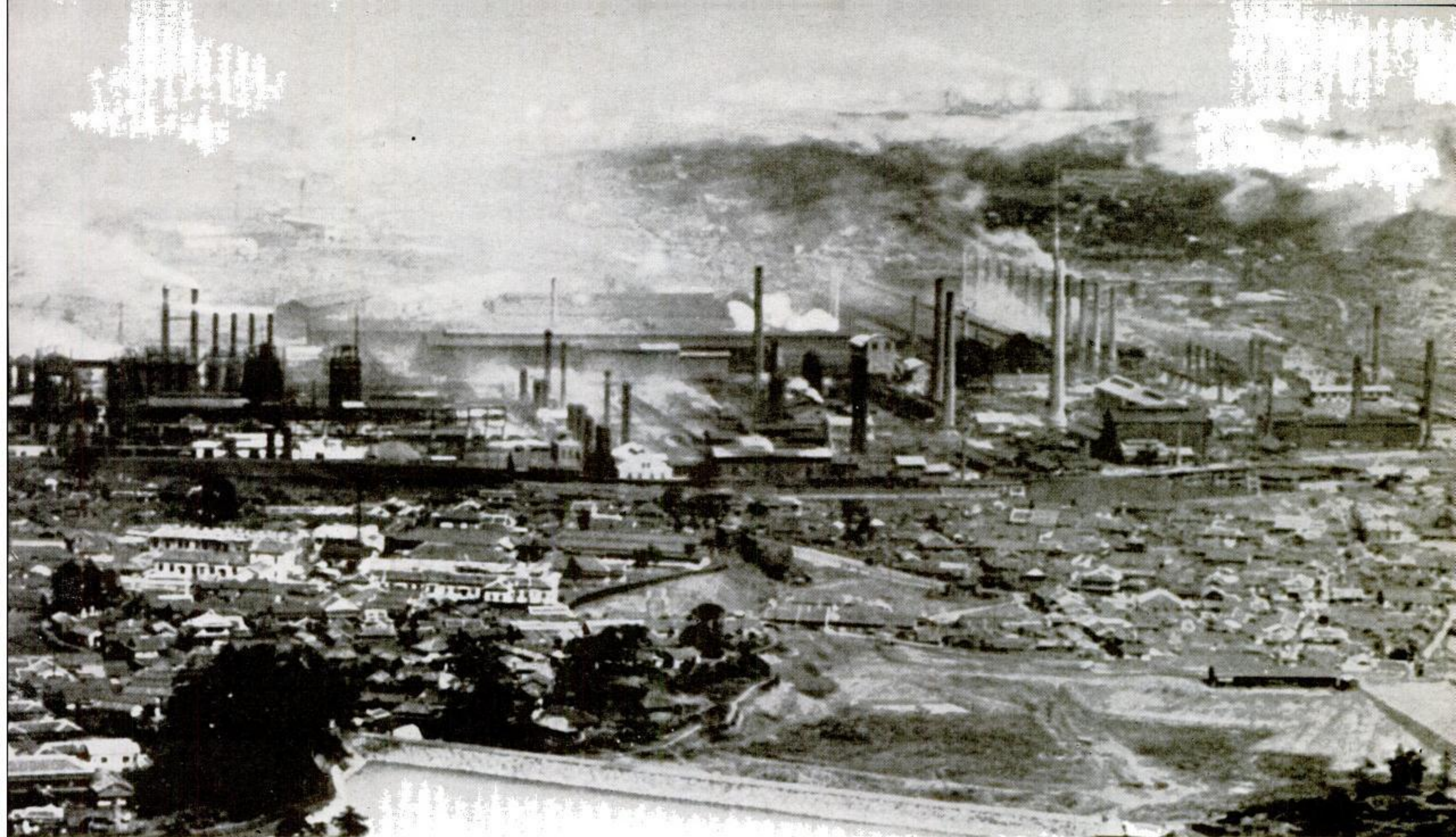
Rolling mill at Osaka is here forming lengths of red-hot steel for bars and rods, one of which is being pushed through the mill

by revolving and shaping rollers. In the background, water is being played upon the steaming, cooling lengths of hot steel.



Dynamos are manufactured in Tokyo's biggest electrical factory, the Fuji-Denki, built by the great German Sie-



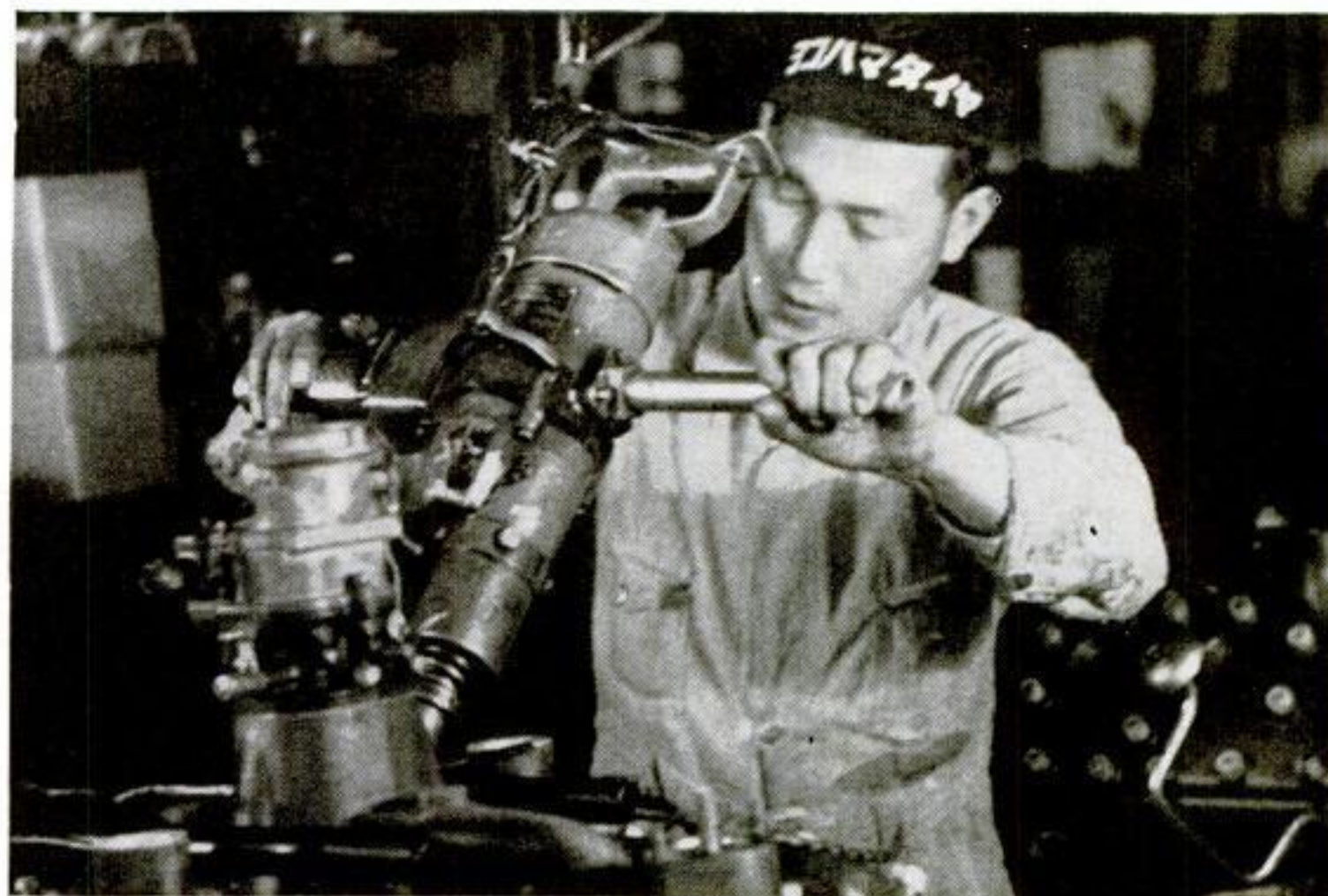


POLICEMEN WATCH FOREIGNERS ON TRAINS GOING PAST. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE HOUSES OF WORKERS WHO ARE GIVEN HOSPITALS AND SCHOOLS BY THEIR GRATEFUL BOSSES

machine will begin to sputter and stall after a year or so, but by that time Japan hopes to hold all the military positions, to have begun a blockade of the U. S. and Britain which in turn would force their industrial production to sputter and stall. Japan does not have much, but what it has is quite enough to fight the kind of limited war it thinks necessary to drive the Allies out of the Far East.

For several years now the great blast furnaces at Osaka (*below*) and Nagoya have been ablaze all night every night. Some 45,000 workers have been concentrated in the steel industry, earning from 1,400 yen to 8,000 yen a year, a fabulous wage in Japan. A third of the new industrial workers are young girls. The great Japan Iron & Steel Mfg. Co. plant at Yawata (*above*) does not now turn out steel for pleasure cars and washing machines and vacuum cleaners. It turns out steel for the destruction of Japan's enemies and literally nothing else. The biggest steel plant in all Asia, it has largely replaced its old British machinery with new American installations. It is controlled by the Government, which is slowly squeezing out six private companies that own a stake in it, including the great monopoly of Mitsui.

Japan's totalitarian fighting strength comes largely from its few huge industrial monopolies, closely controlled by the greater monopoly of the Government. Had it remained at peace with a capitalistic world, with its gold gone, its export industries ruined, it was doomed. Now, at war, it can produce one last gigantic spasm of vigor.

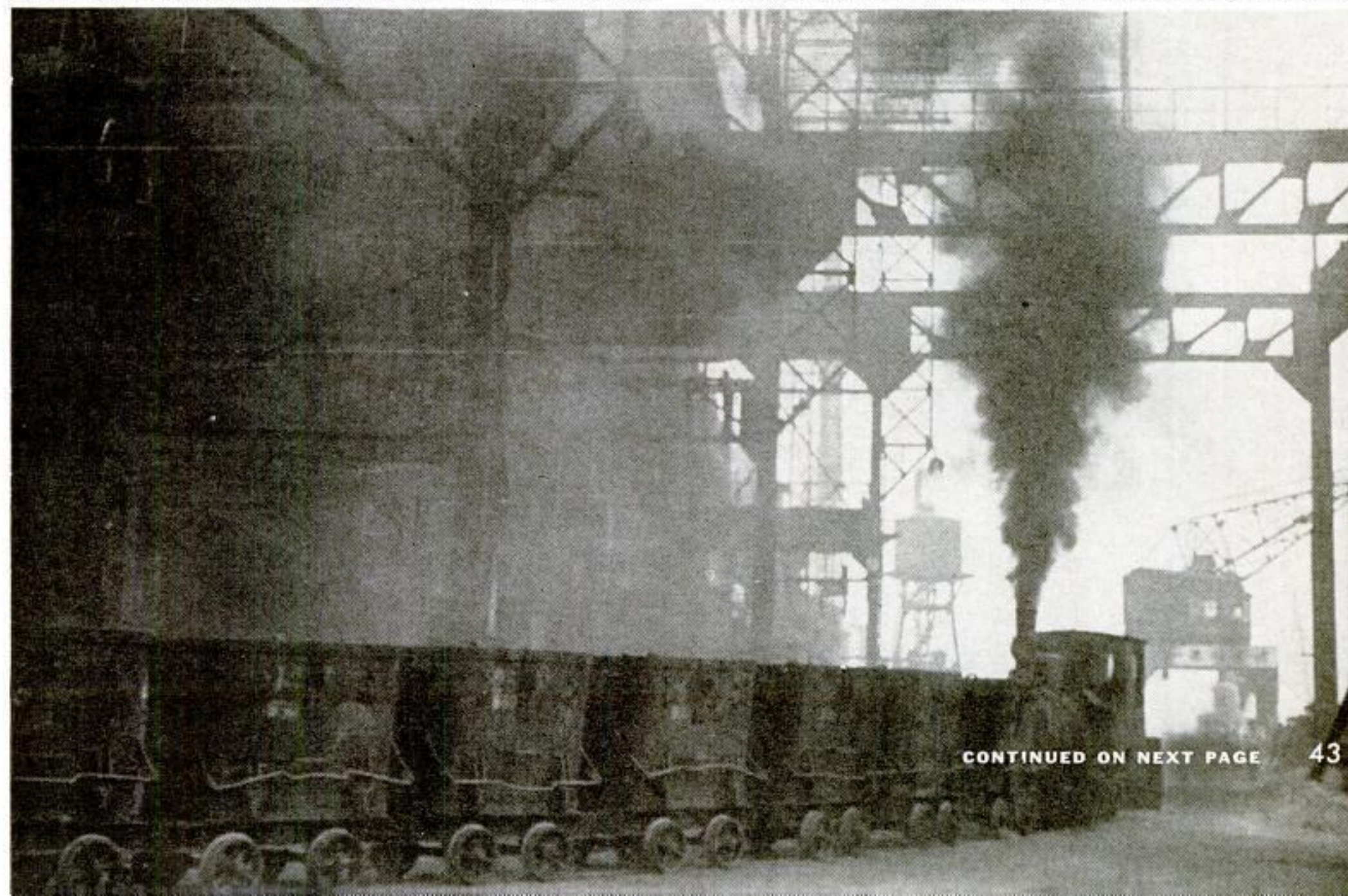
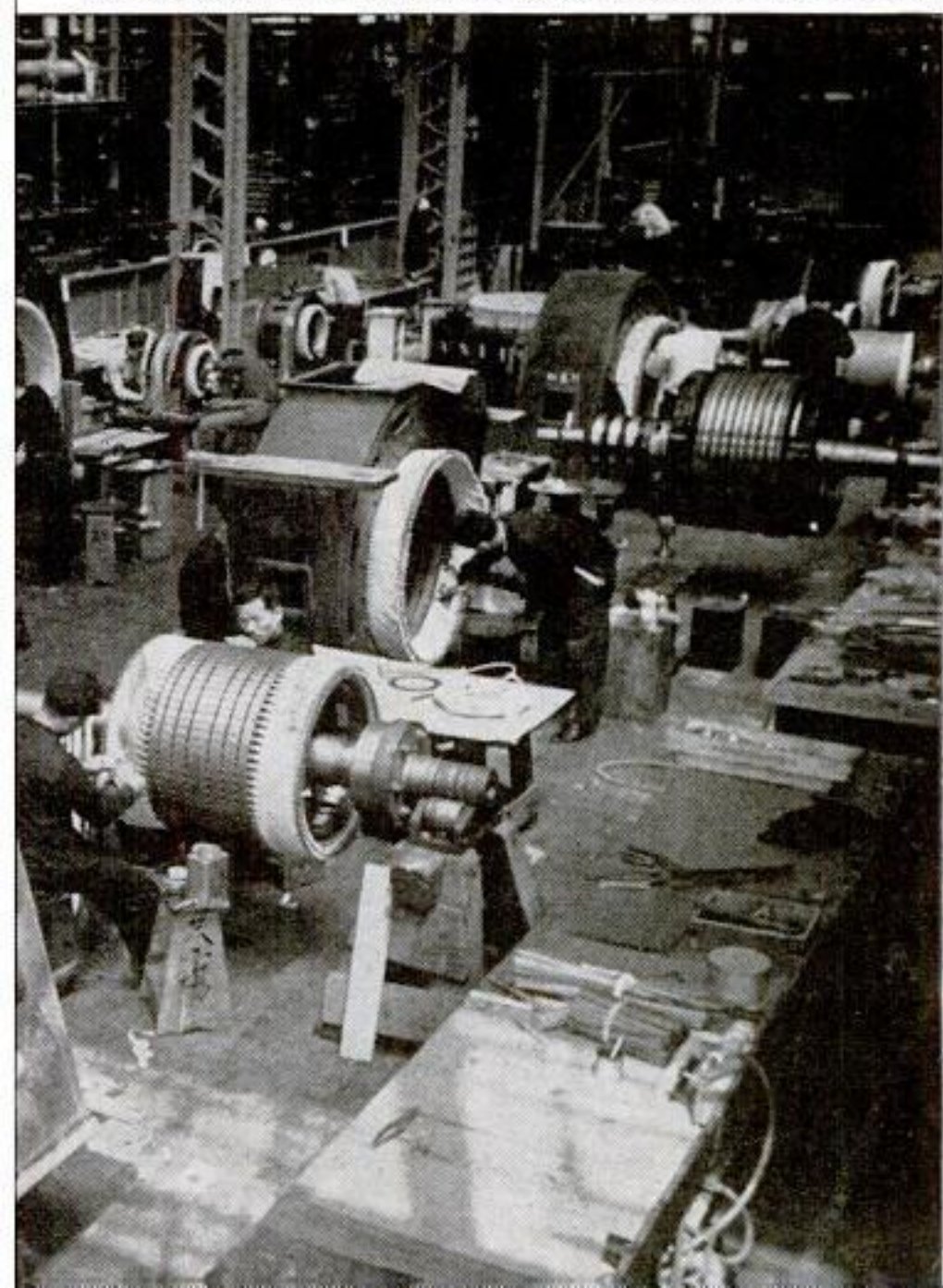


A JAPANESE WORKER IN AN AUTOMOBILE PLANT USES A SEMI-AUTOMATIC DRILL PRESS

mens electrical monopoly with Japanese capital. Japan has used mostly German technological experts in recent years.

Ore cars are pulled by a shunting engine out of an iron foundry toward the traveling crane which can be seen in background. Out

of such Japanese Pittsburghs as this must come the refined steel products that are the indispensable sinews of modern warfare.





MODERN CONCRETE BUILDINGS FORM FIRE-PREVENTION BELTS AROUND THE INFLAMMABLE SLUMS IN MODERN TOKYO

The tight land of Japan, of which only about 15% can be cultivated, packs its squares of wheat, barley, oats and soybeans

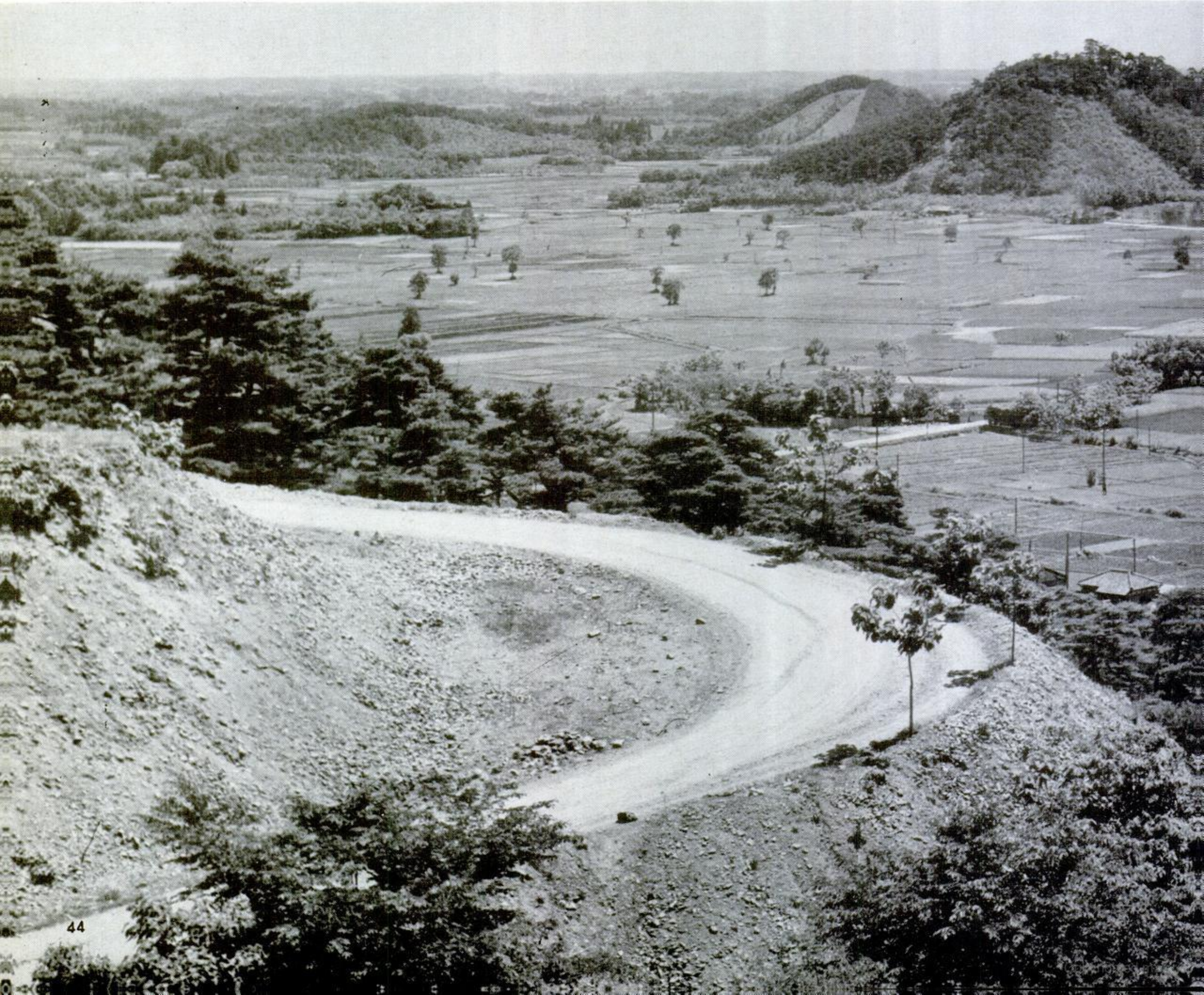
around the volcanic hills. It is kept green by one of the best-regulated rainfalls in the world. Notice that almost no houses dot

IT CANNOT BE

Japan is about the size of California. California supports a scant 7,000,000 people on the richest and most intensively used soil in the U. S. Japan maintains more than ten times that number on land nowhere near as good.

Nevertheless, Japan cannot be starved to its knees by blockade, as England might be. The reason is that its people eat very little and produce a great deal. The chief diet of the Japanese is rice, fish and soybeans. Extras are wheat bread, tea, turnips, radishes, carrots, mushrooms, cucumbers, some oils and spices. The wealthier city people have come to rely on such imported delicacies as coffee, beer, suki-yaki, candy bars, meat, oranges, lemons, pineapples, which are beyond the reach of the peasants. The peasants consume almost no butterfats, meats, potatoes, coffee, and not much fruit or sugar. On this diet they are ascetically healthy and probably as well nourished as big-eating Americans. (A peculiar fact: When Japanese come to the U. S., their children and children's children grow, on an average, two inches taller than themselves on an American diet.)

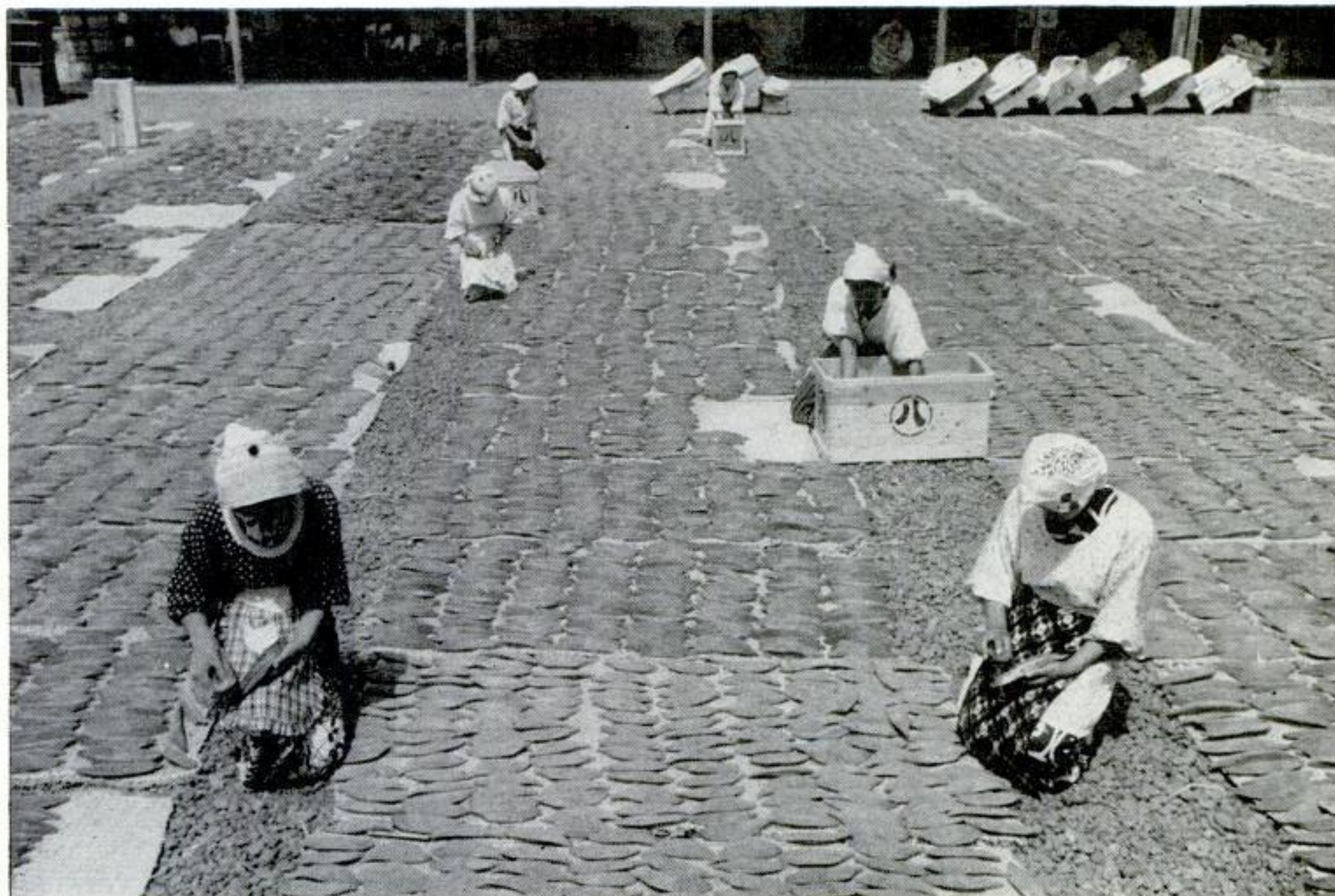
the fields. The farmers save land by living all together in the village whose railway station may be seen in the foreground.



STARVED OUT

Certainly war has already pinched the Japanese. Rice is now controlled by the Government, as are all important foods. The wasteful polishing of rice and the making of rice liquor (sake) are severely restricted. Fertilizer, to replenish the overworked Japanese soil, has run short because nitrogen must go for war munitions. The supply of charcoal to cook and heat with has been so drastically reduced that it is now being bootlegged. In the big cities, where wheat bread is used, bread lines have formed. Fishermen are hard-pressed to get gasoline to run their fishing boats. But of rice, fish and soybeans, Japan has enough to keep going indefinitely.

The farms are now worked by women and the aged because the men have long since gone off to become soldiers or factory workers in the cities. Disease, vice and the slums at left have followed them there. But most of Japan's soldiers (*see the following pages*) are sturdy farm boys who make better natural fighters in the field than city boys. They cannot match the intelligent courage, initiative and fighting pride of Americans, but they have an obedient, patient courage of their own.

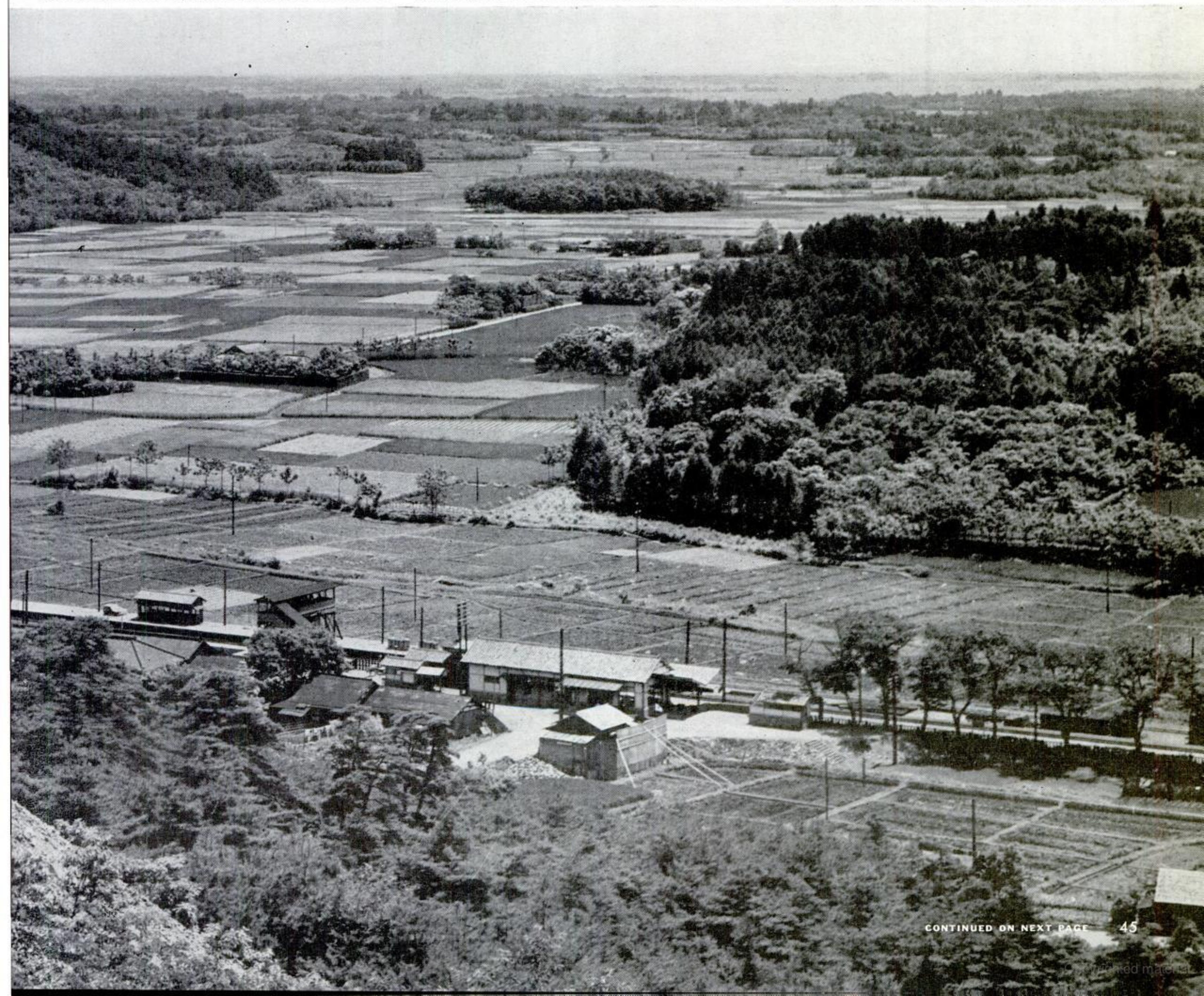


JAP WOMEN LAY OUT BONITO FISH TO DRY THEM HARD AS BOARDS AND GIVE THEM A TASTY BROWN MOLD OUTSIDE

This is the plain of Musashi, 60 miles north of Tokyo, on the edge of the mountains. It gets almost none of the winter snows

blown from Siberia against the western and northern parts of Japan. But it is shivered about three times a day, somewhere

in Japan, by earthquakes, punished each year by violent typhoons, occasionally by volcanic eruptions and tidal waves.





Captured Chinese, alive and blindfolded, is used by a Japanese officer to blood his sword. He thinks this amusing.

ITS SOLDIERS ARE VETERANS

The Army of Japan has one enormous advantage over the U. S. Army. It is an army of veterans, hardened and blooded by ten years of intermittent warfare in China. It knows the business of war, the small tricks of survival, the hard work, the cunning, the pleasure of victory. It is a cruel and ruthless army. Its men are absolutely convinced that they are right and their enemies are beneath contempt. They burn prisoners alive, rape and disembowel captive women, pillage and slaughter as though an atrocity were the most natural thing in the world. Their cruelties do not come singly, but in the indescribable hundreds of thousands. A small but vivid example is shown above and below. The Japanese Army has spread across Asia a tale of horror that will be told for a thousand years.

Yet the story of the Japanese Army told in Japan is one of pride and high-pitched righteousness. The photographs on these and the following pages are taken from a picture book published for Japanese circulation only, *Collection of Photos of the China Incident*. They are the best pictures yet shown of the Japanese Army. The foreword of the book tells the Japanese that their soldiers are by far the best and noblest in the world. It asserts argumentatively that they are bringing the Chinese "a new paradise of peace and happiness" despite China's stupid and stubborn machinations with the U.S. and Great Britain. Over and over it says, "We are right; the enemy is wrong."

The pictures and facts were gathered by 200 correspondents and 100 photographers sent out by the newspaper *Asahi*. The Japanese Army encourages full reporting of its deeds, permits soldiers to write home even about hardships. The Japanese ideal, which has been dramatized in such war books as *Wheat and Soldiers* by Asihei Hino, is a cunning and long-suffering hero, resorting to any trick to survive and kill his enemy first. He tends even to boast of his "atrocities."



Same Chinese, now dead or dying, is used by unimaginative Japanese infantryman as an object for bayonet practice.



In a twilight of ruin, Japanese soldiers in China throw up their arms in a "Banzai!" for their near-sighted God-

Emperor and the "New China," which is indicated by the demolished bridge in background across the Yellow River



On bad roads, the Japanese supply columns use mule-drawn transport. Here trucks would soon make this dirt

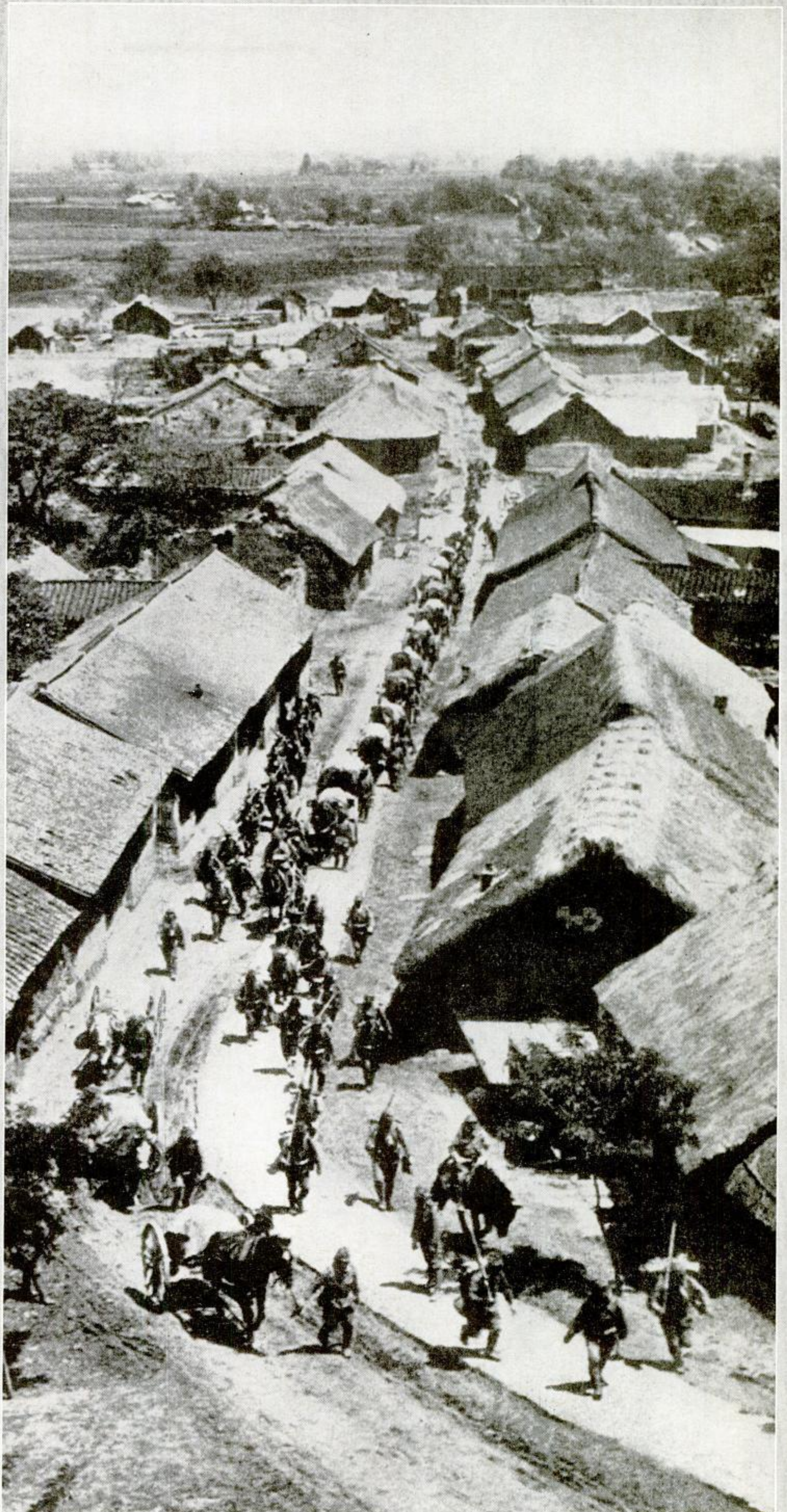
road impassable. Japan had practically no horses or mules before the 20th Century, has had to breed its own remounts



near Tsinan. Notice highly visible Japanese flags carried by every squad. They are ideal for recognition in battle melees.



for the Army. This photograph was taken on Feb. 23, 1938 in the biting winter cold of China's northern Shansi Province.



Forty infantrymen escort enough supply wagons to feed and munition for a week a company of 150 men. Here they

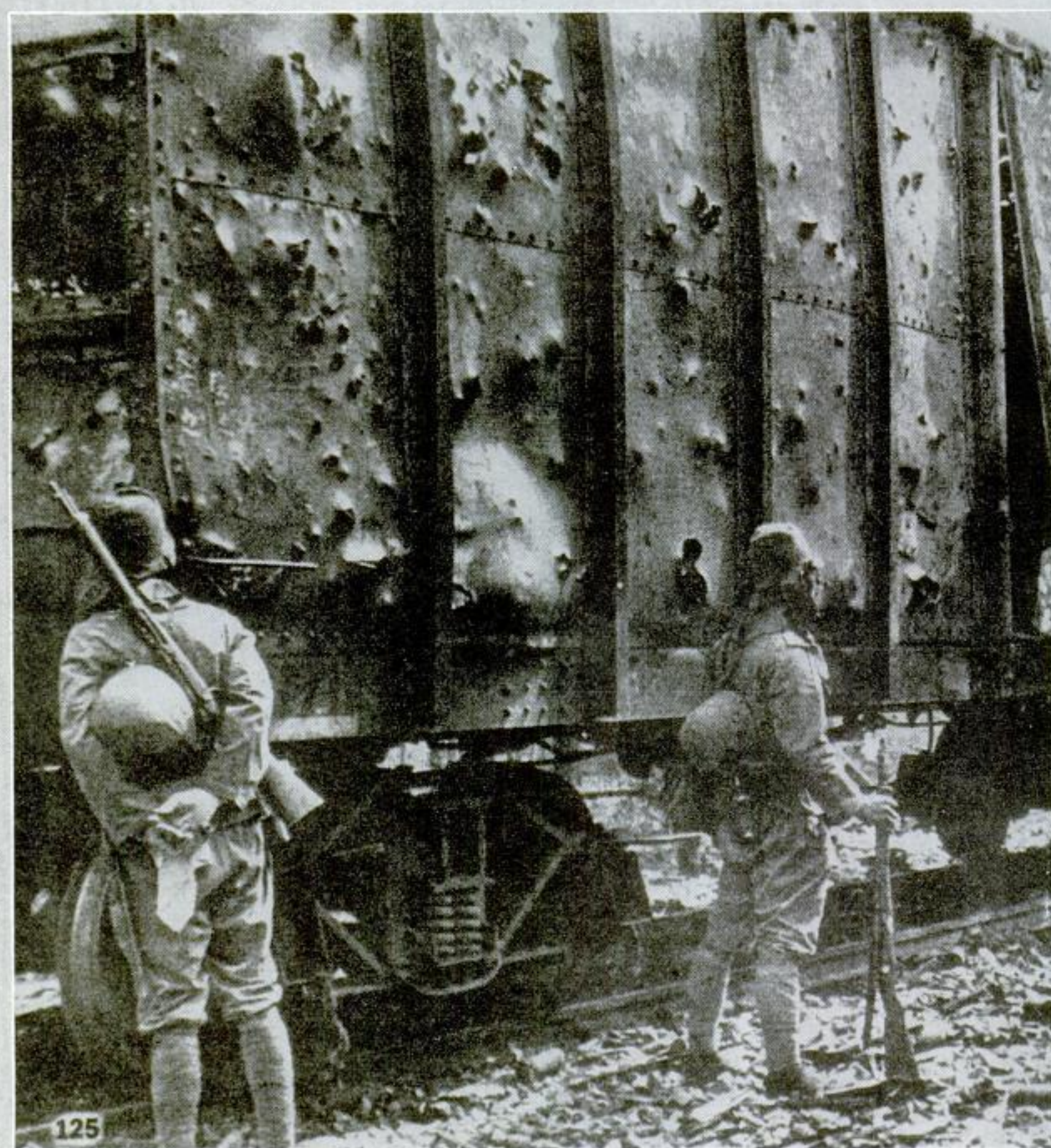
come into a small village on the north bank of the Yangtze River in the afternoon, tired, dusty and persevering.



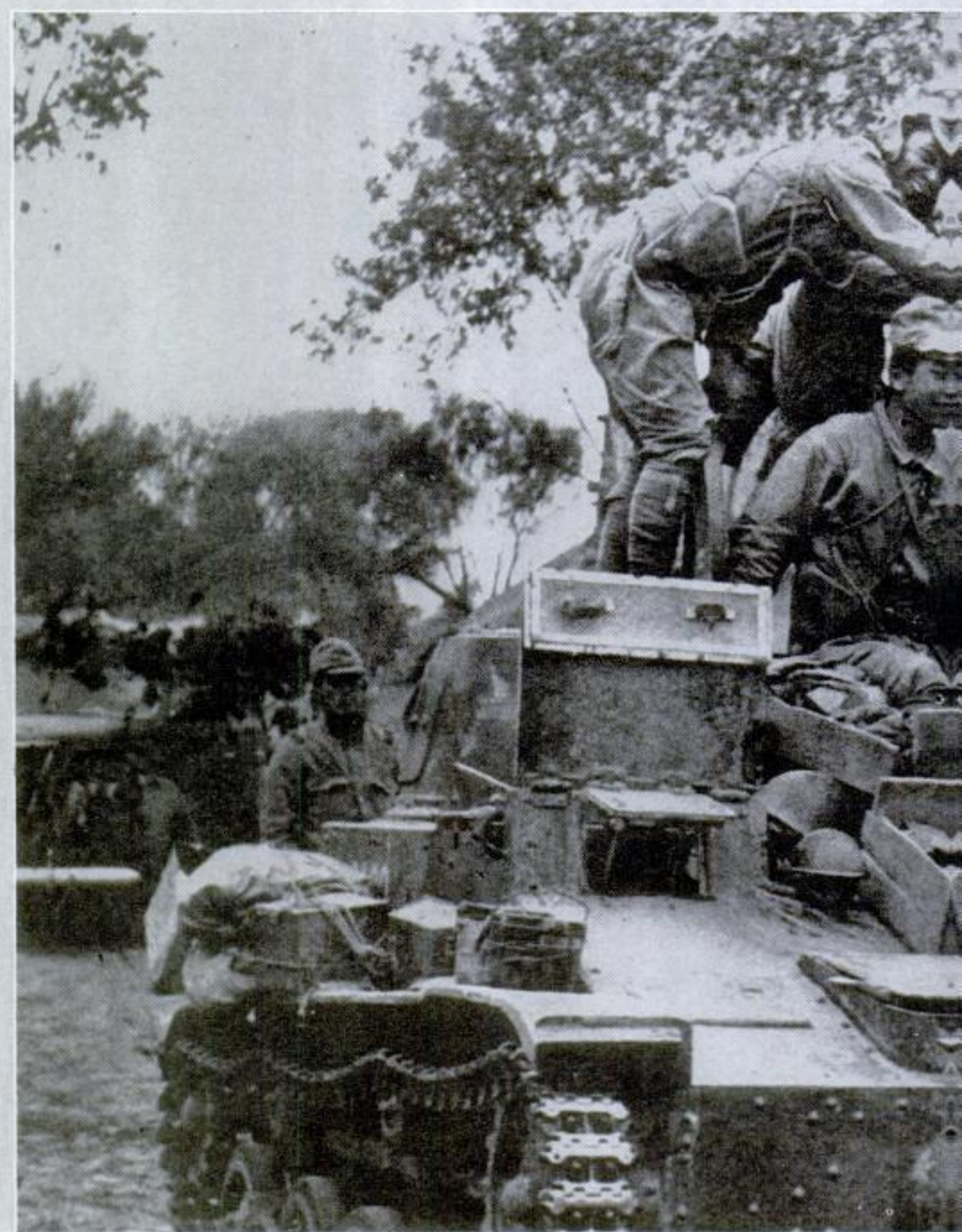
Two-man tankettes, probably like those landed in the Philippines, frighten horses of a supply column. These three-ton peewees, designed by British Vickers, can be pinked by U. S. .50-cal. machine guns.



Landing operations are the Japanese masterpiece, developed on Chinese coast and put to supreme tests at Guam, Wake, Philippines, Malaya, Borneo. It is the most dif-



Chinese armored train, captured with 455 freight cars and 26 locomotives, shows fragment marks of Japanese shellburst. This is near Hsüchow and Taierchwang where Chinese smartly defeated Japs.



Tanks meet and their crews congratulate one another on joint Japanese drive in China from north and south. Tank at left is a three-tonner seen also at upper left.



Difficult and delicate job in modern war. Offshore lies a Japanese transport. Here artillerymen pull ashore a Japanese 75-mm. gun in attack on Tsingtao, Jan. 10, 1938.



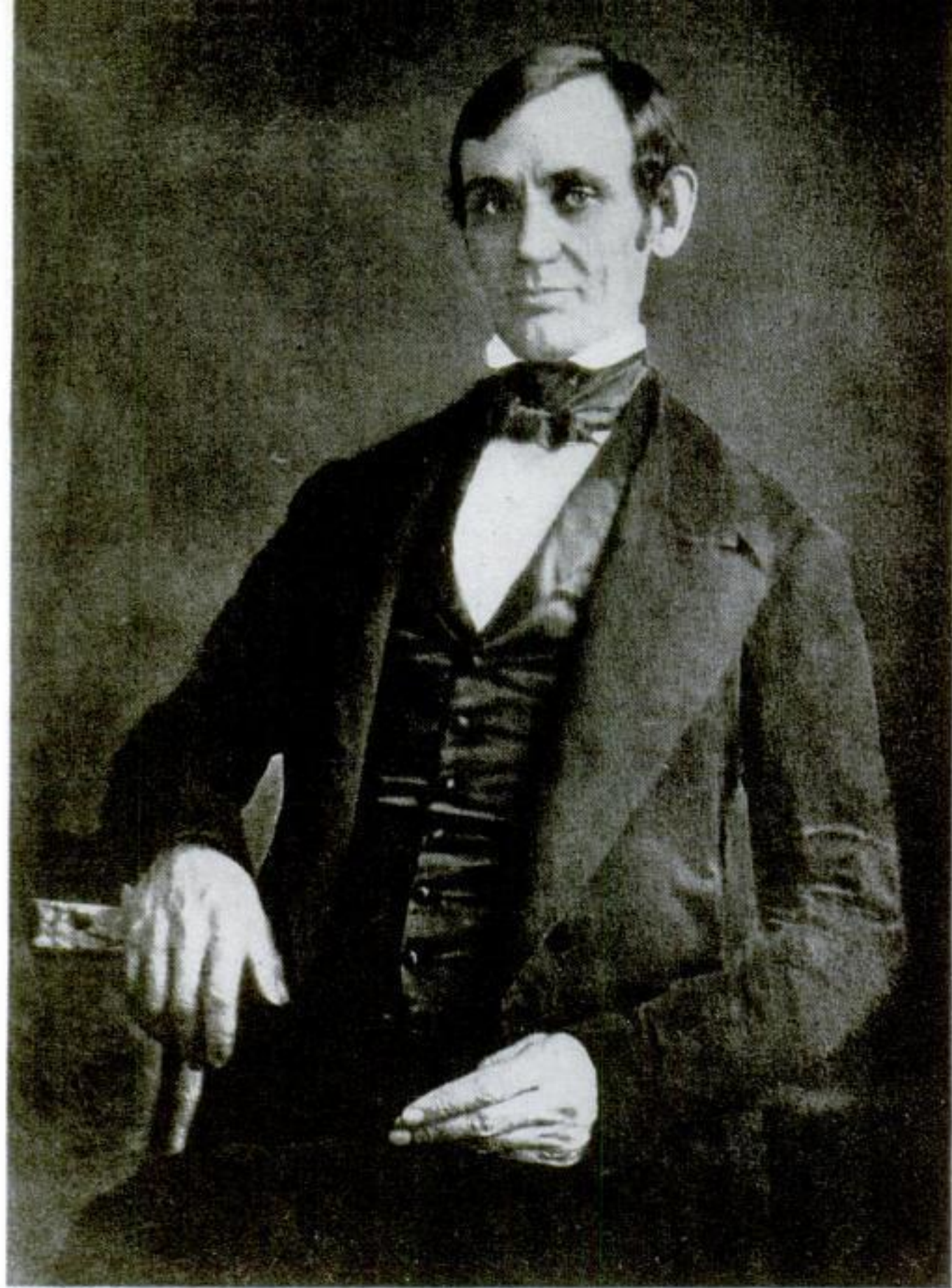
Tank at right is a seven-year-old, five-man, 14-ton job that mounts a 37-mm. gun. Their two homemade weapons were designed for the Japanese by British Vickers.



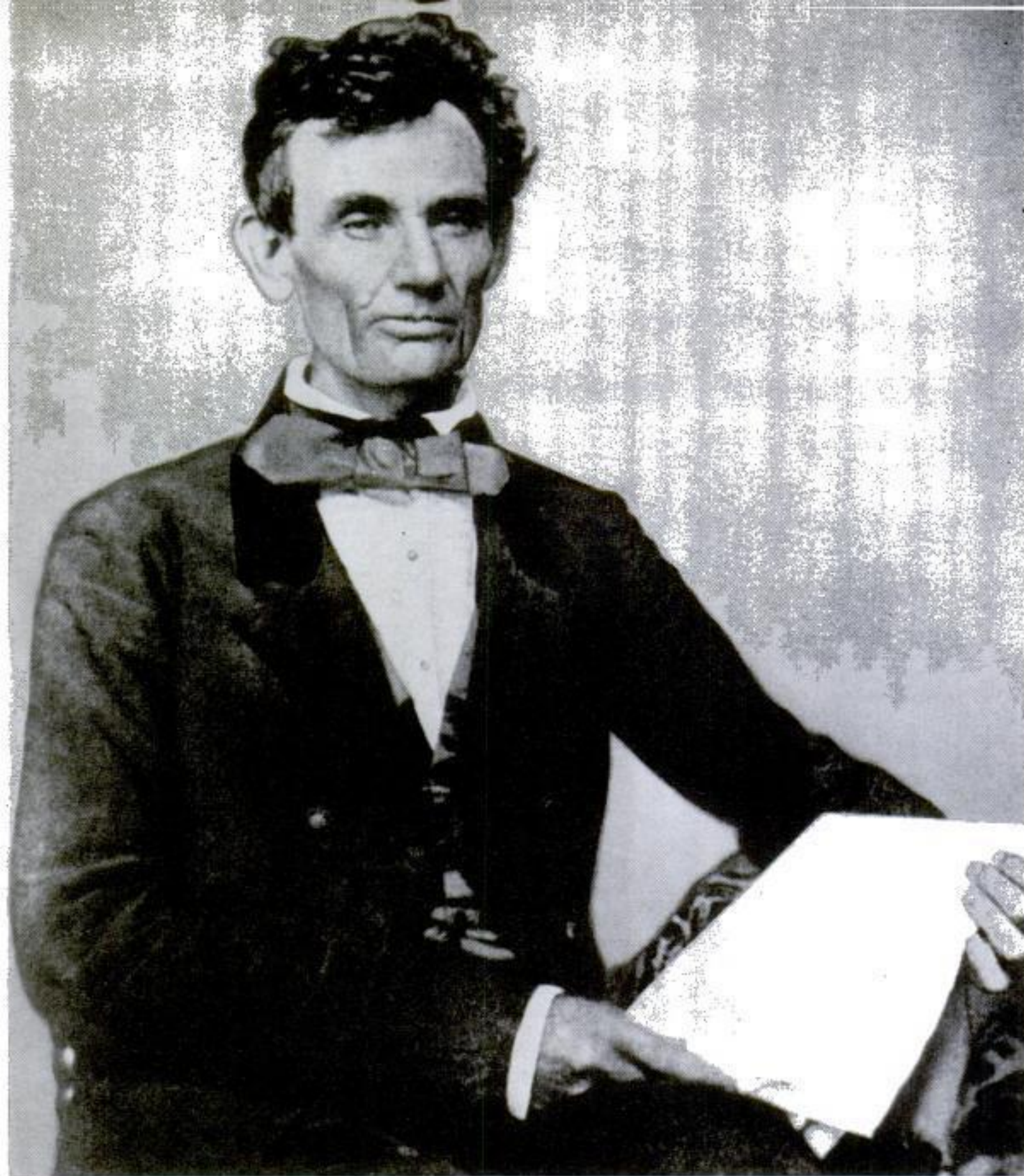
Stout Japanese legs brace to push an Army truck out of the mud. This kind of mud could easily be negotiated by U. S. four-wheel-drive trucks, which Japanese lack. Soldiers here wear winter fur caps.



Just before the charge, Japanese infantry fix their bayonets and an officer, halfway along the line, draws his sword. Japanese pride themselves on hand-to-hand bayonet fighting, charge with courage.



In 1846, when Lincoln was 37, this earliest-known portrait was taken in Springfield. He had just been elected to Congress, after eight years in the Illinois Legislature.



In 1858, when Lincoln was running for the U. S. Senate against Stephen A. Douglas, this daguerreotype was taken in Chicago. The day before, July 10, he had delivered his first campaign speech.

LINCOLN IN WARTIME

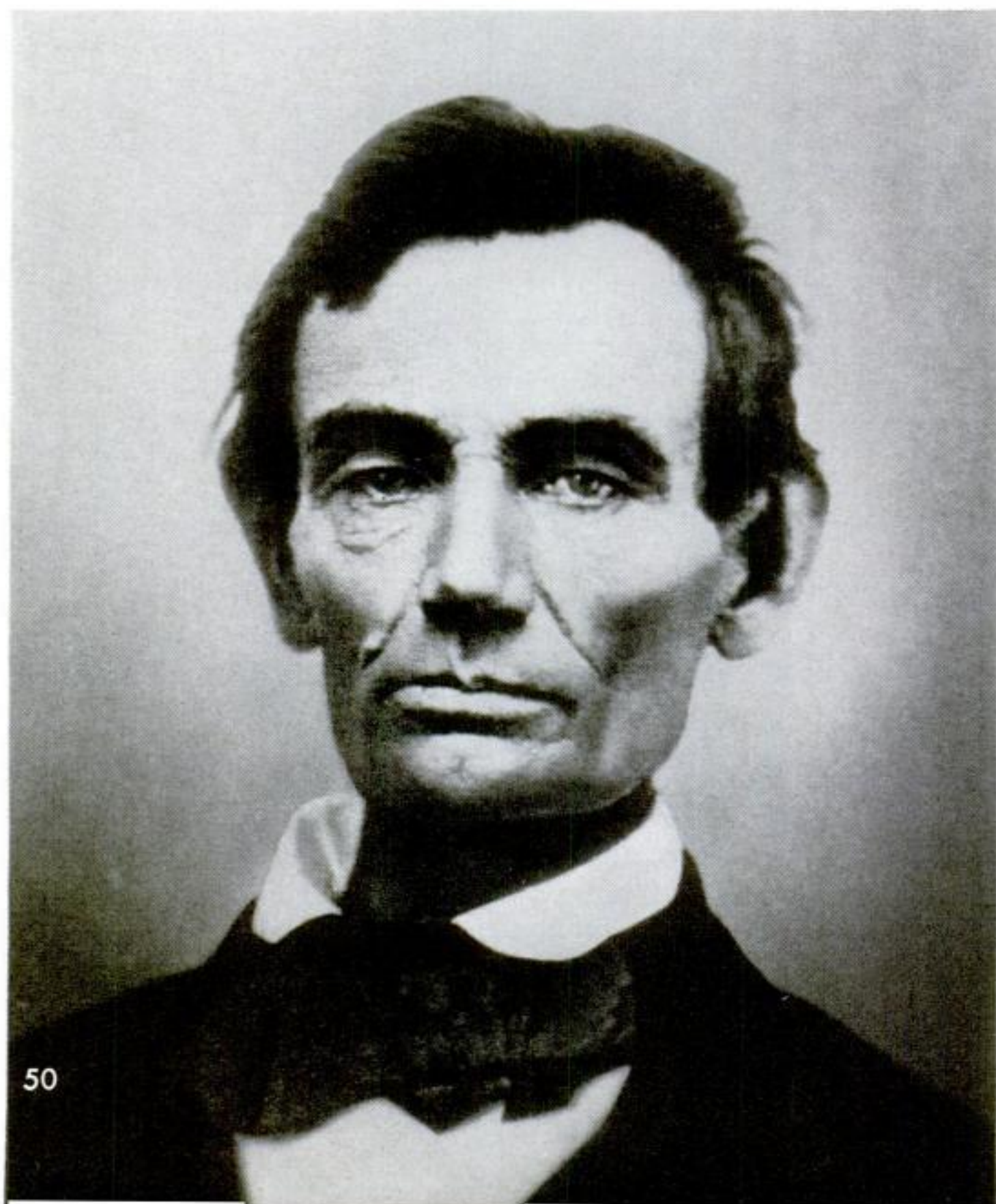
On Jan. 5, 1862, as on Jan. 5, 1942, the American people were engaged in a titanic war. Then, as now, the nation's existence, its territorial integrity, its destiny were at stake. For four tumultuous years, years of doubt and grief, of destruction and bloodshed, the course of history teetered in the balance.

On no one did the burden of this tragic interlude weigh heavier than on the gaunt backwoods giant who sat in the White House. A gentle man, filled with an ineradicable melancholy, he had preached conciliation till the flames of overt rebellion obliterated every hope of peace. Then, under a merciless barrage of abuse and ridicule from friends and foes alike,

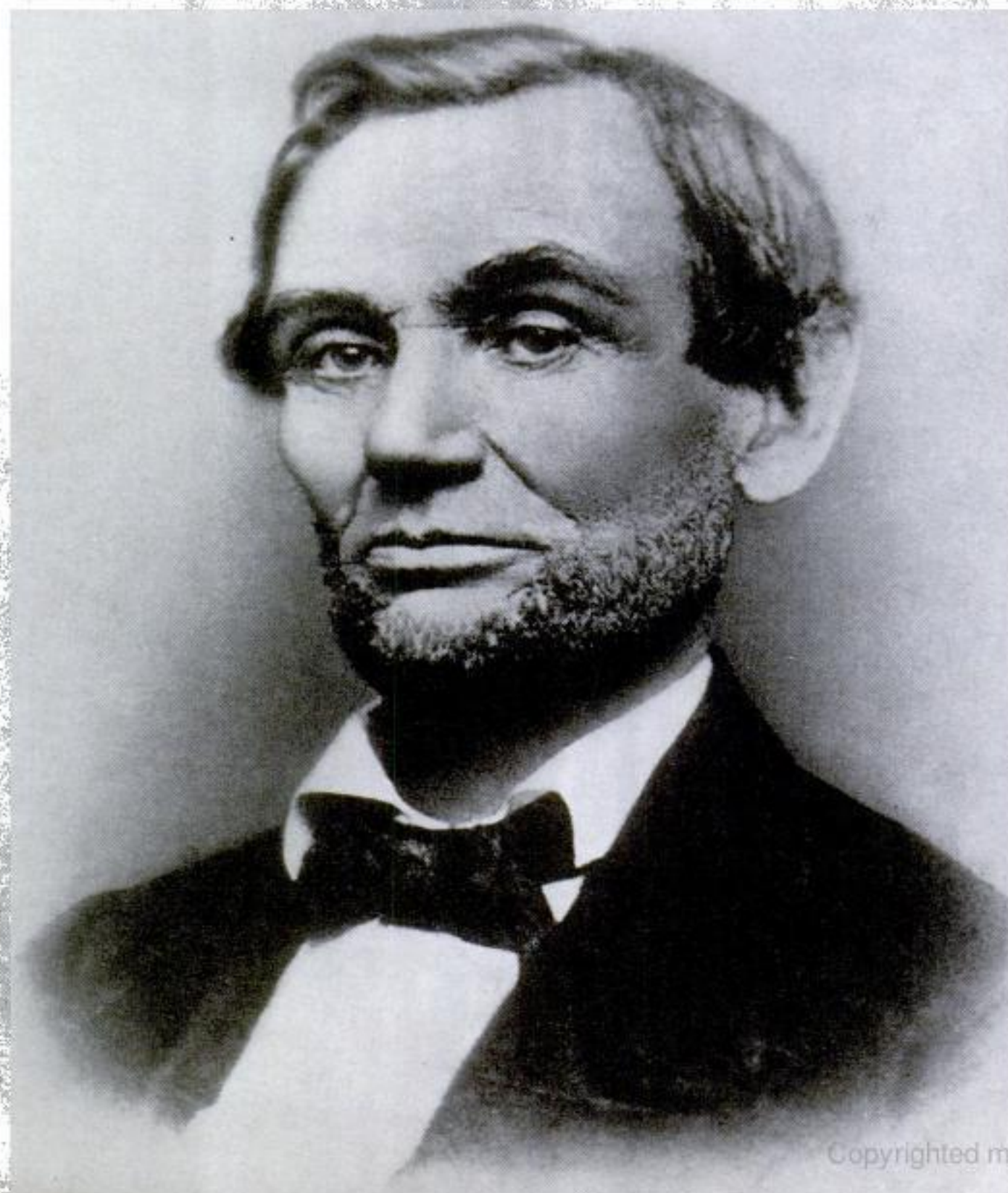
he fought the long struggle to preserve the Union.

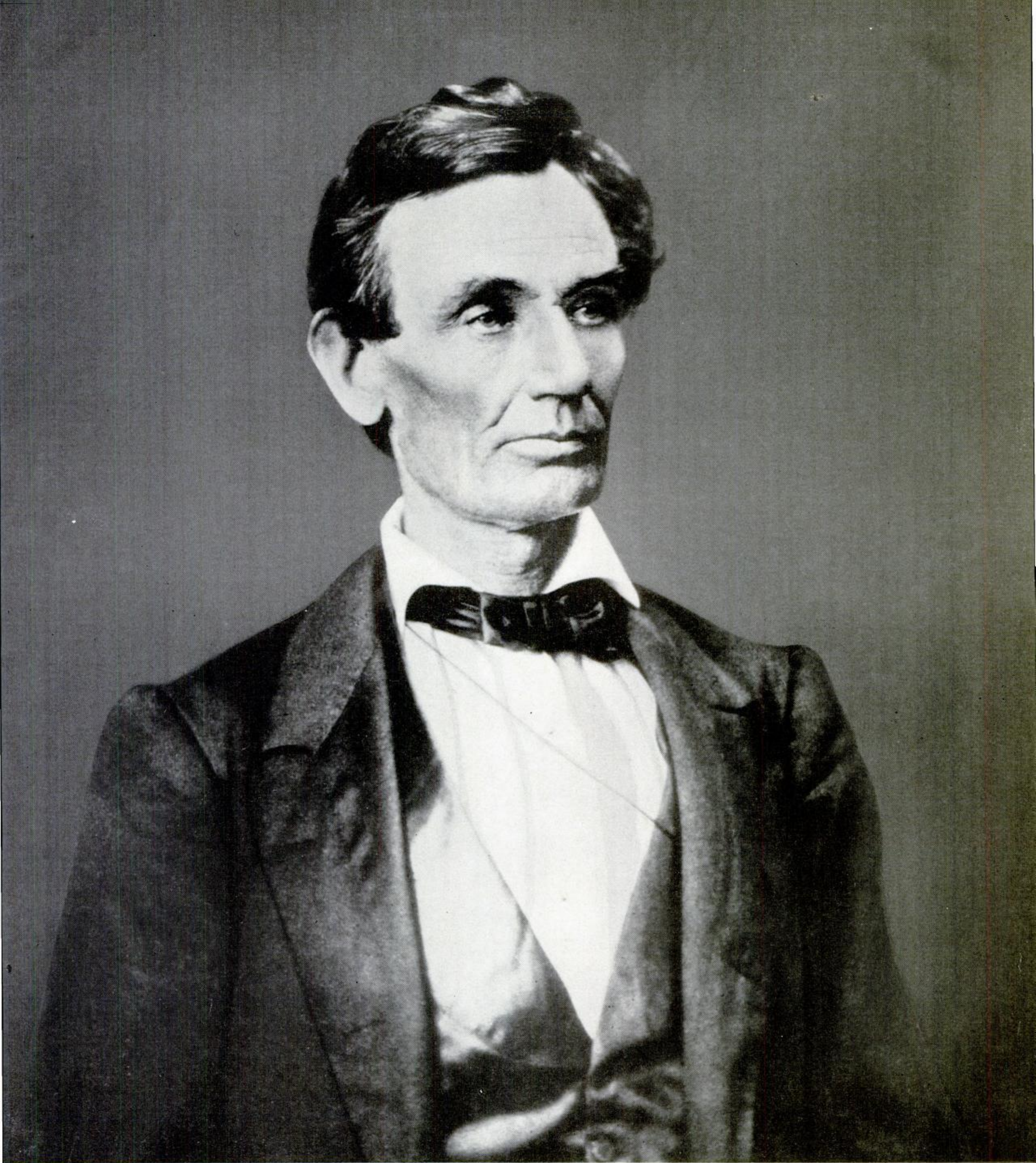
What ravages in flesh and spirit such an ordeal inflicts upon the leader of an embattled nation can be traced in the successive portraits on these pages. They come from a remarkable new book called *Lincoln, His Life in Photographs* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3), which in over 400 pictures, including some never printed before, reproduces with unprecedented precision of image the biography of "the greatest character since Christ." As remarkable as the volume itself is the fact that it took a Hungarian-born refugee from Hitler's Germany, a picture-magazine editor named Stefan Lorant, to produce this most American of books.

On Aug. 26, 1858, five days after his first debate with Douglas on slavery, this Lincoln study in ambrotype was made at Macomb, Ill. Lincoln lost the election but won national fame.



In November 1860, soon after his election as President, Lincoln, at the written request of a little girl, had begun to grow a beard. Still in Springfield, he was seeking to avert civil war.





1860

Lincoln's seven public debates with the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, on the right of Congress to exclude slavery from the territories had brought him before the nation as a statesman of Presidential caliber. Though he himself declared, "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency," he was nominated by the Republicans, the anti-slavery party, in the summer of 1860. For his campaign against the "handsome" and elegant Douglas, his Democratic rival, the Republicans requested him to pose for a photograph by Alexander Hesler of Chicago.

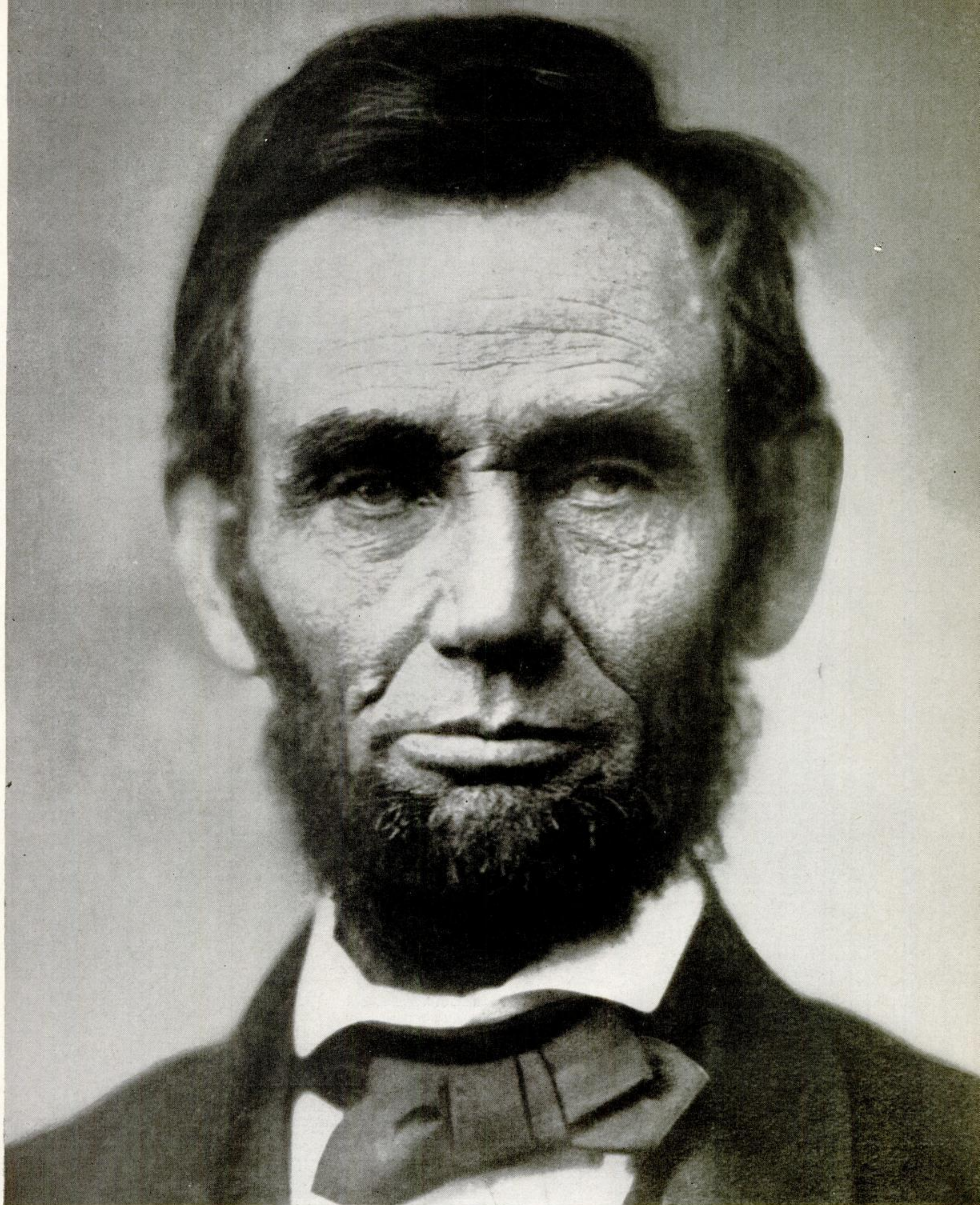
Lincoln, who took no part in the bitter electioneering, wrote Hesler that he was unable to go to Chicago, but if Hesler would come to Springfield he would get "dressed up." Hesler complied and on June 3 took four exposures. This one, carefully retouched to make the rangy Springfield lawyer look fine and friendly, became the Republican campaign portrait and was distributed by the hundreds of thousands. When the votes were counted in November, Lincoln had defeated Douglas by 1,866,452 to 1,376,957. Six weeks later South Carolina seceded from the Union.



1861

A grave and weary Lincoln, a man already touched by intolerable suffering, looks out from this study made during his first months in the White House. It is one of four portraits, taken probably in May, by the great Civil War Photographer Mathew Brady. Behind Lincoln lay three months of turmoil

and dissension. In February the seven seceding Southern States had formed the Confederacy. In April, Fort Sumter was bombarded by Confederate batteries. A few weeks ahead, July 21, lay the disastrous rout of Union armies at Bull Run which ended all illusion of crushing the South with a quick decisive blow.



1863

There are no known pictures of Lincoln in 1862. Perhaps this is because 1862 saw the low ebb of Union fortunes, a year when General McClellan dawdled before Richmond, when Lee escaped after the battle of Antietam and when the nation settled down resentfully to a long and ruthless combat. But in 1863

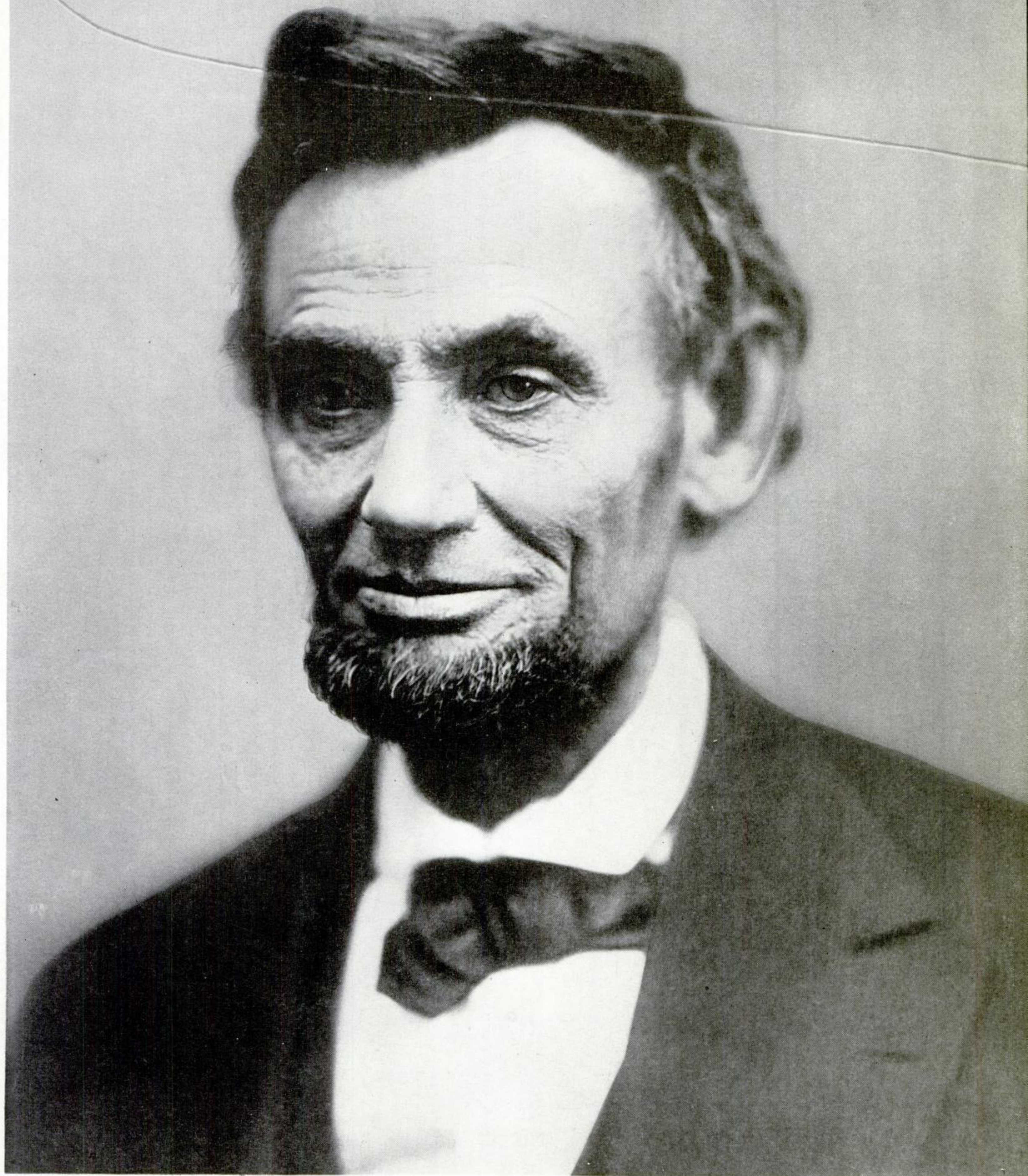
the tide turned. Early in July, Lee's northward march ended in defeat at Gettysburg and Vicksburg fell to Grant. On Nov. 19, Lincoln traveled to Pennsylvania for his immortal Gettysburg address. Four days earlier the rugged leader of a winning nation had gazed into a camera with the determined look recorded above.



1864

This is the Lincoln on the \$5 bill. It was taken when the President first met the man he had vainly sought throughout the tortured years of war—a general who could match in daring the strategy of Lee. That general was tough, hard-drinking Ulysses S. Grant. In May, Grant fought his way through the Wilder-

ness. In September, Sherman took Atlanta, broke the Confederacy's back. In November, though beset on all sides by cavil and blame, Lincoln was re-elected President, defeating General McClellan by 212 to 21 electoral votes. Like the rest of the American people, he felt mortally weary and yearned for peace.



1865

This is Lincoln's last picture. It was taken Palm Sunday, April 9. A month before he had made his great second inaugural address, "with malice toward none; with charity for all." Six days before, Richmond had fallen. This very Sunday morning Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. Now gray and grim,

with lines of inexpressible sorrow creasing his face, he bows under accumulated years of strain. With his wife he discusses returning to Springfield where, since they lack means of living, he would resume his law practice. Five days later, at 10:13 p. m., John Wilkes Booth shot the President to death in Ford's Theatre.

SENTRIES PATROL THE WAR DEPARTMENT'S
UNFINISHED BUILDING AS WORK GOES ON
AT NIGHT BEHIND BRIGHT OFFICE LIGHTS



WASHINGTON GOES TO WAR

by MILTON MAYER



WASHINGTON MONUMENT IS BLACKED OUT EXCEPT FOR AN AIRPLANE BEACON ON TOP OF OBELISK. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS POSTED ON ROOF OF GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING

The reporter flying in from the West is fascinated by the Blue Ridge. It's really a ridge and it's really blue. He turns away from the window to call the attention of his fellow passengers to the view on *his* side and discovers that his fellow passengers are fascinated, not by the view but by the documents they are studying and memoranda they are writing. Their faces are set in earnest preoccupation; they look like men in a dentist's chair or a front-line trench. It suddenly dawns on the reporter that the plane is approaching Washington. Men who are approaching Washington in the month of December 1941 have no time for views; frenzy, frustrating frenzy, is only 15 minutes away.

The plane circles Washington; block-long, two-block-long white buildings that weren't there a month before give the city the appearance of a kitchenette with too many grand pianos in it. But the Washington Monument, starkly stretching skyward among the long, low buildings; the Capitol, reassuringly suggestive of Springfield, Albany, Montgomery or Columbus; the Negro slums, behind the esplanades; the Lincoln Memorial, somewhat more magnificent than a windowless log cabin; the careless, characterless old Potomac—all these, and peace, were here a month ago.

The passengers pile out of the plane and dash to the taxis. The reporter gets in the last one, and it tears away with him. "Take it easy, take it easy," he tells the driver. The driver looks

around at him in bewilderment and then says, "O. K., chief." The driver sizes up the visitor and says: "They won't win the war because there aren't enough cabs in this town, and there aren't enough cabs in this town because they passed a law saying you gotta pay one-third down on a cab so they can win the war."

"What's Congress going to do next?"

"Whatever it does," says the driver, "it'll be wrong. A fine bunch of statesmen they got in this town—nit."

The reporter feels better already; here's an American, a real, honest-to-God American, complaining about everything in sight and especially the Government. The country isn't lost yet.

It takes 20 minutes to get across the bridge, 25 more to get to the Willard Hotel. Traffic everywhere is jammed; lines of passenger cars, Army trucks and jeeps are stalled at the narrow approaches to the bridges. "The Nazis couldn't invade this town," says the cabby, "not in the rush hour."

Men and women are swarming out of the Navy Building, the War Department, Labor, Interior, Commerce, not with the orderliness of ants but like lemmings swarming blindly toward the Baltic. The War Department is heavily guarded by men with bayonets fixed on ancient Springfields; the Navy Building isn't guarded at all.

"Mayer? Mayer?" says the clerk at the Willard. "We have no reservation for Mayer."

"Oh, yes, you have," says Mayer.

"Oh, no, we haven't," says the clerk, "and," he adds pleasantly, "I don't know where you *would* get a room."

Mayer thereupon produces a letter from seven of the nine justices of the Supreme Court respectfully imploring the Willard Hotel to give him a room, and the clerk says, "Well, try 705."

Room 705 has two occupants. One, the chambermaid, is cleaning up. The other is the person she is cleaning up after, legally known as the previous occupant. He is putting on his shirt and packing his suitcase and brief case all at once. He spills all his papers out of his brief case while trying to close it and button the top button of his shirt at the same time. His remarks, at this point, are enough to make a chambermaid blush in any city but Washington, and then he lights a cork-tipped cigaret at the wrong end, snarls, "I'm going, I'M GOING," and goes.

All the way from the Blue Ridge to Room 705 of the Willard the reporter has been undergoing (without knowing it) the process of being charged, like a battery. Now he picks up the phone to call the people he's written for interviews. There's a long, long wait until the operator answers. Then, once a minute for 15 minutes, he calls Republic 3050; the line is busy. He finally connects and then in quick succession, except for one disconnection which involves start-



Hotels are crowded to capacity. Rooms must be reserved in advance. Nearly everyone at the Mayflower Hotel seems to receive a telegram (above). Below: Washington is slogan-conscious. Others are "Remember Pearl Harbor," and the slogan of the Steel Division of OPM, "Don't Let Them Catch Us With Our Plants Down."



WASHINGTON GOES TO WAR (continued)

ing all over again, he gets three different four-number extensions and finally talks to somebody who explains that Mr. Leon Henderson has been too busy to answer his (or anybody else's) letter, too busy to see anybody, to eat or to sleep. "But he *does* want to see you," says Mr. Henderson's lady. He really does, too; everybody in Washington wants to see everybody. If they ever succeed, the country will collapse.

By the time the day is over, the visiting reporter, having made connections with none of the people he came to Washington to make connections with, is no longer an outlander. He's a Washingtonian; he bears the unmistakable stamp, the harried, haggard face, the quietly delirious smile, the sunken eye and the desperate soul. Strangers even come up to him on the street and ask him directions.

The frenzy of wartime Washington means something entirely different from the frenzy of Americans trying to catch the 8:12 in the morning or get their cattle into the barn before a storm or get to the hospital before the baby comes. The frenzy of wartime Washington means that nobody ever has any time for anything but frenzy. It means that anything beyond right away is too remote to bother with, that nobody, from the President down, has any time to sit and think, that everyone is up to his ears in the next ten minutes, tomorrow, next Tuesday, a week from today at the latest. One of the defense directors I interviewed at 11 a. m. had to decide the locations for nine smokeless powder plants before noon and get the foundations started by morning.

The questions that are debated in Washington, not just by the generals and the production men but by everybody, are questions of the next step. "Don't ask us where we're going," they say, "get out of the way and let us get there." The slogan one sees on every wall, in foot-high letters, is **TIME IS SHORT**. Knudsen and Hillman see it, every clerk and stenographer sees it, in great big foot-high letters screaming **TIME IS SHORT**, and the man who wants to ask questions sees it and doesn't ask the questions. In a week in Washington I talked to hundreds of statesmen, diplomats, industrialists and soda clerks, and none of them—none of them, mind you—said a word about the great crusade that rings through the Presidential speeches. None of them said a word about war aims, or the next peace, or the new world, or the four freedoms. Men who have no time cannot think about these things, and men in Washington have no time. No one really has time to sit down and listen to men who wanted to build Army morale by educating soldiers for democracy as well as training them for defense. No one even thought of building civilian morale by having Mr. Roosevelt deplore the conduct of municipal authorities who denied Wheeler and Lindbergh the right of free speech.

Washington's one industry is government

But the problem of morale, entrusted to a few dilettantes and peptalkers before the war, no longer exists for anyone I talked to in Washington. It is dispelled by the comfortable conviction that the Japanese attack was enough. It is lost in the miasmic mists of hurry, hurry, hurry. Mr. Roosevelt's failing has always been his preoccupation with the present. That very failing, of course, made and makes for magnificent day-to-day leadership. He knew his failing, too, and surrounded himself, in the beginning, with men whose job it was to take the long view. Today, the visionaries, the theorists, the makers-over are gone or transferred into men of action. The long view itself has vanished with them.

The disappearance of the long view is only half the explanation of the Washington of December 1941. Provincialism, provincialism unimaginable by any American who hasn't been there, is the other half. The capital of world interventionism is the most isolated city on earth. And its isolation is infinitely worse than that of any Wyoming four-corners because Washington is a one-industry city, a company town. Any rural cracker-barrel attracts a greater diversity of viewpoints than Washington does. Here is a strictly artificial city, the only major capital in the world that produces nothing but government. Here is a city without any balance whatever, with everyone boring everyone else to death talking shop, a city that cannot be a community because its interests are not communal but identical. The city of Washington is 150 years old this year; an old bookseller shook his head sadly and said, "You'd think somebody would at least have had a dinner or something, wouldn't you?" You would, if you didn't know Washington.

There is nothing in Washington to make an American citizen out of a Washingtonian, neither a vote nor a general sales tax. And there are no governed in Washington, there are only governors, ex-gover-

nors, prospective governors and all their servitors, satellites, retainers and sycophants. The effect is that of intense inbreeding. In time the realization that there is a world outside the walled city, the [Forbidden City of the emperor and his entourage, disappears altogether. Hard upon forgetfulness of the world outside follows ignorance. A distinguished senator from one of the most "isolationist" States told me that "any fool knows we've been at war for a year." A former cabinet officer, a Washington editor and one of the Pooh-Bahs in defense production told me the same thing: "Why, we've been in this war since last spring." But there were millions of "fools," most of the "fools" in the country, who didn't know we were at war until the Japs attacked Hawaii.

The Government is spending \$32,000,000 this year on its "information services," its press agents large and small. They turn out hundreds of thousands of words a day, and they're just beginning. I overheard one of them complaining to another that he wasn't getting a "break." "Don't worry, son," said the first, "this war is only in its first phrase." Phrases, phrases, phrases, and the citizens of Pocatello, Idaho, and Punxsutawney, Pa. are still in the dark, still wondering what's going on. Churchill's heroic statement that "never before in history have so many owed so much to so few" applies to Washington: "Never before in history have so few kept so much from so many."

Rest of America is "the field"

It isn't just because of the wartime mania for mystery; the mystery boils down to the fact that nobody knows just who is to tell whom what. Jesse Jones has been told not to reveal the locations of the plants he is financing, but Harold Ickes hasn't been told not to reveal the locations of power lines that lead to the plants. Occasionally the central talkers go out into "the field" (America to you), but they spend their time talking to professional talkers. There's a land beyond Washington, a land of little people leading little lives, growing a little wheat and running a little store, a land of whooping cough and rheumatism, of blossoming apples in the orchard and plaguy rabbits in the garden, a land of supper at night and dinner at noon, of who's gonna use the laundry on Mondays and you can't get a breath of air in this apartment, a land of the New City Hotel and Hank's Bar-B-Que, a land that nourishes men for a little while and then gathers them in and extracts a little nourishment from them and feeds their children on it. This is the land that fights and wins or loses the wars. This is the land that can tell the "information officers" what America is all about.

The stranger in wartime Washington is a stranger in his own country, and no one, in a White House anteroom or a Georgetown cocktail party, believes the wondrous tales he tells of the primitives who inhabit the bush beyond the Chevy Chase Club, of the child-like savages who grub and forage in the hills, the plains and the prairies between the Blue Ridge and Hollywood, of their simple-mindedness, their unsophistication, and their unawareness that civilization is Washington and there is no other. Washington is vaguely aware that these natives in the hills, the plains and the prairies are not cannibals, idolaters or pygmies. But what they are, Washington neither knows nor cares.

The stranger in Washington likewise learns wondrous things about Washington. One of them is that in the welter of connivers, intriguers, fixers and finaglers, something like three out of every five men running the country at the moment are selflessly devoted to the common weal. Most of the men I talked to stand to lose infinitely more than they stand to gain by any criterion of loss and gain. And most of them, including congressmen, are working longer and harder hours for their country than they ever worked for themselves.

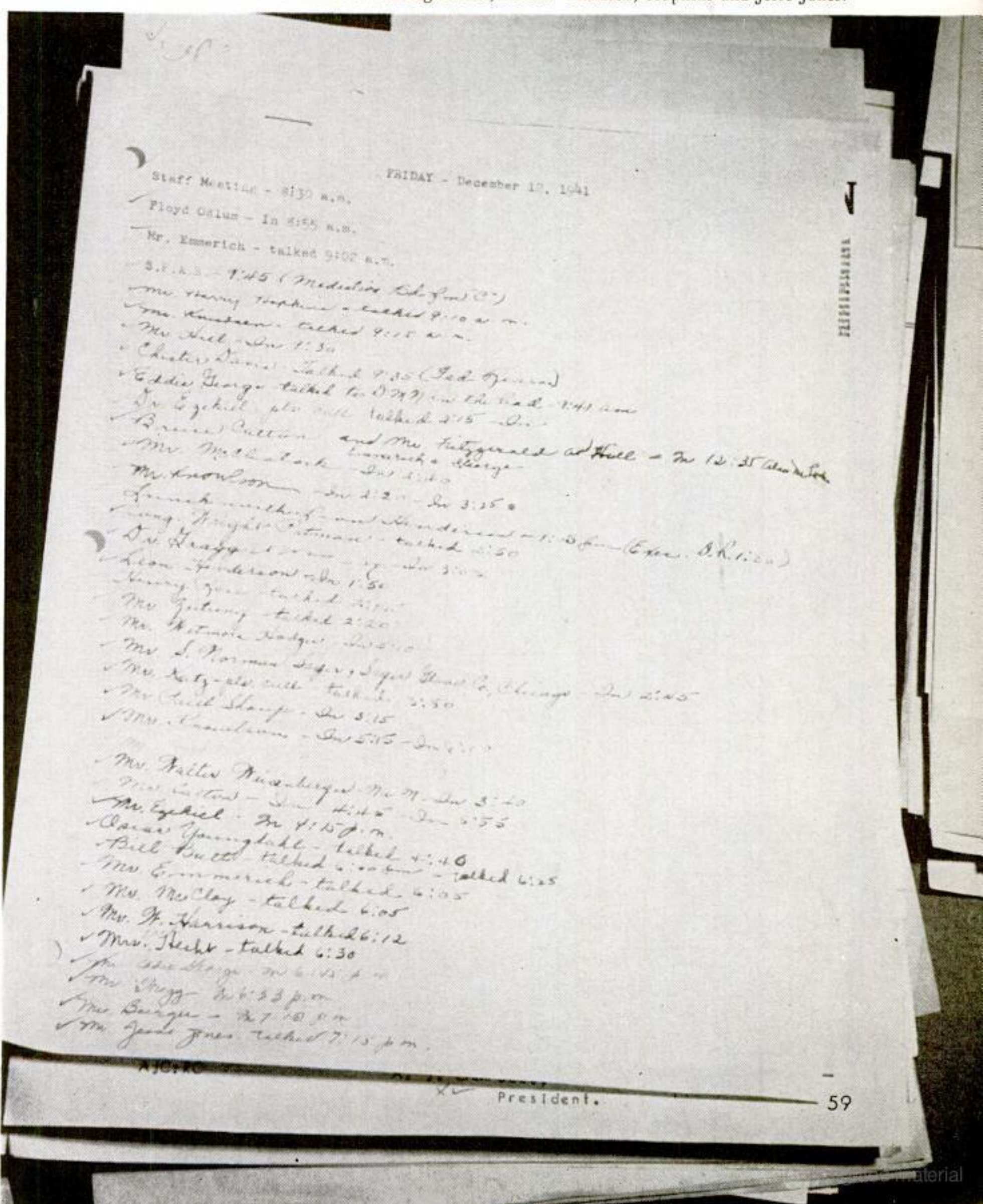
Now none of these consecrated men is 100% consecrated. To a greater or lesser degree every one of them derives tremendous personal satisfaction from having a hand in history in the making. Some have thrown themselves into this thing because they were bored with board-chairmanships or ambulance chasing. Some have a big-shot complex which is gratified by the opportunity to touch the hem of the garment of a Roosevelt, a Knudsen or a Biddle. And some are feathering their nests on the excellent assumption that Government, whoever is running it, is going to be the biggest thing in this country for a long time to come.

There are outright connivers aplenty, of course. There are party politicians still playing a party game; labor leaders who still place union labor or themselves ahead of the country; New Dealers who left the administration to use their real or pretended influence to get Government contracts for people; and sudden converts among powerful gentlemen who, up until Dec. 7, hated Roosevelt a great deal harder than they hated Hitler. The support that all these interesting

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Offices are crowded. This beehive is the public-relations department of the Navy. Below: a list of the 39 appointments that Donald Nelson, director of priorities, had between 8:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. on Dec. 12. Lunch was with Leon Henderson of OPACS. Among others, he saw Knudsen, Hopkins and Jesse Jones.



OFF ON A BUSINESS TRIP! YOU'RE
MOPING IN A HOTEL ROOM—
HOMESICK AS CAN BE—



GEE, YOU'D LIKE TO TELL THE
FOLKS BACK HOME HOW MUCH
YOU MISS THEM!



IDEA! DASH OUT TO AN
F. T. D.* FLORIST. TELL HIM TO
TELEGRAPH FLOWERS!



FLOWERS WILL SAY AS NOTHING ELSE
CAN, "I'M MILES AWAY—BUT MY
HEART'S HOME WITH YOU!"



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Traffic congestion is a major civic problem, with cars and buses moving hub-to-hub four to six lanes deep as commuters arrive over Long

Bridge and surge up 14th St. to their Government offices. There is a car for every three and two-tenths persons living in Washington.

WASHINGTON GOES TO WAR (continued)

characters are offering is reminiscent of a postelection political honeymoon involving a shotgun bride.

Everyone expects the honeymoon to end within months, perhaps weeks, perhaps with the Pearl Harbor investigation. Everyone expects that when the honeymoon ends, the dead cats and the low punches will fill the air again and under the cover of honest criticism the men who hate Roosevelt will throw everything they've got into a desperate effort to unhorse him. They won't have Willkie, Landon or Hoover with them, but they will have all the elements which see in Roosevelt's war-presidency a consolidation of his power that no electoral victory could ever give him. The time for the opposition to strike is, of course, after a big defeat or a terrible bungle, when national morale is momentarily low. And there are men in Washington, a few of them in the war government itself, who are willing to see it happen.

And Washington knows it. This is something that didn't exist between 1933 and 1940; then the New Dealers were in, the Old Dealers were out. The defense program brought miscegenation with it, and with miscegenation mistrust. Dollar-a-year men confide to a friendly reporter their mistrust of Governmental incompetence, and Government men confide their mistrust of dollar-a-year morality. The old bureaucrats don't like the dollar-a-year men nor the New Dealers either. And the New Deal left-wingers are trying, without much success but with all the avidity they have, to save the country from the New Deal right-wingers, among whom they number the President. Conspiracy is quiescent in Washington, but the stiletto market is booming.

Conspiracy at a different, and somewhat less ominous, level is raging openly. The elbowing for position and power—in some cases it is more like kneeling than elbowing—shocks the visitor who forgets that the same thing goes on in the Elks, the Tuesday Ladies' Club or the pants factory back home. It is worse in Washington, naturally, because royalty is being made and unmade every day and nobody knows for sure who is going to be tapped or tossed out on his ear. The town is as full of Richelieus as a masked ball, and below the level of the Richelieus the hundreds of No. 2, 3 and 4 men spend a fair share of their time running around trying to find out just who the real Richelieu is and who will take his place when his star begins to wane.

The bars, the parlors and even, it is said, the bedrooms buzz with very small talk about very big people. The struggle among the lionesses, those camp followers disguised as Washington hostesses, for the pos-

session of live lions and their dread of being caught with a dead one on their hands exalts ordinary backstairs gossip to the level of power politics.

Who are the "Coming" men?

I am able to report to the country, on the authority of some of the leading "old women" (male and female) of Washington, that the "coming" men are Paul McNutt ("Don't forget how he stepped aside for Wallace in the 1940 convention"), Justice William O. Douglas ("The Boss's choice for his successor"), Milo Perkins, the quiet genius whose successful Food Stamp plan elevated him to the directorship of the Economic Defense Board, and Wayne Coy, McNutt's master strategist in Indiana days and one of The Boss's administrative assistants. Baruch and Willkie ("You can take it from me") are window-dressing. Ickes doesn't mean a thing and Hopkins is just a glorified messenger boy. The Boss is still afraid to move without Jesse Jones, but the "coming" men are against Jones. Knox is on The Lap because he's rough, tough and bluff, "But he'll be a Republican when the war's over and don't think The Boss doesn't know it." Wallace isn't worth cultivating—"He's a mystic;" "He thinks too much." Mrs. Roosevelt is shifting her political affection from LaGuardia to MacLeish—"Watch MacLeish." And, of course, to get Jimmy Roosevelt into your "show" (every new agency is a "show") is as good as a seat at the White House breakfast table.

Probably all, certainly some, of this talk is strictly cockeyed. It is, nevertheless, the talk that Washington lives by. And it is not only Washington that lives by it; anyone coming to Washington to peddle anything, from an idea to a steel plant, is given to understand that he is wasting his time if he rings the front doorbell instead of setting himself up in a suite at the Mayflower and spending a week or two discovering the family entrance.

The fixed star of the Washington universe is, of course, The Boss. With a wave of his cigaret holder he makes or breaks men, agencies, deals and dreams. A "line" to the President is worth a year's cultivation of all the dollar-a-year men put together. Influence in Washington means influence with Roosevelt; there is no other.

Washington's reverence for the President, except in the case of a few men like Wallace, Ickes, Hopkins, Hull and MacLeish, is based not on his principles but on his power. Within 24 hours after Roosevelt has smiled upon a man, that man is receiving invitations to houses that would have slammed the door in his face the day before; senators, ambassadors and dow-

agers follow him down the street in the hope that he'll drop his handkerchief. The man who can say *casually*, "When I was with the President Tuesday—," is made. A large photograph of the President graces every glass-topped desk; I encountered one, inscribed, "To Joe, from his old friend Franklin," on the desk of a gentleman who 15 months ago was financing the Willkie campaign and had never met Roosevelt.

And yet, with all the pettiness, all the bootlicking and all the back-stabbing, the Washington of World War II is doing a conscientious and devoted job. To carp at the waste, the stupidity, the disorganization and the red tape—and there is plenty to carp at—is to forget that we Americans have always insisted that that Government is best which governs least. To carp is to forget that the traditional American attitude has exalted efficiency in business and inefficiency in Government. To carp is to forget Government men who have never thought of producing and production men who have never thought of governing have been thrown together to do a Government-production job in a hurry.

To carp, finally, is to forget that the U. S. is a democracy. An imperfect democracy—sure; a stumbling, balky, divided democracy—why, of course. But for all of its failings, it is the only great nation on earth that honors in its heart the ancient ideal that men, all men, are or can be able to govern themselves. Autocracy, as someone pointed out, is a majestic liner that ploughs through the seas, while democracy is an old homemade raft that is half awash and next to impossible to get anywhere on at all; and the only trouble with autocracy is that when it hits a rock it goes down with all hands aboard, while the rude raft of democracy, its crew standing knee-deep in water, simply won't sink.

Wartime Washington is, by and large, working as hard as any government can and as efficiently as any government can work which suddenly decides it has to be a national, rather than a party or an interest, government. There are loafers, figureheads and somebody's relatives who pick up the long-distance phone as soon as you walk into their offices. There are men who have been sitting in their offices since Dec. 7, waiting, some of them less patiently than others, for somebody to appear from somewhere to tell them what to do. There are payrollers and clock-watchers, just as there are in your own city hall and the bank on the corner. But Donald Nelson's three secretaries at OPM simply go on working until Mr. Nelson's work is done, and Mr. Nelson's work is never done, and I saw the same devotion displayed more consistently in Washington than you or I ever saw it displayed back home.

Nobody can keep up with the pace

It is perfectly true that men, offices, projects, whole agencies are here today and gone tomorrow, or on their way somewhere else; that the expansion of personnel is such that nobody can keep up with it; that the telephone company, with all the workers and equipment it can lay its hands on, can handle neither the local nor long-distance calls during peak periods; that great big chunks of authority are left lying around undelegated or are delegated to three or four unrelated agencies at once; and that nobody seems to be sure of anything. "The trouble is," I heard one industrialist tell another in the Willard lobby, "that they won't say yes and they won't say no."

Still, that is the America we know and the America we built, and if it won't do for our present purposes we'll have to improve it, slowly and painfully. Sooner or later the stranger in Washington who keeps his shirt on finds somebody who can assure him that if Mr. Veepings isn't in Temporary "E" Building, Mr. Snodgrass in Room 6446-B-1 of the New Social Security Building—taken over by OPM and nobody has seen the Social Security Administration for months—will either know where Mr. Veepings is or will know somebody in Room 7612, ninth corridor to your right, of the New War Department Building—not the old New one but the new New one—who will know where Mr. Veepings can be located, if he's still with us.

It's probably just as well that we edged into war the way we did, because the year-and-a-half-old agencies have had time to begin to settle down to something like going concerns. The efficiency of democratic government is no greater than the citizens want it to be, and until the shooting began the citizens weren't sure just how efficient they wanted it to be. Now they know. At 12 o'clock noon of Thursday, Dec. 11, one of the biggest industrialists in America, a commanding figure in the production of one of the most vital of all war materials, appeared before a board set up to regulate the industry and began making a speech about his responsibilities to his stockholders and the inefficiency of government. At the same time Mr. Roosevelt finished his Germany-Italy war message and

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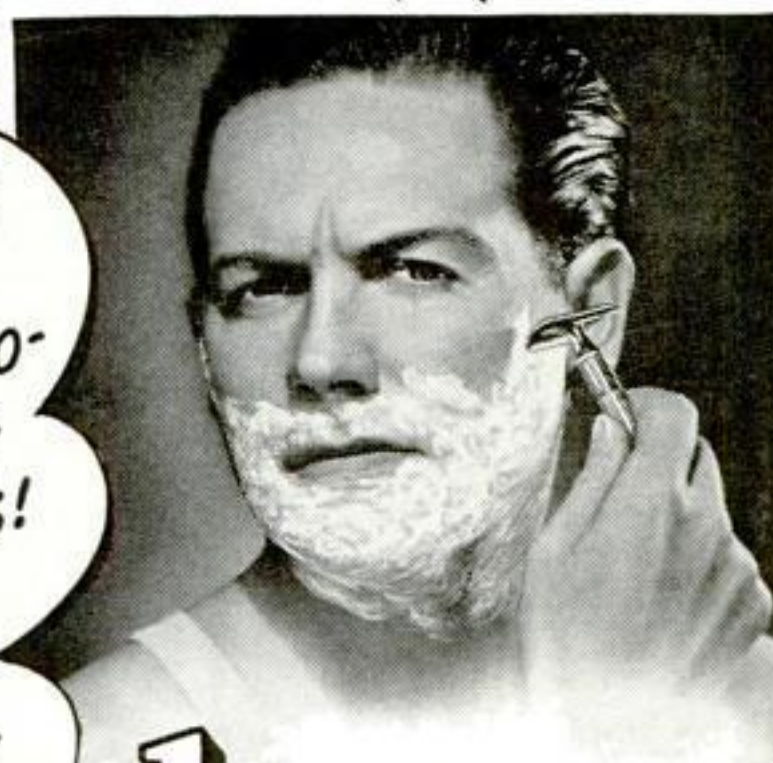
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RAZOR S-M-O-O-T-H-L-Y
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ALSO IN
THE BIG
MONEY-SAVING
HALF-POUND
JAR

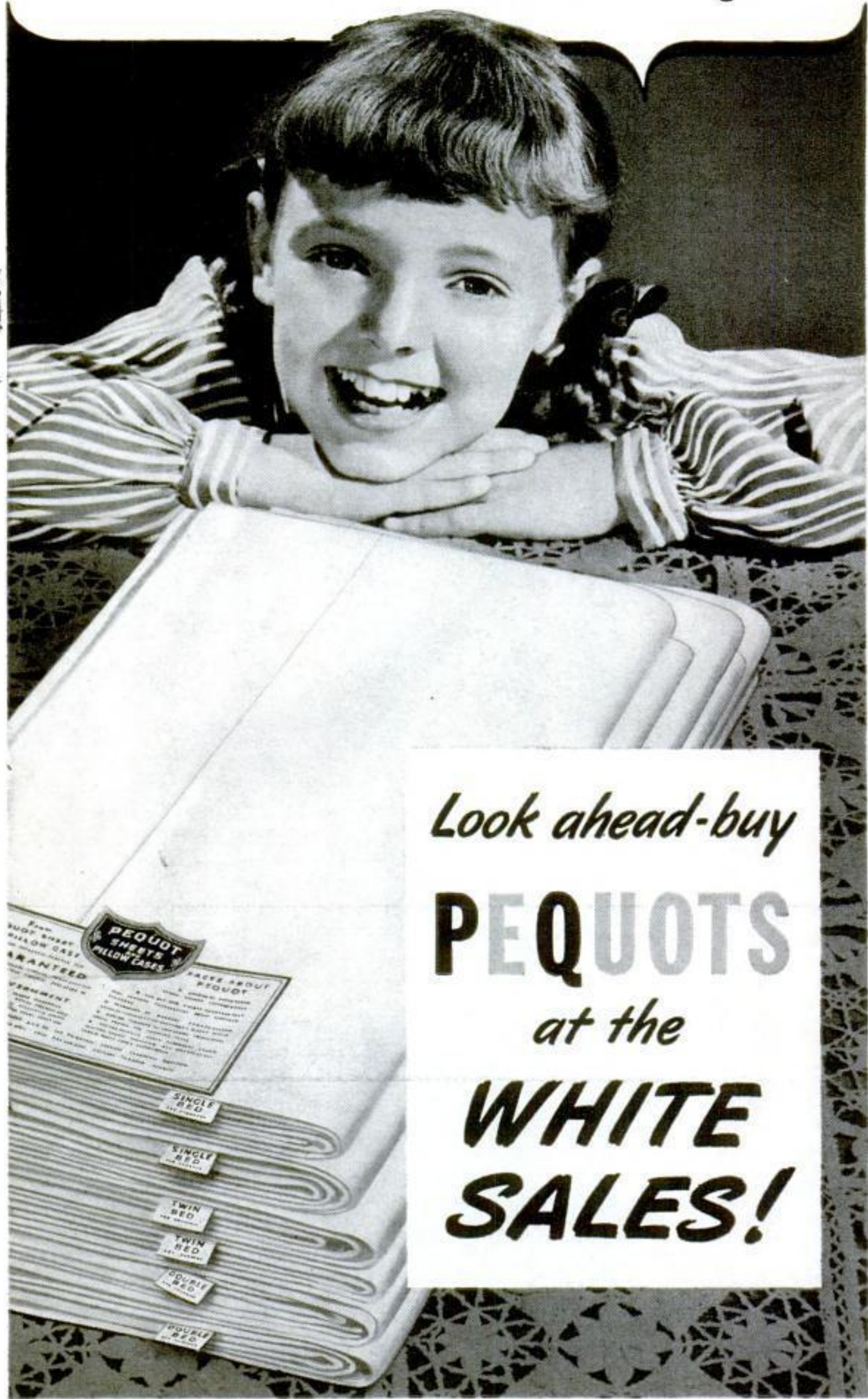
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Insist on Pequot Sheets—because Pequots wear. They are probably the greatest combination of durability and beauty that ever went into a sheet value. We sincerely believe that Pequots will outlast any sheet on the market, under the same conditions of wear. Every Pequot Super-Service Sheet bears a guarantee that it exceeds U.S. Government standards...every Pequot is an investment in years of wear.

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PEQUOT SHEETS
PEQUOT...AN INDIAN NAME  PRONOUNCED PEE-KWAT

WASHINGTON GOES TO WAR (continued)

sent it to Congress. When the declaration of war had been passed and the President had signed it, the industrialist was still making his speech about his responsibilities to his stockholders and the inefficiency of government. The Government board proceeded to draft the regulations for his industry, and he went on making his speech.

For 18 months Knudsen and Hillman were stalled when men and industries refused to go along with them. There are stories that some businessmen of "fine old American stock" stalked out of OPM muttering that a "couple of foreigners" would never tell them what to do. Today, when all the cards are on the table and the recalcitrant businessman says he'll "think it over," Big Bill Knudsen and Little Sidney Hillman, a couple of foreigners who built America with their hands, say in almost identical accents, "Vell, ve haven't much time to think it over. Ve have got 24 hours to think it over, and so have you." OPM today is no less efficient than any private production office in a time of crisis.

But the newer agencies are confusion confounded. And the most confounded is the Office of Civilian Defense. This is the official catchall for anyone who shows up in Washington wanting to "do something." Neither its authority nor its scope is clear. With astounding disregard of local conditions, local authorities and local tempers, with apparent ignorance of the early mistakes that England made in civilian defense, it plays entirely by ear. Fiorello LaGuardia, as mayor of New York, orders schoolchildren sent home during air-raid alarms; the following day the OCD, of which Fiorello LaGuardia is director, orders children not to be sent home during air-raid alarms.

One night last week the OCD phoned the National Park Service and ordered the floodlights doused on the Washington Monument. The lights were doused, and five minutes later the Civil Aeronautics Authority called the Park Service and ordered the floodlights turned on. This went on, with the Park Service dutifully turning the lights off and on and all Washington watching the fun, until the Park Service introduced the OCD to the CAA, which explained that the Monument couldn't be blacked out until every commercial and military pilot in the country had been warned. The OCD hadn't thought of that.

Washington's intolerance of criticism—except of the way a rival agency is doing its job—distresses the visitor until he remembers that Washington has no patience at all with the rest of the country and very little any more with itself. Its hysteria, and it is definitely hysterical, is fed constantly by the pressure of more work per man than any man can possibly do, by the necessity to see more people than any man can possibly see, by the effort to keep track of more projects at different stages of development than any man can possibly keep track of. Its hysteria is fed, too, by frustration, by frustration arising from working day and night on a vital project and then seeing it disappear into a labyrinth of executive confusion, Congressional logrolling, and private interest. One gentleman, still working frantically as a consulting expert, told me how he had demonstrated the necessity to eliminate the chrome and nickel trim from the 1941 cars and again from 1942 production. Over an



Partial blackout of Government buildings is shattered by brilliant glow from new War Department building whose construction continues at night (above). Capital's precau-

18-month period he could find nobody who disagreed with him, but nothing was done about it; and when he asked why not he was answered, approximately once a month for 18 months, with, "It's being considered." From other bloodshot experts I got the same story on the conservation and production of high-octane gas, copper, rubber and half a dozen other vital materials—18 months and nothing done.

Now that things have got to be done and political considerations and personal interests have got to be shelved, some of the elements of hysteria will disappear. But nothing will be done about the worst and most obvious of all, the city itself, with its maddening traffic system and its hopeless transportation facilities, with its skyrocketing rents and prices, its endless stretches of wretched slums and dismal boardinghouses, its confused and confusing atmosphere of an old Southern town, complete with mansions, magnolias and race discrimination, combined with a roaring Northern metropolis hell-bent on 20th Century business.

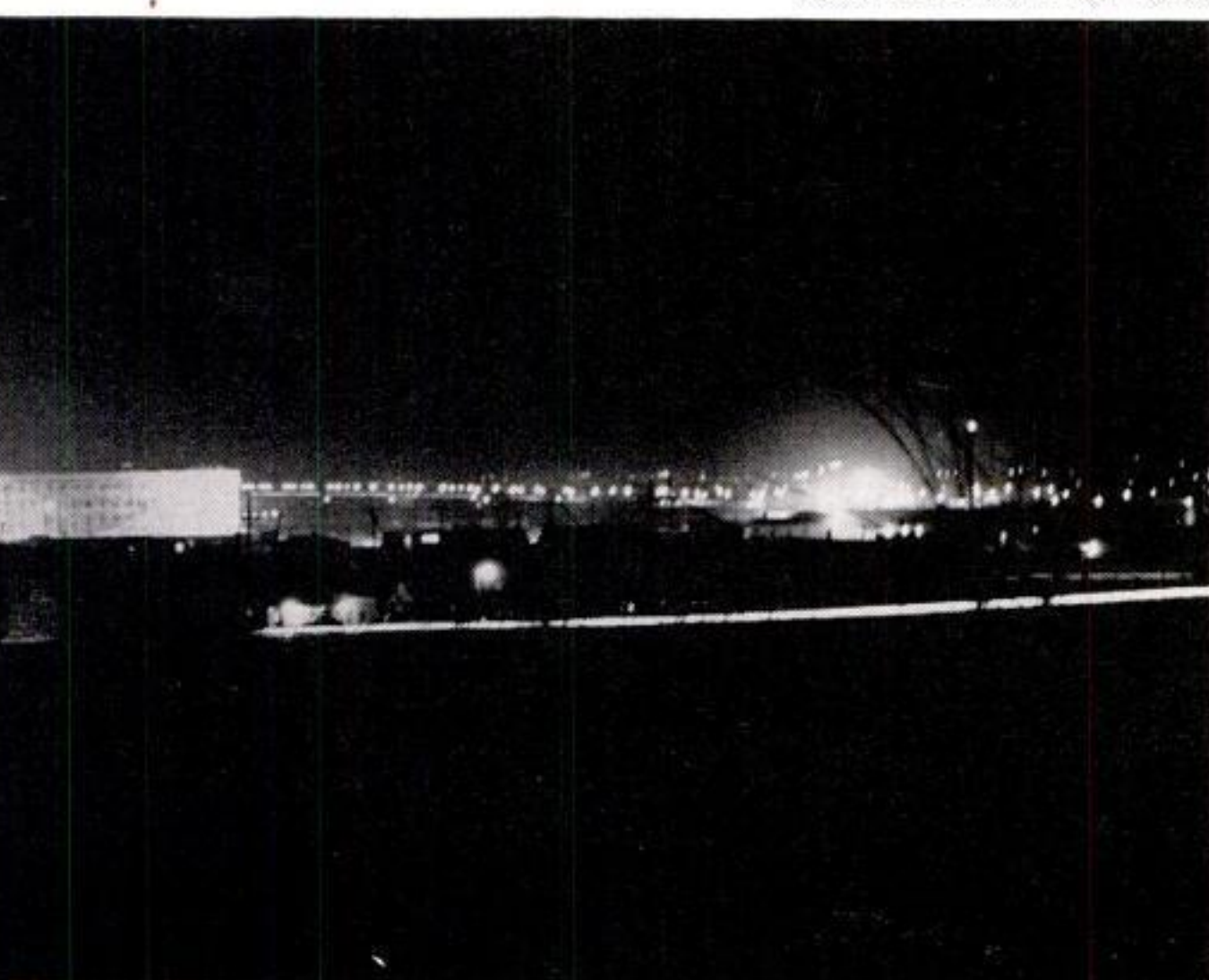
Sixty thousand stenographers are on hand

The city's very statistics are fantastic. The thought of 60,000 stenographers and 600,000,000 filing cards is enough to drive anyone to drink, and it does. Washington has no night life because the clerks and stenographers who are really Washington can't afford it. The defense people, some of them earning little more than clerks, shudder so palpably at the notion of living the humdrum lives of clerks and lust so palpably for the gala life of the big shots that they all live far beyond their means, spending their money in the bars and the restaurants and on rent for suburban houses they never dreamed of having at home.

All this, combined with the Gargantuan pressure of running a war, adds up to a state of tension which no one in Washington is aware of because everyone's in it. But a visitor would stake his life on the assertion that there is more liquor, more black coffee, more cigarettes and cigars and, on top of it all, more sedatives consumed among the middle-income people in Washington today than anywhere at any time in history. "The occupational diseases of Washington," a prosperous physician solemnly informed me, "are peptic ulcers and coronary thrombosis." And one of the subalterns in OPA told me that he didn't even try to go to sleep without taking a strong dose of amytal which his doctor assures him is not only habit-forming but hard on his heart, and he named 30 or 40 friends of his in the same agency who did the same thing.

Washington's hysteria is peculiar. No one pays any attention to the anti-aircraft guns that are mounted on top of the Government buildings. No one rants at the Japanese (though somebody *did* cut down a couple of the famous Japanese cherry trees the night the news came in from Hawaii). No one looks under his bed for spies and saboteurs (though one landlady threw a refugee German out of her boardinghouse, and when he protested that he worked for the Library of Congress, she said that maybe the Government could afford to be careless, but she couldn't). No one paid any attention at all to the first air-raid practice (though several people informed me that the siren, discarded nine years ago by the Rockville, Md. Volunteer Fire Department, couldn't be heard a block away).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



tions were not simplified when "blackout" test was held on a recent Sunday morning. Paradoxically, although the White House is blacked out, nearby street lights remain lit.

WHY DO MOTHER AND DAD HAVE TO REST SO MUCH?



Well son, it's like this: they forget to do a very simple thing—to take as good care of themselves as they do of you children. You know how mother looks after you so carefully, insists that you eat the right things. Makes sure you keep regular. That's why she gives you those swell California prunes for breakfast.

It's too bad more grown-ups don't take their own advice and follow this simple way to regularity; Just eat six delicious California prunes every morning.

A 30-SECOND HEALTH QUIZ

- Q. What is a practical health program that is easy to follow?**
A. (1) Eat well-balanced meals. (2) Get plenty of sleep. (3) Exercise moderately but regularly. (4) Avoid sluggishness by eating six delicious California prunes for breakfast every morning.
- Q. Do California prunes really correct sluggishness?**
A. Yes, they have a natural regulative effect. That is why doctors generally recommend them for children. California prunes also contain the important vitamins A, B, G (B2), and are a good source of calcium, phosphorus and iron.
- Q. But don't prunes get tiresome when you eat them every morning?**
A. No. They can be served in many different ways. For example . . .

TRY CALIFORNIA PRUNES THESE 3 DELICIOUS WAYS



- 1** Serve six California prunes with milk or cream. **2** Put six tasty prunes on your favorite cereal. **3** Squeeze lemon juice on six California prunes.

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DEPT. B, 58 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



THE OLD K. P. IT'S JUST WHAT IT USED TO BE

Onions, K. P. duty, and that good old Army "slum" will probably always be the same. But the new Army gas mask is really new. Even the two Lift-the-Dot fasteners that hold it safe and instantly ready in its carrier have been streamlined and improved under Army engineering direction. They lock securely on three sides; open on the fourth side in a flash.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.

DOT SNAP FASTENERS



IT'S A Snap IN THE ARMY NOW

On Gas Mask Carriers
When snapped together a Lift-the-Dot fastener locks securely on three sides. Lift the fourth side—the side with the dot—and it opens easily.

WASHINGTON GOES TO WAR (continued)

No, Washington's hysteria is unrecognizable by ordinary standards. But the stranger gets the immediate sense that everyone is driving everyone else to well-controlled frenzy, like some primitive sect of Quakers.

Washington, as this war gets going, is confused and chaotic beyond description. Precious days and weeks are wasted and will be wasted in bickering, backbiting, horse-trading and politicking. Precious lives will be lost and have been lost, because of disorganization, incompetence and shoddiness. It's nothing to brag about, certainly. But maybe that's the way democracy, the homemade raft that's half awash but never sinks, gets started. It took two years to get started in Lincoln's Washington, and there are those who say it never really got started at all in World War I. But maybe it has to be that way in order not to be something worse.

Something worse would be the ruthless rule and the relentless efficiency to which so many people who decided they couldn't govern themselves succumbed. Something worse than the red tape and the backing and filling and the bungling of inexperienced men would be the graft and the scandals that demoralize people's faith in government. Profiteering, favoritism—yes, there's profiteering and there's favoritism. But everyone knows who the profiteers and the favorites are, and there's a fighting chance of catching up with them. Selfishness, ambition—plenty of selfishness and ambition. But not a whisper of corruption, and not a hint of repression.

The reporter, reflecting on his visit to Washington, has an idea that the only thing his Government might do that it isn't doing is to take the long view. The once-bitten-twice-shy American people want to be sure they're fighting for a different peace and a different world from the peace and the world they won the last time. They want to punish Hitler, but even God, when He punished Lucifer, punished him because He wanted to get a few things done that Lucifer didn't want to let Him do.

The American people don't want to beat Hitler just to beat Hitler; that way lies another Versailles and another war and still another Versailles and another war. They want their Government, this time, to help them plan a better peace and a better world. But if anyone in wartime Washington is thinking about a better peace and a better world, no one is talking about it. No one has time to think or talk about anything but winning the war.

The President likes a fight

President Roosevelt has told us that he wants a better peace and a better world; so did President Wilson, but President Wilson, along with everyone else in the Washington of 1917-18, threw himself into the winning of the war and he lost the peace and the world. President Roosevelt isn't likely to forget the lesson of 1917-18, but a president of a country at war is a very busy man, and his business tends to be the business of the moment, of the next ten minutes, of tomorrow, of next week at the latest.

Before I left Washington I attended the President's press conference, and I found him, on superficial contact, the same lighthearted leader who licked paralysis, Hoover, Landon, Willkie and Depression by grabbing one lighthearted expedient after another out of the fogs. I found him hearty, impulsive, impetuous and cocksure. I found him a man who likes to fight, eat and sleep; a man who loves power and praise; a man whose head certainly lies easier on his pillow than that of any other living ruler; a man who doesn't, and perhaps couldn't, brood very long over anything. In a word, a man of action.

From the White House I wandered, like so many before me, over to the Lincoln Memorial and I stood there a long time, not so much looking at as feeling the presence of a heavy-hearted man who didn't like to fight, a man who brooded very long over everything. And as I descended from the Lincoln Memorial into the frenzy of Washington again, I found myself wondering if I couldn't persuade Mr. Roosevelt to go up there once in a while in the days to come and stand there, alone. And the following morning, as I packed my briefcase and my suitcase and put on my shirt all at the same time, while the telephone rang in Room 705 of the Willard and Mr. Henderson's lady said Mr. Henderson could see me now, and the chambermaid dumped the ash trays into the waste basket and the rightful occupant of the room stood impatiently in the doorway and I had 20, 19, 18 minutes to make the plane through the rush-hour traffic, it occurred to me that the Lincoln Memorial might have something to say to the Government in Washington in behalf of the people who live in the hills and the plains and the prairies beyond.



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LIFE'S COVER



Alberta Rose Krape, 24 years old, joined the Navy last November. At the U. S. Naval Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y. she directs the nursing of patients on the south ward of the third floor, which she has learned to call the starboard side of the third deck. She makes \$70 a month and wears on her cap a single gold stripe, which wins her recognition as an ensign from her four enlisted men assistants. For more on other nurses who have joined the Army and Navy, the shortage of 50,000 nurses thus created in hospitals, and the program that will train 100,000 nurse's aids during the next year, see pages 32-34.

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TRYING TO STRETCH THAT SAME OLD PAY CHECK?

Here's an amazingly simple plan that helps solve many money problems

DEFENSE needs have already hit almost everybody's pocketbook. Living expenses, taxes, contributions may make even heavier inroads on your pay check before the emergency is over.

What can you do to stretch your pay check? How can you adjust your spending to cause the least inconvenience?

First, you can plan your spending in advance. For years we have been trying to help people with serious money problems. Recently we made an important discovery. Suddenly we realized how many families stay out of money troubles through good times and bad. Yet they say they don't "plan it that way." We investigated. We found that they *do* plan, if only in their minds, to do three things with each pay check.

1. Get ready to meet large occasional expenses such as insurance and taxes.
2. Pay debts from the past—instalment payments, for instance.
3. Live on what is left—pay rent, buy food, etc.

Planning—or budgeting—helps you to keep your spending in balance. You have a chance to decide in your own mind which purchases really are most important to you. Planning helps you control your spending to make ends meet—and to get the greatest satisfaction out of what you have to spend. And that, after all, is the real purpose of a budget.

Careful buying can do a lot for you, too. Compare values before you choose. Learn what grade or quality will give you the most for your money—and how and when you may use lower priced goods with satisfaction.

Would you like to receive a little book which will help you plan your spending? The Budget Calendar makes budgeting easy and simple. No tiresome bookkeeping is required. There are "plan for spending" sheets for every pay day in the year.

Household Finance has published the Budget Calendar as a contribution to better family money management. You are invited to ask for a copy without obligation. There will be no solicitation or follow-up.

How home money management aids national defense

Defense of the nation begins with defense of the home. Home defense means learning how to stretch every dollar till it covers taxes, contributions to charity, defense stamps and bonds, and all the things a family needs for mental and physical health. That's a big job.

We hope that this message will encourage and help folks to keep their money affairs on a sound basis—and that it will contribute to a more effective defense effort.

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Naval volunteers march to the Macon, Ga. railroad station from the Federal Courtroom in the post office where they have been sworn in to the service. The spectators gave them a big hand.



At the Macon station the volunteers were gay. Macon is the headquarters for the Georgia-Florida recruiting area and many of these men had ridden up in coaches from Florida the night before.



Station-platform farewell, in the James Cagney manner, took place at Atlanta between Lonnie Thomas of Decatur, Ga. and Helen Hale, an Agnes Scott College girl. Afterward she cried a little.

Life Goes Riding on a

In crowded day coaches, 188 young recruits from

The Central of Georgia train, which pulled out of Macon, Ga., in late afternoon Dec. 17, carried four extra coaches. In them were crowded 188 fresh naval recruits enlisted from the Georgia-Florida district, on their way to the Navy training school in Norfolk, Va. There were students from the University of Florida, a group of CCC boys, six cabdrivers who joined up as a unit, farmboys, several sophisticates, a Miami bellhop. A handful wanted to learn a trade, one frankly wanted "Uncle Sam to pay my board," but most of them wanted to beat the Japs. It was a nondescript, country crew. They wore cheap clothes. As soon as they got in the car, most of them took off their shoes. They had only one common denominator: Each man had enlisted of his own free will. And all over the U. S. similar scenes were taking place as naval enlistments, during the first two angry weeks after war began, hit an all-time high of 2,000 a day.

Comfort was no object and was not provided. A nationwide holiday railroad



Mouth Organist Robert William Young, 17, of St. Petersburg, Fla., stared absently out the coach window and sought comfort in music. Most of the recruits were 19 years old or under.



Petty Officer Bob Brannon was one of the two men in charge of the contingent, checked over the men at station. A gunner's mate, second class, he had just re-enlisted after serving in Hawaii.

Navy Recruiting Train

Georgia & Florida make overnight trip to Norfolk

jam was augmented by vast troop movements. At Atlanta, where the train was shifted onto the Seaboard Air Line, one coach was taken away and the 188 recruits made the long overnight haul to Norfolk in three 62-seat day coaches. When the men saw Air Corps officers riding in swank, partly empty Pullmans up forward, there were many wisecracks but generally they took it with good humor. In charge of the group were two former petty officers who had re-enlisted. One, who enjoyed the distinction of wearing the only uniform, strutted happily about arranging meals in shifts in the crowded dining car. At Atlanta more recruits ate in the Terminal Restaurant while others bade farewell to tearful sweethearts on the platform. Back in the train, they turned the seats endwise and went to sleep, three or four side by side. One of the men slept in the hatrack. Below: some others wrote letters and read comic books, but within an hour only one light, over a game of penny-ante poker, was still gleaming.



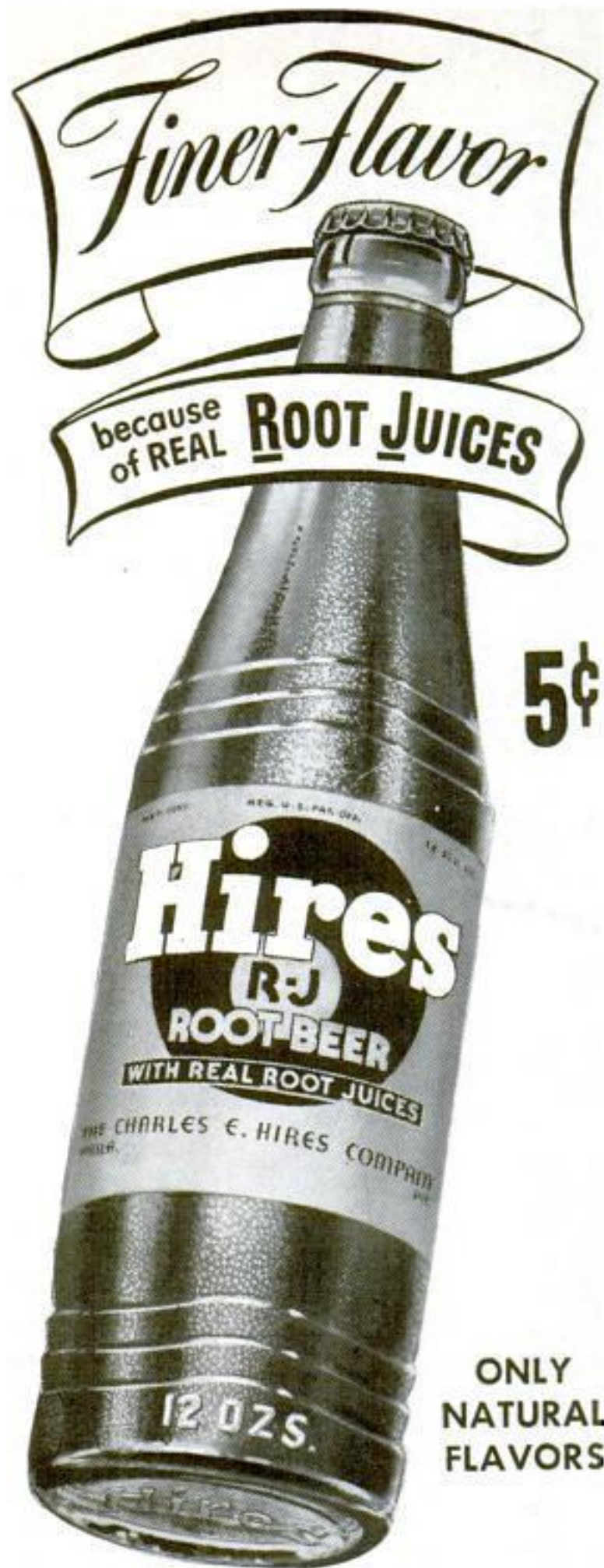
Penny-ante poker game kept these recruits up until the small hours on the ride to Norfolk. Others studied war maps, read comic books and a book called *Helpful Hints to the Navy Recruit*.



In the coach, the Navy's new material looked raw and unmilitary, a condition which the Navy training school will correct. The boys were cheerful but tired, and there was little horseplay.



Preparing for the night, this recruit looked like an apparition from an ancient Chic Sale joke-book, ready for all kinds of weather. Standard naval equipment covers considerably less area.



A NEW KIND OF CIGARETTE AD

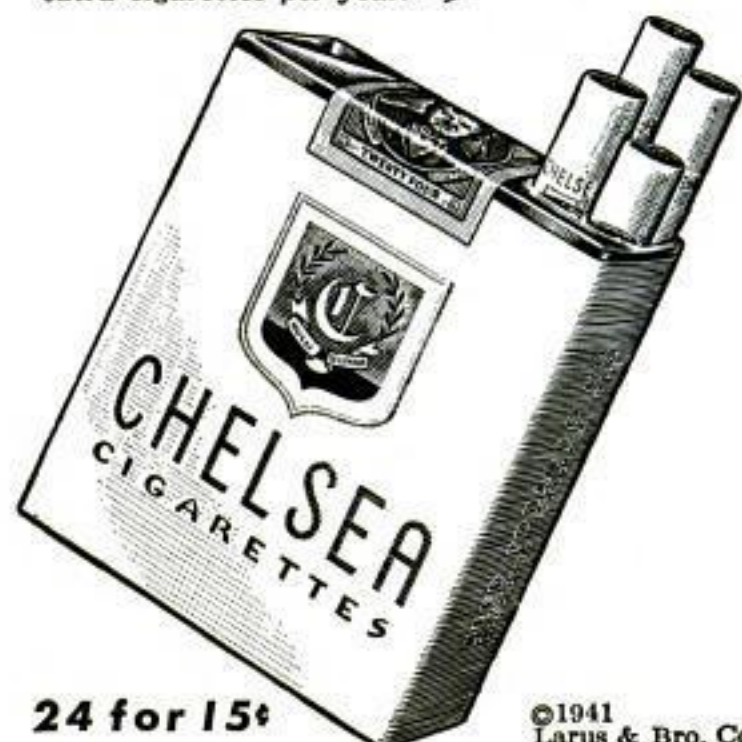
HONEST APPRAISAL INSTEAD OF EXCESSIVE CLAIMS

WE THINK that a cigarette can be successful without making extravagant advertising claims.

IN FACT, the only purpose of this announcement is to let you know that for 65 years we have been making finest quality tobacco products—and that we consider **CHELSEA** as fine a cigarette as we know how to make.

AFTER ALL, if you are going to be a regular **CHELSEA** customer, you must actually like **CHELSEA** better than ANY other brand. We believe you will.

4 MORE than the usual 20. To the pack-a-day smoker this means 1460 extra cigarettes per year. →



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If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.50 for a carton containing 10 packs (240 cigarettes) to Reed Tobacco Co., Dept. L-12, Richmond, Va.



The dining car was obviously a new experience to many of the recruits. With some embarrassment, they wolfed down a robust meal of roast beef, salad, pudding, coffee.



Crowded sleeping patterns were the result of packing 188 men into daytime space of 186. The recruits made beds by taking out the seat cushions, placing them endwise.



Two boys from Gainesville, Fla., Frank Hunter, 19, and Sarge Padgett, 17 (wearing hat), began to write letters to their mothers about how they enjoyed life in the Navy.



SHOPPER: You're looking marvelously fit these days, Sarah. Found a new beauty parlor?

FRIEND: Better than that—I've found NUJOL! Since I've been taking it, I'm not plagued with ordinary constipation. And what a gentle, sensible way NUJOL is to get relief.

SHOPPER: Why? Is NUJOL different?

FRIEND: It certainly is! First, NUJOL'S a heavy, tasteless mineral oil. One tablespoonful each night and morning keeps you regular. Then NUJOL'S viscosity is scientifically controlled so that it's always uniform, and believe me, that is so important!



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During the past four centuries five flags have flown over Pensacola, Florida, and a historic past has left interesting landmarks. Yet Pensacola today is a dynamic, modern community—and a popular year-round resort center. Visit Pensacola this winter. For illustrated booklet write A. B. Langford, Municipal Advertising Board, Pensacola, Florida.

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... IF YOU KISS her goodbye with a smooth, fine-as-silk Barbasol Face. What a lovely memory for a darling to cherish, as compared with a grizzly skin that scratches her face and leaves her wondering whether she ought to wait... whether life will always be like that with you. Gentlemen, do right by your little Nell. Get yourself a tube of Barbasol and see how much farther you get.



NUTMEG GRATER: This will give you a rough idea of how your face can feel to others... if you persist in old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to coarsen the skin. Turn to Barbasol and let its skin-soothing, whisker-taming oils benefit your face.

MEMO TO BIG BEN: Remind your boss to sleep a little longer. With Barbasol, it's so quick and easy to get the sweetest shave a fellow ever had. Hence, he gets several precious minutes more of shut-eye in the morning. Big tube 25¢. Giant tube 50¢. Family jar 75¢.



One device for sleeping was to hoist one's feet in this interesting position. One man slept in a hatrack, another finally gave up and paced the aisle searching conversation.



Recruits waved goodbye through a train window to girls on the station platform. Eyeing them, a petty officer said, "I'm married and I've got a kid, but I had to get in this war."



SPECIAL OFFER

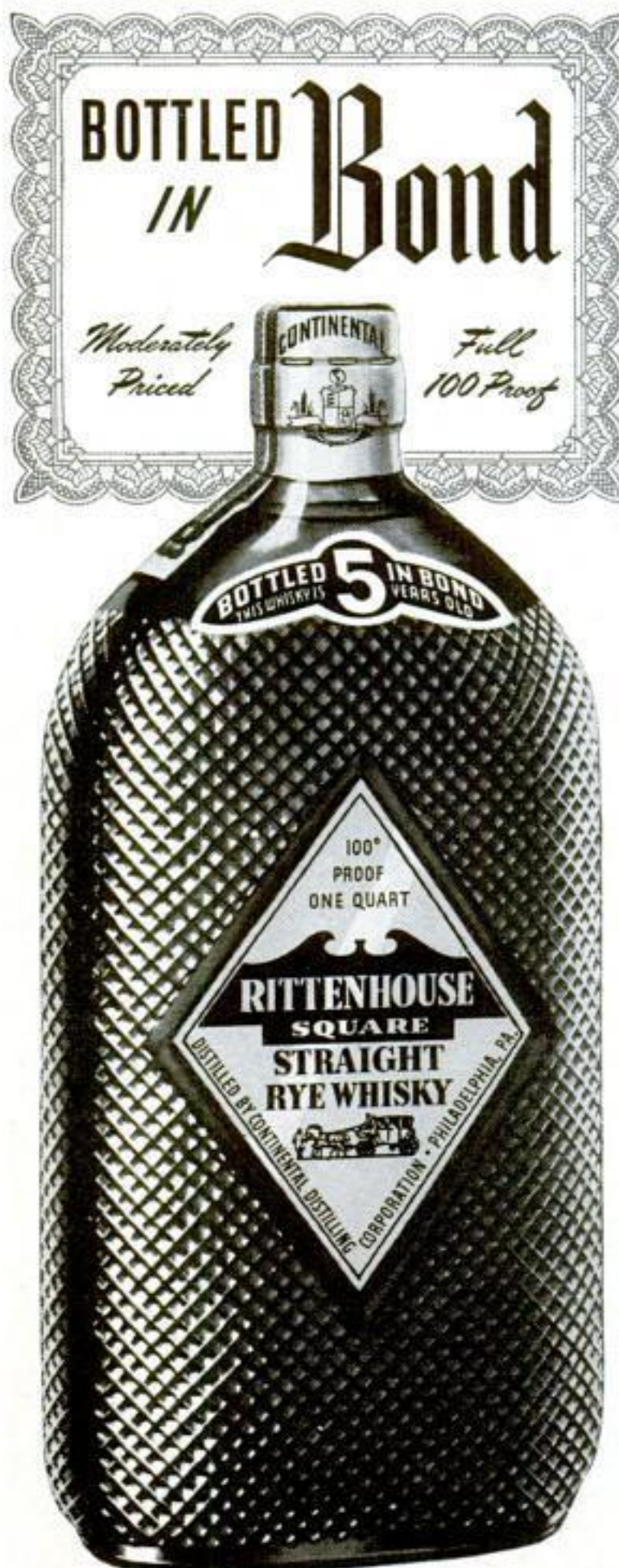
Don't feel so hopeless about your complexion! Give yourself a Pompeian Massage—popular in mother's time, when complexions *had* to be naturally lovely—rediscovered today by their wise daughters. They've found out Pompeian Milk Massage Cream is quite different from regular fatty base cosmetic creams, and works differently. All you do is moisten your face and throat slightly, and smooth on the clean-pink Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Then, massage gently in circular upward, outward strokes. Watch now! The cream suddenly changes. It's no longer pink. Off the drab, oily, or roughened skin it rolls—dirt-grey! Your skin *looks* soft—*feels* soft! Looks smooth—*feels* smooth! And SO clean! You feel as if you've just had a professional \$1.50 facial massage!—and you look it! Remember, not every pink massage cream is the famous original. Be sure to get only the genuine Pompeian Milk Massage Cream to get Pompeian results. Large jar 65c at your department, drug, or dime store.

SPECIAL 6¢ OFFER

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Send me the four-treatment jar of Pompeian Milk Massage Cream right away! Enclosed 6c to cover handling and mailing. L-1

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Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

SORORITY TRIUMPH

Sirs:

At Millikin University's Zeta Tau Alpha sorority the other night some fraternity men were trying to impress the sisters with their physical prowess. I made this photograph just after Eloise Scott (seated)

had persuaded Harriet Shriver to try to outkick Virgil Wagner. Wagner, an ace halfback, laughed as he accepted the challenge. My picture shows how mistaken he was.

BILL KILEEN

Decatur, Ill.



AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE

Sirs:

Major Kenneth Hill of Valley Forge Military Academy wanted to make sure that the paint job on the columns of the Academy's Hamilton Hall was being done properly. Military men are trained

to make personal inspections personally. So the major, a stilt expert, utilized his hobby for purposes of reconnaissance.

MAJOR HENRY M. PRENTISS
Director of Public Relations
Valley Forge Military Academy
Wayne, Pa.



In Laxatives, too, there's a HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
—not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it's just right!

WHAT kind of laxative do you take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you real relief?

Then, switch to Ex-Lax—the Happy Medium laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd want to take. But it's *gentle*, too! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief.

Like all effective medicines, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label. It tastes like fine chocolate—and it's good for every member of the family... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

When you have a Cold—

If the doctor prescribes a laxative when you have a cold—take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet so gentle it won't weaken or upset you.

EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

ACID INDIGESTION The makers of Ex-Lax invite you to try JESTS—the wonderful new antacid tablets that taste like mints! Give fast, longer relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. **JESTS**
10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

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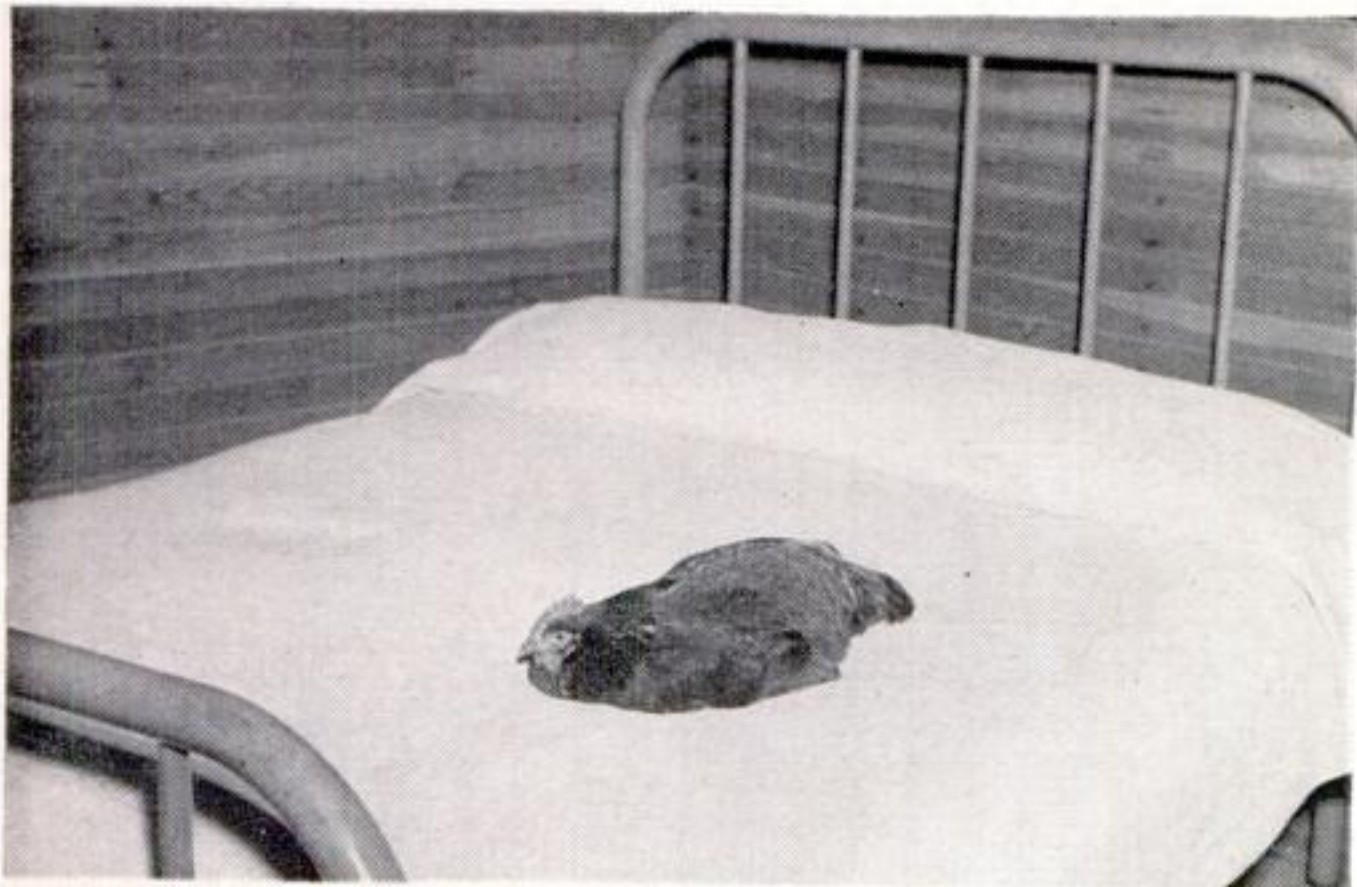
STOP Itching GET RELIEF This Fast Way—or Money Back
For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

PARTICULAR HEN

Sirs:
Most hens are content to lay their eggs in henhouses. It's unusual to find one that insists on slipping into the house and lay-

ing in a bed. But that is exactly what this Rhode Island Red does each day at the home of her owner in northern Alabama.
L. O. BRACKEEN
Auburn, Ala.



CURIOUS COON

Sirs:
Carmichael is a pet raccoon owned by the S. E. Hume family of Ottawa, Kan. When this tuba was placed within the coon's reach, it immediately began to ex-

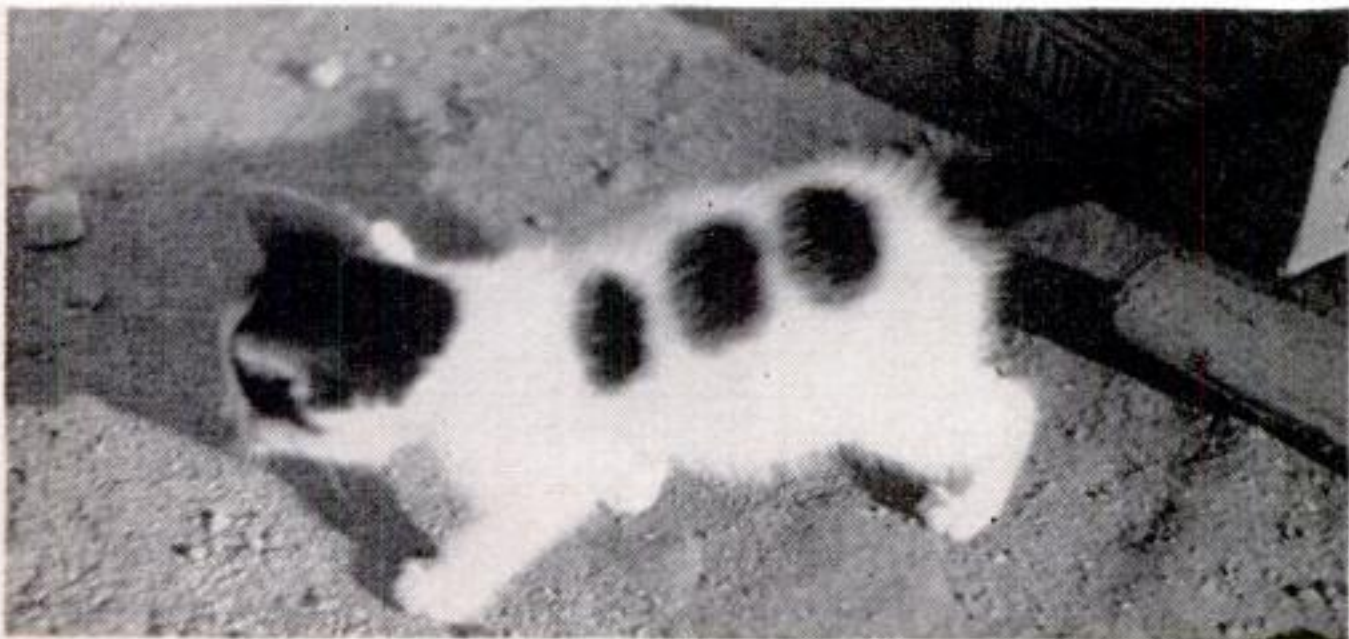
plore the mouthpiece and thereby made possible this amusing photograph. Nothing was placed in the horn to attract Carmichael's attention there. The creature is just curious.
J. B. MUECKE
Ottawa, Kan.



VICTORY CAT

Sirs:
I am sure you will be interested in the significant natural markings on this kitten, which was recently given me for a mascot. When the donor told me about

the markings I thought the description was a stretch of the imagination. But here they are, an almost incredible dot, dot, dot, dash.
DAVID W. BOND
Philadelphia, Pa.



WONDERS OF AMERICA
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IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

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50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PERSPIRATION IS ACID

...it **ROTS** stockings!



ONLY IVORY SNOW combines 2 advantages you'll want in fighting perspiration! How new soap helps give up to **20% MORE WEAR**

• Yes, it's like getting a pair of stockings free every 2 months, when you drop careless, old-fashioned washing methods and turn to this modern, daily Ivory Snow care!

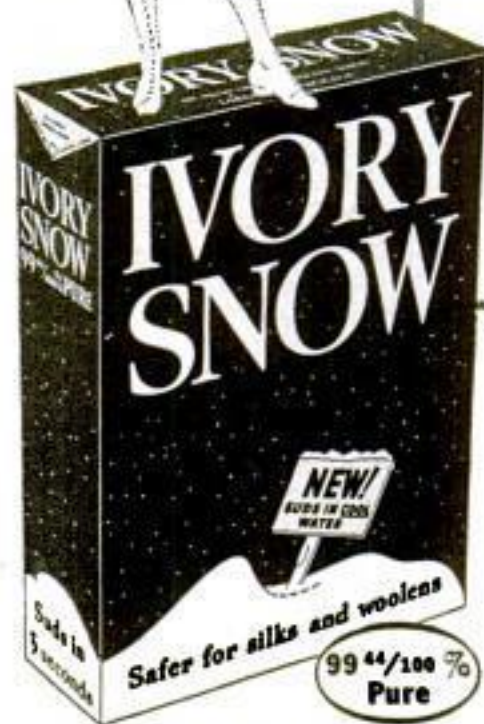
A daily 2-minute rinse in Ivory Snow suds is all you need—you'll quickly remove dangerous acid perspiration and other soil.

But be sure you use only Ivory Snow. Not a flake . . . not a powder . . . it's pure soap in tiny "snowdrops"! And only Ivory Snow combines two great advantages you'll want in combating acid perspiration.

Ivory Snow gives you suds in 3 seconds, even in *cool* water—and a quick daily bath in those safe, thorough-cleansing Ivory Snow suds will help stockings last up to 20% longer!

EVEN IN JANUARY
YOU PERSPIRE A PINT
EVERY DAY! USE MY
2-WAY CARE TO
GUARD AGAINST IT!

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IVORY SNOW



Only Ivory Snow Combines **BOTH** These Advantages:

1. It is pure soap made under a patented process in tiny "snowdrop" form . . .
2. It dissolves like a flash in cool water—4 times faster than any soap of its kind.

No wonder Ivory Snow acts so safely, so surely against acid perspiration, to help stockings last longer!

WANT LOVELIER HANDS IN 12 DAYS?

If your hands are red and rough from using one of the 5 leading packaged soaps—change to pure Ivory Snow for all your dishwashing. It cuts grease in a flash. And in just 12 days you'll get softer, smoother hands!



RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN *COOL* WATER

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CHRISTMAS TREE

Sirs:

When my daughter Noralee was approaching her first Christmas, her grandfather sent for and planted this tree for

her. It was 24 in. high. Now Noralee has seen twelve Christmases. She is shown beside the tree, which has grown up with her and now measures more than 30 ft.

MRS. M. L. MORRIS
San Bernardino, Calif.



BEAR HUNTER

Sirs:

Dr. Leon C. Cote and I thought that the traditional hunter's accouterments—hunting coat, hat and pipe—would lend

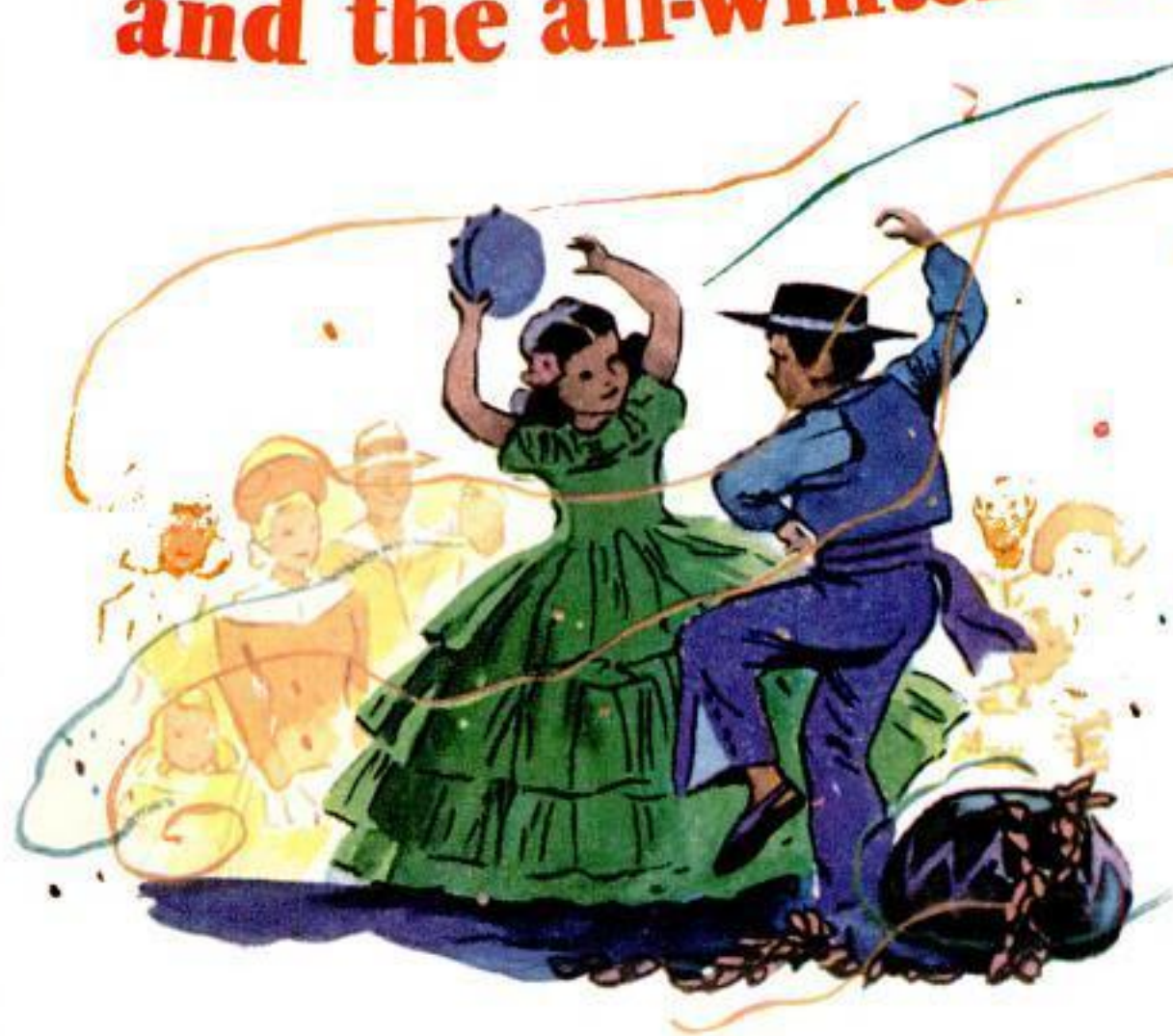
this bear an amusing appearance. We made this picture after we had gotten the big fellow into our canoe. The bear was bagged by Dr. Cote.

GEORGE L. COLEMAN
Ithaca, N. Y.



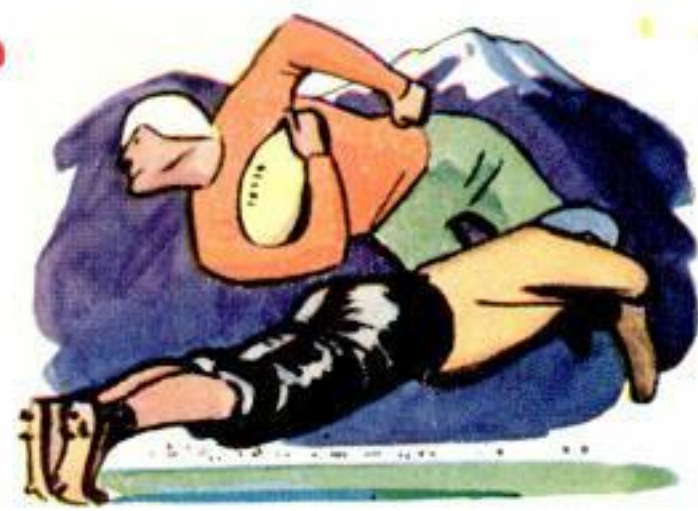
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*Lucky Strike
means fine
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"I'VE WATCHED Luckies buy tobacco at more auctions than I could count," says Alf Webster, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C. "They go right after the milder, better-tasting leaf, pay what it costs and take it away.

"To me, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. *Sure* I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers . . . in tobacco, as in most

things, quality counts. The finer, lighter leaf just naturally costs more—but Luckies pay the price to get it!

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are far and away the favorite.

Why not enjoy this milder, better-tasting tobacco in your *own* cigarette?

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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• Actual color photograph—Alf Webster shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

